THE

EXPEDITION

OF

Humphry Clinker.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

RODERICK RANDOM.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

——Quorsum haec tam putida tendunt,
Furcifer? ad te, inquam—— HOR.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

EXPEDITION

OF

Humphry Clinker.

To Dr LEWIS.

I HAVE not found all the benefit I expected at Scarborough, where I have been theſe eight days.—From Harrowgate we came hither by the way of York, where we ſtaid only one day, to viſit the caſtle, the minſter, and the aſſembly-room. The firſt, which was heretofore a fortreſs, is now converted into a priſon, and is the beſt, in all reſpects, I ever ſaw at home or abroad.—It ſtands in a high ſituation, extremely well ventilated, and has a ſpacious area within the walls, for the health and convenience of all the priſoners, except thoſe whom it is neceſſary to ſecure in cloſe confinement.—Even theſe laſt have all the comforts that the nature of their ſituation can admit of. Here the aſſizes are held, in a range of buildings erected for that purpoſe.

As for the minſter, I know not how to diſtinguiſh it, except by its great ſize, and the height of its ſpire, from thoſe other ancient churches in different parts of the kingdom, which uſed to be called monuments of Gothic architecture; but it is now agreed, that this ſtile

is Saracen rather than Gothic, and, I ſuppoſe, it was firſt imported into England from Spain, great part of which was under the dominion of the Moors. Thoſe Britiſh architects who adopted this ſtile don't ſeem to have conſidered the propriety of their adoption. The climate of the country poſſeſſed by the Moors or Saracens, both in Africa and Spain, was ſo exceedingly hot and dry, that thoſe who built places of worſhip for the multitude employed their talents in contriving edifices that ſhould be cool; and, for this purpoſe, nothing could be better adapted than thoſe buildings, vaſt, narrow, dark, and lofty, impervious to the ſun-beams, and having little communication with the ſcorched external atmoſphere; but ever affording a refreſhing coolneſs, like ſubterranean cellars in the heats of ſummer, or natural caverns in the bowels of huge mountains. But nothing could be more prepoſterous than to imitate ſuch a mode of architecture in a country like England, where the climate is cold, and the air eternally loaded with vapours, and where, of conſequence, the builder's intention ſhould be to keep the people dry and warm.—For my part, I never entered the Abbey-church at Bath but once, and, the moment I ſtepped over the threſhold, I found myſelf chilled to the very marrow of my bones. —When we conſider, that, in our churches in general, we breathe a groſs ſtagnated air, ſurcharged with damps from vaults, tombs, and charnel-houſes, may we not term them ſo many magazines of rheums, created for the benefit of the medical faculty; and ſafely aver, that more bodies are loſt than ſouls ſaved by going to church, in the winter eſpecially, which may be ſaid to engroſs eight months in the year. I ſhould be glad to know, what offence it would give to tender conſciences, if the houſe of God was made more comfortable, or leſs dangerous to the health of valetudinarians; and whether it would not be an encouragement to piety, as well as the ſalvation of many lives, if the place of worſhip was well floored, wainſcoted, warmed, and ventilated, and its area kept ſacred from the pollution of the dead. The practice of burying in churches was the effect of ignorant ſuperſtition, influenced by knaviſh prieſts, who pretended that the devil could have no power over the defunct, if he was interred in holy ground; and this, indeed, is

the only reaſon that can be given for conſecrating all cemeteries even at this day.

THE external appearance of an old cathedral cannot be but diſpleaſing to the eye of every man who has any idea of propriety or proportion, even though he may be ignorant of architecture as a ſcience; and the long ſlender ſpire puts one in mind of a criminal impaled, with a ſharp ſtake riſing up through his ſhoulder.—Theſe towers, or ſteeples, were likewiſe borrowed from the Mahometans, who, having no bells, uſed ſuch minarets for the purpoſe of calling the people to prayers.—They may be of farther uſe, however, for making obſervations and ſignals; but I would vote for their being diſtinct from the body of the church, becauſe they ſerve only to make the pile more barbarous, or Saracenical.

THERE is nothing of this Arabic architecture in the aſſembly-room, which ſeems to me to have been built upon a deſign of Palladio, and might be converted into an elegant place of worſhip; but it is indifferently contrived for that ſort of idolatry which is performed in it at preſent: The grandeur of the fane gives a diminutive effect to the little painted divinities that are adored in it, and the company, on a ball-night, muſt look like an aſſembly of fantaſtic fairies, revelling by moon-light among the columns of a Grecian temple.

SCARBOROUGH ſeems to be falling off in point of reputation.—All theſe places (Bath excepted) have their vogue, and then the faſhion changes.—I am perſuaded there are fifty ſpas in England as efficacious and ſalutary as that of Scarborough, though they have not yet riſen to fame, and perhaps never will, unleſs ſome medical encomiaſt ſhould find an intereſt in diſplaying their virtues to the public view.—Be that as it may, recourſe will always be had to this place for the convenience of ſea-bathing, while this practice prevails; but it were to be wiſhed they would make the beach more acceſſible to invalids.

I HAVE here met with my old acquaintance, H——t, whom you have often heard me mention as one of the moſt original characters upon earth.—I firſt knew him at Venice, and afterwards ſaw him in different parts of

Italy, where he was well known by the nick-name of Cavallo Bianco, from his appearing always mounted on a pale horſe, like Death in the Revelations. You muſt remember the account I once gave you of a curious diſpute he had at Conſtantinople, with a couple of Turks, in defence of the Chriſtian religion; a diſpute from which he acquired the epithet of Demonſtrator.—The truth is, H——t owns no religion but that of nature; but, on this occaſion, he was ſtimulated to ſhew his parts, for the honour of his country.—Some years ago, being in the Campidoglio at Rome, he made up to the buſt of Jupiter, and bowing very low, exclaimed in the Italian language, "I hope, Sir, if ever you get your head above water again, you will remember that I paid my reſpects to you in your adverſity." This ſally was reported to the Cardinal Camerlengo, and by him laid before Pope Benedict XIV. who could not help laughing at the extravagance of the addreſs, and ſaid to the cardinal, "Thoſe Engliſh heritics think they have a right to go to the devil in their own way."

INDEED, H——t was the only Engliſhman I ever knew who had reſolution enough to live his own way in the midſt of foreigners; for, neither in dreſs, diet, cuſtoms, or converſation, did he deviate one tittle from the manner in which he had been brought up. About twelve years ago, he began a giro, or circuit, which he thus performed.—At Naples, where he fixed his head-quarters, he embarked for Marſeilles, from whence he travelled with a voiturin to Antibes.—There he took his paſſage to Genoa and Lerici; from which laſt place he proceeded, by the way of Cambratina, to Piſa and Florence.—After having halted ſome time in this metropolis, he ſet out with a vetturino for Rome, where he repoſed himſelf a few weeks, and then continued his route to Naples, in order to wait for the next opportunity of embarkation.—After having twelve times deſcribed this circle, he lately flew off at a tangent to viſit ſome trees at his country-houſe in England, which he had planted above twenty years ago, after the plan of the double colonnade in the piazza of St Peter's at Rome.—He came hither to Scarborough to pay his reſpects to his noble friend and former pupil, the M—— of G——, and, forgetting that he is now turned of ſeventy, ſacrificed

ſo liberally to Bacchus, that next day he was ſeized with a fit of the apoplexy, which has a little impaired his memory; but he retains all the oddity of his character in perfection, and is going back to Italy, by the way of Geneva, that he may have a conference with his friend Voltaire, about giving the laſt blow to the Chriſtian ſuperſtition.—He intends to take ſhipping here for Holland or Hamburgh; for it is a matter of great indifference to him at what part of the continent he firſt lands.

WHEN he was going abroad the laſt time, he took his paſſage in a ſhip bound for Leghorn, and his baggage was actually embarked. In going down the river by water, he was, by miſtake, put on board of another veſſel under ſail, and, upon enquiry, underſtood ſhe was bound to Peterſburgh—"Peterſburgh—Peterſburgh—(ſaid he)—I don't care if I go along with you." He forthwith ſtruck a bargain with the captain, bought a couple of ſhirts of the mate, and was ſafe conveyed to the court of Muſcovy, from whence he travelled by land to receive his baggage at Leghorn.—He is now more likely than ever to execute a whim of the ſame nature; and I will hold any wager, that, as he cannot be ſuppoſed to live much longer, according to the courſe of nature, his exit will be as odd as his life has been extravagant *.

BUT, to return from one humouriſt to another—You muſt know I have received benefit, both from the chalybeate and the ſea, and would have uſed them long-

* This gentleman croſſed the ſea to France, viſited and conferred with M. de Voltaire at Fernay, reſumed his old circuit at Genoa, and died in 1767, at the houſe of Vanini in Florence. Being taken with a ſuppreſſion of urine, he reſolved, in imitation of Pomponius Atticus, to take himſelf off by abſtinence; and this reſolution he executed like an ancient Roman. He ſaw company to the laſt, cracked his jokes, converſed freely, and entertained his gueſts with muſic. On the third day of his faſt, he found himſelf entirely freed of his complaint; but refuſed taking ſuſtenance. He ſaid, the moſt diſagreeable part of the voyage was paſt, and he ſhould be a curſed fool indeed to put about ſhip, when he was juſt entering the harbour. In theſe ſentiments he perſiſted, without any marks of affectation, and thus finiſhed his courſe with ſuch eaſe and ſerenity, as would have done honour to the firmeſt Stoic of antiquity.

er, had not a moſt ridiculous adventure, by making me the town-talk, obliged me to leave the place; for I can't bear the thoughts of affording a ſpectacle to the multitude.—Yeſterday morning, at ſix o'clock, I went down to the bathing-place, attended by my ſervant Clinker, who waited on the beach as uſual.—The wind blowing from the north, and the weather being hazy, the water proved ſo chill, that, when I roſe from my firſt plunge, I could not help ſobbing and bawling out, from the effects of the cold. Clinker, who heard my cry, and ſaw me indiſtinctly a good way without the guide, buffeting the waves, took it for granted I was drowning, and ruſhing into the ſea, clothes and all, overturned the guide, in his hurry to ſave his maſter. I had ſwam out a few ſtrokes, when, hearing a noiſe, I turned about, and ſaw Clinker, already up to his neck, advancing towards me, with all the wildneſs of terror in his aſpect. Afraid he would get out of his depth, I made haſte to meet him, when, all of a ſudden, he ſeized me by one ear, and dragged me bellowing with pain upon the dry beach, to the aſtoniſhment of all the people, men, women, and children, there aſſembled.

I WAS ſo exaſperated by the pain of my ear, and the diſgrace of being expoſed in ſuch an attitude, that, in the firſt tranſport, I ſtruck him down; then, running back into the ſea, took ſhelter in the machine where my cloaths had been depoſited. I ſoon recollected myſelf ſo far, as to do juſtice to the poor fellow, who, in great ſimplicity of heart, had acted from motives of fidelity and affection.—Opening the door of the machine, which was immediately drawn on ſhore, I ſaw him ſtanding by the wheel, dropping like a water-work, and trembling from head to foot; partly from cold, and partly from the dread of having offended his maſter.—I made my acknowledgments for the blow he had received, aſſured him I was not angry, and inſiſted upon his going home immediately, to ſhift his cloaths; a command which he could hardly find in his heart to execute, ſo well diſpoſed was he to furniſh the mob with farther entertainment at my expence. Clinker's intention was laudable, without all doubt, but, nevertheleſs, I am a ſufferer by his ſimplicity—I have had a burning heat, and a ſtrange buzzing noiſe in that ear, ever ſince

it was ſo roughly treated; and I cannot walk the ſtreet without being pointed at, as the monſter that was haled naked aſhore upon the beach.—Well, I affirm that folly is often more provoking than knavery, ay and more miſchievous too; and whether a man had not better chuſe a ſenſible rogue, than an honeſt ſimpleton, for his ſervant, is no matter of doubt with

Yours,

Scarborough, July 4. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR WAT,

WE made a precipitate retreat from Scarborough, owing to the exceſſive delicacy of our ſquire, who cannot bear the thoughts of being *prætereuntium digito monſtratus.*

ONE morning, while he was bathing in the ſea, his man Clinker took it in his head that his maſter was in danger of drowning; and, in this conceit, plunging into the water, he lugged him out naked on the beach, and almoſt pulled off his ear in the operation. You may gueſs how this achievement was reliſhed by Mr Bramble, who is impatient, iraſcible, and has the moſt extravagant ideas of decency and decorum in the economy of his own perſon.—In the firſt ebullition of his choler, he knocked Clinker down with his fiſt; but he afterwards made him amends for this outrage, and, in order to avoid the further notice of the people, among whom this incident had made him remarkable, he reſolved to leave Scarborough next day.

WE ſet out accordingly over the moors, by the way of Whitby, and began our journey betimes, in hopes of reaching Stockton that night; but in this hope we were diſappointed—In the afternoon, croſſing a deep gutter, made by a torrent, the coach was ſo hard ſtrained, that one of the irons which connect the frame ſnapt, and the leather ſling on the ſame ſide cracked in the middle. The ſhock was ſo great, that my ſiſter Liddy ſtruck her

head againſt Mrs Tabitha's noſe with ſuch violence that the blood flowed; and Win. Jenkins was darted through a ſmall window in that part of the carriage next the horſes, where ſhe ſtuck like a bawd in the pillory, till ſhe was releaſed by the hand of Mr Bramble. We were eight miles diſtant from any place where we could be ſupplied with chaiſes, and it was impoſſible to proceed with the coach, until the damage ſhould be repaired—In this dilemma, we diſcovered a blackſmith's forge on the edge of a ſmall common, about half a mile from the ſcene of our diſaſter, and thither the poſtilions made ſhift to draw the carriage ſlowly, while the company walked afoot; but we found the blackſmith had been dead ſome days; and his wife, who had been lately delivered, was deprived of her ſenſes, under the care of a nurſe hired by the pariſh. We were exceedingly mortified at this diſappointment, which, however, was ſurmounted by the help of Humphry Clinker, who is a ſurpriſing compound of genius and ſimplicity. Finding the tools of the defunct, together with ſome coals in the ſmithy, he unſcrewed the damaged iron in a twinkling, and, kindling a fire, united the broken pieces with equal dexterity and diſpatch. While he was at work upon this operation, the poor woman in the ſtraw, ſtruck with the well-known ſound of the hammer and anvil, ſtarted up, and, notwithſtanding all the nurſe's efforts, came running into the ſmithy, where, throwing her arms about Clinker's neck, "Ah, Jacob! (cried ſhe), how could you leave me in ſuch a condition."

THIS incident was too pathetic to occaſion mirth—it brought tears into the eyes of all preſent. The poor widow was put to bed again; and we did not leave the village without doing ſomething for her benefit—Even Tabitha's charity was awakened on this occaſion. As for the tender-hearted Humphry Clinker, he hammered the iron and wept at the ſame time—But his ingenuity was not confined to his own province of farrier and blackſmith—it was neceſſary to join the leather ſling, which had been broke; and this ſervice he likewiſe performed, by means of a broken awl, which he new-pointed and ground, a little hemp which he ſpun into lingles, and a few tacks which he made for the purpoſe.

Upon the whole, we were in a condition to proceed in little more than one hour; but even this delay obliged us to paſs the night at Giſborough. Next day we croſſed the Tees at Stockton, which is a neat agreeable town; and there we reſolved to dine, with purpoſe to lie at Durham.

WHOM ſhould we meet in the yard, when we alighted, but Martin the adventurer? Having handed out the ladies, and conducted them into an apartment, where he paid his compliments to Mrs Tabby, with his uſual addreſs, he begged leave to ſpeak to my uncle in another room; and there, in ſome confuſion, he made an apology for having taken the liberty to trouble him with a letter at Stevenage. He expreſſed his hope, that Mr Bramble had beſtowed ſome conſideration on his unhappy caſe, and repeated his deſire of being taken into his ſervice.

MY uncle, calling me into the room, told him, that we were both very well inclined to reſcue him from a way of life that was equally dangerous and diſhonourable; and that he ſhould have no ſcruple in truſting to his gratitude and fidelity, if he had any employment for him, which he thought would ſuit his qualifications and his circumſtances; but that all the departments he had mentioned in his letter were filled up by perſons of whoſe conduct he had no reaſon to complain; of conſequence he could not, without injuſtice, deprive any one of them of his bread—Nevertheleſs, he declared himſelf ready to aſſiſt him in any feaſible project, either with his purſe or credit.

MARTIN ſeemed deeply touched at this declaration—The tear ſtarted in his eye, while he ſaid in a faltering accent—"Worthy Sir—your generoſity oppreſſes me—I never dreamed of troubling you for any pecuniary aſſiſtance—Indeed I have no occaſion—I have been ſo lucky at billiards and betting at different places, at Buxton, Harrowgate, Scarborough, and Newcaſtle races, that my ſtock in ready money amounts to three hundred pounds, which I would willingly employ in proſecuting ſome honeſt ſcheme of life; but my friend Juſtice Buzzard has ſet ſo many ſprings for my life, that I am under the neceſſity of either retiring immediately to a

remote part of the country, where I can enjoy the protection of ſome generous patron, or of quitting the kingdom altogether—It is upon this alternative that I now beg leave to aſk your advice—I have had information of all your route, ſince I had the honour to ſee you at Stevenage; and, ſuppoſing you would come this way from Scarborough, I came hither laſt night from Darlington to pay you my reſpects."

"IT would be no difficult matter to provide you with an aſylum in the country (replied my uncle); but a life of indolence and obſcurity would not ſuit with your active and enterpriſing diſpoſition—I would therefore adviſe you to try your fortune in the Eaſt Indies—I will give you a letter to a friend in London, who will recommend you to the direction, for a commiſſion in the company's ſervice; and if that cannot be obtained, you will at leaſt be received as a volunteer—in which caſe, you may pay for your paſſage, and I ſhall undertake to procure you ſuch credentials, that you will not be long without a commiſſion."

MARTIN embraced the propoſal with great eagerneſs; it was therefore reſolved, that he ſhould ſell his horſe, and take a paſſage by ſea for London, to execute the project without delay—In the mean time, he accompanied us to Durham, where we took up our quarters for the night.—Here, being furniſhed with letters from my uncle, he took his leave of us, with ſtrong ſymptoms of gratitude and attachment, and ſet out for Sunderland, in order to embark in the firſt collier bound for the river Thames. He had not been gone half an hour, when we were joined by another character, which promiſed ſomething extraordinary.—A tall meagre figure, anſwering, with his horſe, the deſcription of Don Quixote mounted on Rozinante, appeared in the twilight at the inn-door, while my aunt and Liddy ſtood at a window in the dining-room—He wore a coat, the cloth of which had once been ſcarlet, trimmed with Brandenburgs, now totally deprived of their metal, and he had holſter-caps and houſing of the ſame ſtuff and ſame antiquity. Perceiving ladies at the window above, he endeavoured to diſmount with the moſt graceful air he could aſſume; but the oſtler neglecting to hold the

ſtirrup, when he wheeled off his right foot, and ſtood with his whole weight on the other, the girth unfortunately gave way, the ſaddle turned, down came the cavalier to the ground, and his hat and periwig falling off, diſplayed a head-piece of various colours, patched and plaſtered in a woeful condition—The ladies, at the window above, ſhrieked with affright, on the ſuppoſition that the ſtranger had received ſome notable damage in his fall; but the greateſt injury he had ſuſtained, aroſe from the diſhonour of his deſcent, aggravated by the diſgrace of expoſing the condition of his cranium; for certain plebeians that were about the door, laughed aloud, in the belief that the captain had got either a ſcald head, or a broken head, both equally opprobrious.

He forthwith leaped up in a fury, and ſnatching one of his piſtols, threatened to put the oſtler to death, when another ſquall from the women checked his reſentment. He then bowed to the window, while he kiſſed the but end of his piſtol, which he replaced, adjuſted his wig in great confuſion, and led his horſe into the ſtable—By this time I had come to the door, and could not help gazing at the ſtrange figure that preſented itſelf to my view—He would have meaſured above ſix feet in height, had he ſtood upright; but he ſtooped very much, was very narrow in the ſhoulders, and very thick in the calves of the legs, which were caſed in black ſpatterdaſhes—As for his thighs, they were long and ſlender, like thoſe of a graſhopper; his face was at leaſt half a yard in length, brown and ſhrivelled, with projecting cheek bones, little grey eyes on the greeniſh hue, a large hook noſe, a pointed chin, a mouth from ear to ear, very ill furniſhed with teeth, and a high narrow forehead, well furrowed with wrinkles. His horſe was exactly in the ſtile of its rider; a reſurrection of dry bones, which (as we afterwards learned) he valued exceedingly, as the only preſent he had ever received in his life.

Having ſeen this favourite ſteed properly accommodated in the ſtable, he ſent up his compliments to the ladies, begging permiſſion to thank them in perſon for the marks of concern they had ſhewn at his diſaſter in

the court-yard—As the ſquire ſaid they could not decently decline his viſit, he was ſhewn up ſtairs, and paid his reſpects in the Scotch dialogue, with much formality—"Laddies (ſaid he), perhaps you may be ſcandaleezed at the appearance my head made when it was uncovered by accident; but I can aſſure you, the condition you ſaw it in, is neither the effects of diſeaſe, nor of drunkenneſs; but an honeſt ſcar received in the ſervice of my country." He then gave us to underſtand, that, having been wounded at Ticonderago in America, a party of Indians rifled him, ſcalped him, broke his ſcull with the blow of a tomahawk, and left him for dead on the field of battle; but that, being afterwards found with ſigns of life, he had been cured in the French hoſpital, though the loſs of ſubſtance could not be repaired; ſo that the ſcull was left naked in ſeveral places, and theſe he covered with patches.

THERE is no hold by which an Engliſhman is ſooner taken than that of compaſſion—We were immediately intereſted in behalf of this veteran—Even Tabby's heart was melted; but our pity was warmed with indignation, when we learned, that, in the courſe of two ſanguinary wars, he had been wounded, maimed, mutilated, taken, and enſlaved, without ever having attained a higher rank than that of lieutenant—My uncle's eyes gleamed, and his nether lip quivered, while he exclaimed, "I vow to God, Sir, your caſe is a reproach to the ſervice—The injuſtice you have met with is ſo flagrant"—"I muſt crave your pardon, Sir (cried the other, interrupting him), I complain of no injuſtice—I purchaſed an enſigncy thirty years ago; and, in the courſe of ſervice, roſe to be a lieutenant, according to my ſeniority—" "But in ſuch a length of time (reſumed the ſquire), you muſt have ſeen a great many young officers put over your head—" Nevertheleſs (ſaid he), I have no cauſe to murmur—They bought their preferment with their money—I had no money to carry to market—that was my misfortune; but nobody was to blame—" "What! no friend to advance a ſum of money? (ſaid Mr Bramble.)" "Perhaps I might have borrowed money for the purchaſe of a company (anſwered the other); but that loan muſt have been re-

funded; and I did not chuſe to incumber myſelf with a debt of a thouſand pounds, to be paid from an income of ten ſhillings a-day." "So you have ſpent the beſt part of your life (cried Mr Bramble), your youth, your blood, and your conſtitution, amidſt the dangers, the difficulties, the horrors, and hardſhips of war, for the conſideration of three or four ſhillings a-day—a conſideration—" "Sir (replied the Scot, with great warmth), you are the man that does me injuſtice, if you ſay or think I have been actuated by any ſuch paltry conſideration—I am a gentleman; and entered the ſervice as other gentlemen do, with ſuch hopes and ſentiments as honourable ambition inſpires—If I have not been lucky in the lottery of life, ſo neither do I think myſelf unfortunate—I owe no man a farthing; I can always command a clean ſhirt, a mutton chop, and a truſs of ſtraw; and, when I die, I ſhall leave effects ſufficient to defray the expence of my burial."

My uncle aſſured him, he had no intention to give him the leaſt offence, by the obſervations he had made; but, on the contrary, ſpoke from a ſentiment of friendly regard to his intereſt—The lieutenant thanked him with a ſtiffneſs of civility, which nettled our old gentleman, who perceived that his moderation was all affected; for whatſoever his tongue might declare, his whole appearance denoted diſſatisfaction—In ſhort, without pretending to judge of his military merit, I think I may affirm, that this Caledonian is a ſelf-conceited pedant, aukward, rude, and diſputacious—He has had the benefit of a ſchool education, ſeems to have read a good number of books, his memory is tenacious, and he pretends to ſpeak ſeveral different languages; but he is ſo addicted to wrangling, that he will cavil at the cleareſt truths, and, in the pride of argumentation, attempt to reconcile contradictions—Whether his addreſs and qualifications are really of that ſtamp which is agreeable to the taſte of our aunt Mrs Tabitha, or that indefatigable maiden is determined to ſhoot at every ſort of game, certain it is, ſhe has begun to practiſe upon the heart of the lieutenant, who favoured us with his company to ſupper.

I have many other things to ſay of this man of war, which I ſhall communicate in a poſt or two. Mean-

while, it is but reaſonable that you ſhould be indulged with ſome reſpite from thoſe weary lucubrations of

Yours

J. MELFORD.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne, July 10.

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To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

IN my laſt, I treated you with a high-flavoured diſh, in the character of the Scotch lieutenant, and I muſt preſent him once more for your entertainment. It was our fortune to feed upon him the beſt part of three days; and I do not doubt that he will ſtart again in our way before we ſhall have finiſhed our northern excurſion. The day after our meeting with him at Durham proved ſo tempeſtuous, that we did not chuſe to proceed on our journey; and my uncle perſuaded him to ſtay till the weather ſhould clear up, giving him, at the ſame time, a general invitation to our meſs. The man has certainly gathered a whole budget of ſhrewd obſervations, but he brings them forth in ſuch an ungracious manner as would be extremely diſguſting, if it was not marked by that characteriſtic oddity which never fails to attract the attention—He and Mr Bramble diſcourſed, and even diſputed, on different ſubjects in war, policy, the belles lettres, law, and metaphyſics; and ſometimes they were warmed into ſuch altercation as ſeemed to threaten an abrupt diſſolution of their ſociety; but Mr Bramble ſet a guard over his own iraſcibility, the more vigilantly as the officer was his gueſt; and when, in ſpite of all his efforts, he began to wax warm, the other prudently cooled in the ſame proportion.

MRS TABITHA chancing to accoſt her brother by the familiar diminutive of Matt, "Pray, Sir (ſaid the lieutenant), is your name Matthias?" You muſt know, it is one of our uncle's foibles to be aſhamed of his name Matthew, becauſe it is puritanical; and this queſtion

chagrined him ſo much, that he anſwered, "No, by G—d!" in a very abrupt tone of diſpleaſure.—The Scot took umbrage at the manner of his reply, and briſtling up, "If I had known (ſaid he) that you did not care to tell your name, I ſhould not have aſked the queſtion—The leddy called you Matt, and I naturally thought it was Matthias;—perhaps it may be Methuſelah, or Metrodorus, or Metellus, or Mathurinus, or Malthinnus, or Matamorus, or ——" "No (cried my uncle laughing), it is neither of thoſe Captain:—My name is Matthew Bramble, at your ſervice. The truth is, I have a fooliſh pique at the name of Matthew, becauſe it ſavours of thoſe canting hypocrites, who, in Cromwell's time, chriſtened all their children by names taken from the ſcripture." "A fooliſh pique, indeed, (cried Mrs Tabby), and even ſinful, to fall out with your name becauſe it is taken from holy writ. I would have you to know, you was called after great uncle Mathew ap Madoc ap Meredith, Eſquire, of Llanwyſthin, in Montgomeryſhire, juſtice of the *quorum*, and *cruſty ruttleorum*, a gentleman of great worth and property, deſcended in a ſtraight line, by the female ſide, from Llewellyn, Prince of Wales."

THIS genealogical anecdote ſeemed to make ſome impreſſion upon the North Briton, who bowed very low to the deſcendants of Llewellyn, and obſerved that he himſelf had the honour of a ſcriptural nomination. The lady expreſſing a deſire of knowing his addreſs, he ſaid, he deſigned himſelf Lieutenant Obadiah Liſmahago;—and, in order to aſſiſt her memory, he preſented her with a ſlip of paper inſcribed with theſe three words, which ſhe repeated with great emphaſis, declaring, it was one of the moſt noble and ſonorous names ſhe had ever heard. He obſerved that Obadiah was an adventitious appellation, derived from his great grand-father, who had been one of the original covenanters; but Liſmahago was the family-ſurname, taken from a place in Scotland ſo called. He likewiſe dropped ſome hints about the antiquity of his pedigree, adding, with a ſmile of ſelf-denial, *Sed genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipſi, vix ea noſtra voco*, which quotation he explained in deference to the ladies; and Mrs Tabitha did not fail to

compliment him on his modeſty in waving the merit of his anceſtry, adding, that it was the leſs neceſſary to him, as he had ſuch a conſiderable fund of his own.—She now began to glue herſelf to his favour with the groſſeſt adulation. She expatiated upon the antiquity and virtues of the Scottiſh nation, upon their valour, probity, learning, and politeneſs. She even deſcended to encomiums on his own perſonal addreſs, his gallantry, good ſenſe, and erudition. She appealed to her brother, whether the captain was not the very image of our couſin Governor Griffith. She diſcovered a ſurpriſing eagerneſs to know the particulars of his life, and aſked a thouſand queſtions concerning his achievements in war; all which Mr Liſmahago anſwered with a ſort of jeſuitical reſerve, affecting a reluctance to ſatisfy her curioſity on a ſubject that concerned his own exploits.

By dint of her interrogations, however, we learned, that he and Enſign Murphy had made their eſcape from the French hoſpital at Montreal, and taken to the woods, in hope of reaching ſome Engliſh ſettlement; but, miſtaking their route, they fell in with a party of Miamis, who carried them away in captivity. The intention of theſe Indians was to give one of them as an adopted ſon to a venerable ſachem, who had loſt his own in the courſe of the war, and to ſacrifice the other according to the cuſtom of the country. Murphy, as being the younger and handſomer of the two, was deſigned to fill the place of the deceaſed, not only as the ſon of the ſachem, but as the ſpouſe of a beautiful ſquaw, to whom his predeceſſor had been betrothed; but, in paſſing through the different wigwams, or villages of the Miamis, poor Murphy was ſo mangled by the women and children, who have the privilege of torturing all priſoners in their paſſage, that, by the time they arrived at the place of the ſachem's reſidence, he was rendered altogether unfit for the purpoſes of marriage: It was determined, therefore, in the aſſembly of the warriors, that Enſign Murphy ſhould be brought to the ſtake, and that the lady ſhould be given to Lieutenant Liſmahago, who had likewiſe received his ſhare of torments, though they had not produced emaſculation.—A joint of one finger had been cut, or rather

ſawed off with a ruſty knife; one of his great toes was cruſhed into a maſh betwixt two ſtones; ſome of his teeth were drawn or dug out with a crooked nail; ſplintered reeds had been thruſt up his noſtrils and other tender parts; and the calves of his legs had been blown up with mines of gun-powder dug in the fleſh with the ſharp point of the tomahawk.

THE Indians themſelves allowed that Murphy died with great heroiſm, ſinging, as his death ſong, the *Drimmendoo*, in concert with Mr Liſmahago, who was preſent at the ſolemnity. After the warriors and the matrons had made a hearty meal upon the muſcular fleſh, which they pared from the victim, and had applied a great variety of tortures, which he bore without flinching, an old lady, with a ſharp knife, ſcooped out one of his eyes, and put a burning coal in the ſocket. The pain of this operation was ſo exquiſite, that he could not help bellowing, upon which the audience raiſed a ſhout of exultation, and one of the warriors ſtealing behind him, gave him the *coup de grace* with a hatchet.

LISMAHAGO's bride, the ſquaw Squinkinacooſta, diſtinguiſhed herſelf on this occaſion. She ſhewed a great ſuperiority of genius in the tortures which ſhe contrived and executed with her own hands—She vied with the ſtouteſt warrior in eating the fleſh of the ſacrifice; and after all the other females were fuddled with dram drinking, ſhe was not ſo intoxicated but that ſhe was able to play the game of the platter with the conjuring ſachem, and afterwards go through the ceremony of her own wedding, which was conſummated that ſame evening. The Captain had lived very happily with this accompliſhed ſquaw for two years, during which ſhe bore him a ſon, who is now the repreſentative of his mother's tribe; but, at length, to his unſpeakable grief, ſhe had died of a fever, occaſioned by eating too much raw bear, which they had killed in a hunting excurſion.

BY this time, Mr Liſmahago was elected ſachem, acknowledged firſt warrior of the Badger tribe, and dignified with the name or epithet of Occacanaſtaogarora, which ſignifies *nimble as a weaſel*; but all theſe advantages and honours he was obliged to reſign, in

conſequence of being exchanged for the orator of the community, who had been taken priſoner by the Indians that were in alliance with the Engliſh. At the peace, he had ſold out upon half-pay, and was returned to Britain, with a view to paſs the reſt of his life in his own country, where he hoped to find ſome retreat where his ſlender finances would afford him a decent ſubſiſtence. Such are the outlines of Mr Liſmahago's hiſtory, to which Tabitha *did ſeriouſly incline her ear*;—indeed, ſhe ſeemed to be taken with the ſame charms that captivated the heart of Deſdemona, who loved the moor *for the dangers he had paſſed.*

THE deſcription of poor Murphy's ſufferings, which threw my ſiſter Liddy into a ſwoon, extracted ſome ſighs from the breaſt of Mrs Tabby; when ſhe underſtood he had been rendered unfit for marriage, ſhe began to ſpit, and ejaculated, "Jeſus, what cruel barbarians!" and ſhe made wry faces at the lady's nuptial repaſt; but ſhe was eagerly curious to know the particulars of her marriage dreſs; whether ſhe wore high-breaſted ſtays or boddice, a robe of ſilk or velvet, and laces of Mechlin or minionette—ſhe ſuppoſed, as they were connected with the French, ſhe uſed *rouge*, and had her hair dreſſed in the Pariſian faſhion. The captain would have declined giving a categorical explanation of all theſe particulars, obſerving, in general, that the Indians were too tenacious of their own cuſtoms to adopt the modes of any nation whatſoever: He ſaid, moreover, that neither the ſimplicity of their manners, nor the commerce of their country, would admit of thoſe articles of luxury which are deemed magnificence in Europe; and that they were too virtuous and ſenſible to encourage the introduction of any faſhion which might help to render them corrupt and effeminate.

THESE obſervations ſerved only to inflame her deſire of knowing the particulars about which ſhe had enquired; and, with all his evaſion, he could not help diſcovering the following circumſtances—That his princeſs had neither ſhoes, ſtockings, ſhift, nor any kind of linen—that her bridal dreſs conſiſted of a petticoat of red baize, and a fringed blanket, faſtened about her ſhoulders with a copper ſkewer; but of ornaments ſhe

had great plenty—Her hair was curiouſly plaited, and interwoven with bobbins of human bone—one eye-lid was painted green, and the other yellow; the cheeks were blue, the lips white, the teeth red, and there was a black liſt drawn down the middle of the forehead as far as the tip of the noſe—a couple of gaudy parrot's feathers were ſtuck through the diviſion of the noſtrils—there was a blue ſtone ſet in the chin—her ear-rings conſiſted of two pieces of hickery, of the ſize and ſhape of drumſticks—her arms and legs were adorned with bracelets of wampum—her breaſt glittered with numerous ſtrings of glaſs beads—ſhe wore a curious pouch, or pocket, of woven graſs, elegantly painted with various colours—about her neck was hung the freſh ſcalp of a Mohawk warrior, whom her deceaſed lover had lately ſlain in battle—and, finally, ſhe was anointed from head to foot with bear's greaſe, which ſent forth a moſt agreeable odour.

One would imagine that theſe paraphernalia would not have been much admired by a modern fine lady; but Mrs Tabitha was reſolved to approve of all the captain's connections. She wiſhed, indeed, the ſquaw had been better provided with linen; but ſhe owned there was much taſte and fancy in her ornaments; ſhe made no doubt, therefore, that Madam Squinkinacooſta was a young lady of good ſenſe and rare accompliſhments, and a good Chriſtian at bottom. Then ſhe aſked whether his conſort had been high-church or low-church, preſbyterian or anabaptiſt, or had been favoured with any glimmering of the new light of the goſpel? When he confeſſed that ſhe and her whole nation were utter ſtrangers to the Chriſtian faith, ſhe gazed at him with ſigns of aſtoniſhment; and Humphry Clinker, who chanced to be in the room, uttered a hollow groan.

After ſome pauſe, "In the name of God, Captain Liſmahago (cried ſhe), what religion do they profeſs?" "As to religion, Madam (anſwered the lieutenant), it is among thoſe Indians a matter of great ſimplicity—they never heard of any *alliance between church and ſtate*. They, in general, worſhip two contending principles; one the fountain of all good, the other the ſource of

evil. The common people there, as in other countries, run into the abſurdities of ſuperſtition; but ſenſible men pay adoration to a ſupreme being, who created and ſuſtains the univerſe." "O! what pity (exclaimed the pious Tabby), that ſome holy man has not been inſpired to go and convert theſe poor heathens!"

THE lieutenant told her, that, while he reſided among them, two French miſſionaries arrived, in order to convert them to the catholic religion; but when they talked of myſteries and revelations, which they could neither explain nor authenticate, and called in the evidence of miracles which they believed upon hearſay; when they taught, that the ſupreme creator of heaven and earth had allowed his only ſon, his own equal in power and glory, to enter the bowels of a woman, to be born as a human creature, to be inſulted, flagellated, and even executed as a malefactor; when they pretended to create God himſelf, to ſwallow, digeſt, revive, and multiply him *ad infinitum*, by the help of a little flour and water, the Indians were ſhocked at the impiety of their preſumption—They were examined by the aſſembly of the ſachems, who deſired them to prove the divinity of their miſſion by ſome miracle.—They anſwered, that it was not in their power.—"If you were really ſent by heaven for our converſion (ſaid one of the ſachems), you would certainly have ſome ſupernatural endowments, at leaſt you would have the gift of tongues, in order to explain your doctrine to the different nations among which you are employed; but you are ſo ignorant of our language, that you cannot expreſs yourſelves even on the moſt trifling ſubjects."

IN a word, the aſſembly were convinced of their being cheats, and even ſuſpected them of being ſpies:—They ordered them a bag of Indian corn a-piece, and appointed a guide to conduct them to the frontiers; but the miſſionaries having more zeal than diſcretion, refuſed to quit the vineyard.—They perſiſted in ſaying maſs, in preaching, baptizing, and ſquabbling with the conjurers, or prieſts of the country, till they had thrown the whole community into confuſion.—Then the aſſembly proceeded to try them as impious impoſtors,

who repreſented the Almighty as a trifling, weak, capricious being, and pretended to make, unmake, and reproduce him at pleaſure: They were, therefore, convicted of blaſphemy and ſedition, and condemned to the ſtake, where they died ſinging *Salve regina*, in a rapture of joy, for the crown of martyrdom, which they had thus obtained.

In the courſe of this converſation, Lieutenant Liſmahago dropt ſome hints, by which it appeared he himſelf was a free-thinker. Our aunt ſeemed to be ſtartled at certain ſarcaſms he threw out againſt the creed of Saint Athanaſius.—He dwelt much upon the words, *reaſon*, *philoſophy*, and *contradiction in terms*—he bid defiance to the eternity of hell-fire; and even threw ſuch ſquibs at the immortality of the ſoul, as ſinged a little the whiſkers of Mrs Tabitha's faith; for, by this time, ſhe began to look upon Liſmahago as a prodigy of learning and ſagacity—In ſhort, he could be no longer inſenſible to the advances ſhe made towards his affection; and, although there was ſomething repulſive in his nature, he overcame it ſo far as to make ſome return to her civilities.—Perhaps, he thought it would be no bad ſcheme, in a ſuperannuated lieutenant on half-pay, to effect a conjunction with an old maid, who, in all probability, had fortune enough to keep him eaſy and comfortable in the fag-end of his days.—An ogling correſpondence forthwith commenced between this amiable pair of originals.—He began to ſweeten the natural acidity of his diſcourſe with the treacle of compliment and commendation. He from time to time offered her ſnuff, of which he himſelf took great quantities, and even made her a preſent of a purſe of ſilk-graſs, woven by the hands of the amiable Squinkinacooſta, who had uſed it as a ſhot-pouch in her hunting expeditions.

From Doncaſter northwards, all the windows of all the inns are ſcrawled with doggrel rhimes, in abuſe of the Scotch nation; and what ſurpriſed me very much, I did not perceive one line written in the way of recrimination—Curious to hear what Liſmahago would ſay on this ſubject, I pointed out to him a very ſcurrilous epigram againſt his countrymen, which was engraved

on one of the windows of the parlour where we ſat.—He read it with the moſt ſtarched compoſure; and when I aſked his opinion of the poetry, "It is vara terſe and vara poignant (ſaid he); but, with the help of a wat diſh-clout, it might be rendered more clear and parſpicuous—I marvel much that ſome modern wit has not publiſhed a collection of theſe eſſays under the title of the *Glazier's Triumph over Sawney the Scot*—I'm perſuaded it would be a vara agreeable offering to the patriots of London and Weſtminſter." When I expreſſed ſome ſurpriſe that the natives of Scotland, who travel this way, had not broke all the windows upon the road, "With ſubmiſſion (replied the lieutenant), that were but ſhallow policy—it would only ſerve to make the ſatire more cutting and ſevere; and, I think, it is much better to let it ſtand in the window, than have it preſented in the reckoning."

My uncle's jaws began to quiver with indignation—He ſaid, the ſcribblers of ſuch infamous ſtuff deſerved to be ſcourged at the cart's tail for diſgracing their country with ſuch monuments of malice and ſtupidity—"Theſe vermin (ſaid he) do not conſider that they are affording their fellow ſubjects, whom they abuſe, continual matter of ſelf-gratulation, as well as the means of executing the moſt manly vengeance that can be taken for ſuch low illiberal attacks. For my part, I admire the philoſophic forbearance of the Scotch, as much as I deſpiſe the inſolence of thoſe wretched libellers, which is a-kin to the arrogance of the village-cock, who never crows but upon his own dunghill."—The captain, with an affectation of candour, obſerved, that men of illiberal minds were produced in every ſoil; that, in ſuppoſing thoſe were the ſentiments of the Engliſh in general, he ſhould pay too great a compliment to his own country, which was not of conſequence enough to attract the envy of ſuch a flouriſhing and powerful people.

Mrs Tabby broke forth again in praiſe of his moderation, and declared that Scotland was the ſoil which produced every virtue under heaven.—When Liſmahago took his leave for the night, ſhe aſked her brother, if the captain was not the prettieſt gentleman he had

ever ſeen; and whether there was not ſomething wonderfully engaging in his aſpect?—Mr Bramble having eyed her ſome time in ſilence, "Siſter (ſaid he), the lieutenant is, for aught I know, an honeſt man, and a good officer—he has a conſiderable ſhare of underſtanding, and a title to more encouragement than he ſeems to have met with in life; but I cannot, with a ſafe conſcience, affirm, that he is the prettieſt gentleman I ever ſaw; neither can I diſcern any engaging charm in his countenance, which, I vow to God, is, on the contrary, very hard-favoured and forbidding."

I HAVE endeavoured to ingratiate myſelf with this North Briton, who is really a curioſity; but he has been very ſhy of my converſation, ever ſince I laughed at his aſſerting that the Engliſh tongue was ſpoke with more propriety at Edinburgh than at London. Looking at me with a double ſqueeze of ſouring in his aſpect, "If the old definition be true (ſaid he), that riſibility is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a rational creature, the Engliſh are the moſt diſtinguiſhed for rationality of any people I ever knew." I owned that the Engliſh were eaſily ſtruck with any thing that appeared ludicrous, and apt to laugh accordingly; but it did not follow, that, becauſe they were more given to laughter, they had more rationality than their neighbours: I ſaid, ſuch an inference would be an injury to the Scots, who were by no means defective in rationality, though generally ſuppoſed little ſubject to the impreſſions of humour.

THE captain anſwered, that this ſuppoſition muſt have been deduced either from their converſation or their compoſitions, of which the Engliſh could not poſſibly judge with preciſion, as they did not underſtand the dialect uſed by the Scots in common diſcourſe, as well as in their works of humour. When I deſired to know what thoſe works of humour were, he mentioned a conſiderable number of pieces, which he inſiſted were equal in point of humour to any thing extant in any language dead or living—He, in particular, recommended a collection of detached poems, in two ſmall volumes, entitled, *The Evergreen*, and the works of Allan Ramſay, which I intend to provide myſelf with

at Edinburgh—He obſerved, that a North Briton is ſeen to a diſadvantage in an Engliſh company, becauſe he ſpeaks in a dialect that they can't reliſh, and in a phraſeology which they don't underſtand.—He, therefore, finds himſelf under a reſtraint, which is a great enemy to wit and humour.—Theſe are faculties which never appear in full luſtre, but when the mind is perfectly at eaſe, and, as an excellent writer ſays, enjoys *her elbow-room*.

He proceeded to explain his aſſertion, that the Engliſh language was ſpoken with greater propriety at Edinburgh than in London.—He ſaid, what we generally called the Scottiſh dialect was, in fact, true, genuine old Engliſh, with a mixture of ſome French terms and idioms, adopted in a long intercourſe betwixt the French and Scotch nations; that the modern Engliſh, from affectation and falſe refinement, had weakened, and even corrupted their language, by throwing out the guttural ſounds, altering the pronunciation and the quantity, and diſuſing many words and terms of great ſignificance. In conſequence of theſe innovations, the works of our beſt poets, ſuch as Chaucer, Spencer, and even Shakeſpeare, were become, in many parts, unintelligible to the natives of South Britain; whereas the Scots, who retain the ancient language, underſtand them without the help of a gloſſary. "For inſtance (ſaid he), how have your commentators been puzzled by the following expreſſion in the *Tempeſt*—*He's gentle, and not fearful*; as if it was a paralogiſm to ſay, that being *gentle*, he muſt of courſe be *courageous*; but the truth is, one of the original meanings, if not the ſole meaning, of that word was, *noble, high-minded*; and to this day, a Scots woman, in the ſituation of the young lady in the *Tempeſt*, would expreſs herſelf nearly in the ſame terms—Don't provoke him; for being gentle, that is, *high-ſpirited*, he won't tamely bear an inſult. Spencer, in the very firſt ſtanza of his *Fairy Queen*, ſays,

"*A* gentle *knight was pricking on the plain*;"

which knight, far from being *tame* and fearful, was ſo ſtout, that

"*Nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.*"

To prove that we had impaired the energy of our language by falſe refinement, he mentioned the following words, which, though widely different in ſignification, are pronounced exactly in the ſame manner—*wright*, *write*, *right*, *rite*; but, among the Scotch, theſe words are as different in pronunciation, as they are in meaning and orthography; and this is the caſe with many others which he mentioned by way of illuſtration. He moreover took notice, that we had (for what reaſon he could never learn) altered the ſound of our vowels from that which is retained by all the nations in Europe; an alteration which rendered the language extremely difficult to foreigners, and made it almoſt impracticable to lay down general rules for orthography and pronunciation. Beſides, the vowels were no longer ſimple ſounds in the mouth of an Engliſhman, who pronounced both *i* and *u* as diphthongs. Finally, he affirmed, that we mumbled our ſpeech with our lips and teeth, and ran the words together without pauſe or diſtinction, in ſuch a manner, that a foreigner, though he underſtood Engliſh tolerably well, was often obliged to have recourſe to a Scotchman to explain what a native of England had ſaid in his own language.

The truth of this remark was confirmed by Mr Bramble from his own experience; but he accounted for it on another principle. He ſaid, the ſame obſervation would hold in all languages; that a Swiſs talking French was more eaſily underſtood than a Pariſian, by a foreigner who had not made himſelf maſter of the language; becauſe every language had its peculiar recitative, and it would always require more pains, attention, and practice, to acquire both the words and the muſic, than to learn the words only; and yet no body would deny, that the one was imperfect without the other; he, therefore, apprehended, that the Scotchman and the Swiſs were better underſtood by learners, becauſe they ſpoke the words only, without the muſic, which they could not rehearſe. One would imagine this check might have damped the North Briton; but it ſerved only to agitate his humour for diſputation.—He ſaid, if every nation had its own recitative or muſic, the Scotch had theirs, and the Scotchman, who had not

yet acquired the cadence of the Engliſh, would naturally uſe his own in ſpeaking their language; therefore, if he was better underſtood than the native, his recitative muſt be more intelligible than that of the Engliſh; of conſequence the dialect of the Scotch had an advantage over that of their fellow ſubjects, and this was another ſtrong preſumption that the modern Engliſh had corrupted their language in the article of pronunciation.

THE lieutenant was, by this time, become ſo polemical, that every time he opened his mouth, out flew a paradox, which he maintained with all the enthuſiaſm of altercation; but all his paradoxes ſavoured ſtrong of a partiality for his own country. He undertook to prove that poverty was a bleſſing to a nation; that *oat-meal* was preferable to *wheat-flour*; and that the worſhip of Cloacina, in temples which admitted both ſexes, and every rank of votaries promiſcuouſly, was a filthy ſpecies of idolatry that outraged every idea of delicacy and decorum. I did not ſo much wonder at his broaching theſe doctrines, as at the arguments, equally whimſical and ingenious, which he adduced in ſupport of them.

IN fine, Lieutenant Liſmahago is a curioſity which I have not yet ſufficiently peruſed; and, therefore, I ſhall be ſorry when we loſe his company, though, God knows, there is nothing very amiable in his manner or diſpoſition. As he goes directly to the ſouth-weſt diviſion of Scotland, and we proceed in the road to Berwick, we ſhall part to-morrow at a place called Felton-bridge; and, I dare ſay, this ſeparation will be very grievous to our aunt Mrs Tabitha, unleſs ſhe has received ſome flattering aſſurance of his meeting her again. If I fail in my purpoſe of entertaining you with theſe unimportant occurrences, they will at leaſt ſerve as exerciſes of patience, for which you are indebted to

Yours always

Morpeth, July 13. J. MELFORD.

To Dr LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I HAVE now reached the northern extremity of England, and ſee, cloſe to my chamber-window, the Tweed gliding through the arches of that bridge which connects this ſuburb to the town of Berwick. Yorkſhire you have ſeen, and therefore I ſhall ſay nothing of that opulent province. The city of Durham appears like a confuſed heap of ſtones and brick, accumulated ſo as to cover a mountain, round which a river winds its brawling courſe. The ſtreets are generally narrow, dark, and unpleaſant, and many of them almoſt impaſſable in conſequence of their declivity. The cathedral is a huge gloomy pile; but the clergy are well lodged. The biſhop lives in a princely manner—the golden prebends keep plentiful tables—and, I am told, there is ſome good ſociable company in the place; but the country, when viewed from the top of Gateſhead Fell, which extends to Newcaſtle, exhibits the higheſt ſcene of cultivation that ever I beheld. As for Newcaſtle, it lies moſtly in a bottom, on the banks of the Tyne, and makes an appearance ſtill more diſagreeable than that of Durham; but it is rendered populous and rich by induſtry and commerce; and the country lying on both ſides the river, above the town, yields a delightful proſpect of agriculture and plantation. Morpeth and Alnwick are neat pretty towns, and this laſt is famous for the caſtle which has belonged ſo many ages to the noble houſe of Piercy, Earls of Northumberland. It is, doubtleſs, a large edifice, containing a great number of apartments, and ſtands in a commanding ſituation; but the ſtrength of it ſeems to have conſiſted not ſo much in its ſite, or the manner in which it is fortified, as in the valour of its defendants.

OUR adventures, ſince we left Scarborough, are ſcarce worth reciting; and yet I muſt make you acquainted with my ſiſter Tabby's progreſs in huſband hunting. After her diſappointments at Bath and London, ſhe had actually begun to practiſe upon a certain adventurer,

who was in fact a highwayman by profeſſion; but he had been uſed to ſnares much more dangerous than any ſhe could lay, and eſcaped accordingly—Then ſhe opened her batteries upon an old weather-beaten Scotch lieutenant, called Liſmahago, who joined us at Durham, and is, I think, one of the moſt ſingular perſonages I ever encountered. His manner is as harſh as his countenance; but his peculiar turn of thinking, and his pack of knowledge, made up of the remnants of rarities, rendered his converſation deſireable, in ſpite of his pedantry and ungracious addreſs. I have often met with a crab-apple in a hedge, which I have been tempted to eat for its flavour, even while I was diſguſted by its auſterity. The ſpirit of contradiction is naturally ſo ſtrong in Liſmahago, that I believe in my conſcience he has rummaged, and read, and ſtudied with indefatigable attention, in order to qualify himſelf to refute eſtabliſhed maxims, and thus raiſe trophies for the gratification of polemical pride. Such is the aſperity of his ſelf-conceit, that he will not even acquieſce in a tranſient compliment made to his own individual in particular, or to his country in general.

When I obſerved, that he muſt have read a vaſt number of books to be able to diſcourſe on ſuch a variety of ſubjects, he declared he had read little or nothing, and aſked how he ſhould find books among the woods of America, where he had ſpent the greateſt part of his life. My nephew remarking that the Scotch in general were famous for their learning, he denied the imputation, and defied him to prove it from their works—"The Scotch (ſaid he) have a ſlight tincture of letters, with which they make a parade among people who are more illiterate than themſelves; but they may be ſaid to float on the ſurface of ſcience, and they have made very ſmall advances in the uſeful arts." "At leaſt (cried Tabby) all the world allows that the Scotch behaved glorioufly in fighting and conquering the ſavages of America." "I can aſſure you, Madam, you have been miſinformed (replied the lieutenant); in that continent the Scotch did nothing more than their duty, nor was there one corps in his Majeſty's ſervice that diſtinguiſhed itſelf more than another—Thoſe who affected to ex-

tol the Scotch for ſuperior merit, were no friends to that nation."

THOUGH he himſelf made free with his countrymen, he would not ſuffer any other perſon to glance a ſarcaſm at them with impunity. One of the company chancing to mention Lord B—'s inglorious peace, the lieutenant immediately took up the cudgels in his lordſhip's favour, and argued very ſtrenuouſly to prove that it was the moſt honourable and advantageous peace that England had ever made ſince the foundation of the monarchy. Nay, between friends, he offered ſuch reaſons on this ſubject, that I was really confounded, if not convinced—He would not allow that the Scotch abounded above their proportion in the army and navy of Great Britain, or that the Engliſh had any reaſon to ſay his countrymen had met with extraordinary encouragement in the ſervice. "When a South and North Briton (ſaid he) are competitors for a place or commiſſion, which is in the diſpoſal of an Engliſh miniſter, or an Engliſh general, it would be abſurd to ſuppoſe that the preference will not be given to the native of England, who has ſo many advantages over his rival—Firſt and foremoſt, he has in his favour that laudable partiality, which, Mr Addiſon ſays, never fails to cleave to the heart of an Engliſhman; ſecondly, he has more powerful connections, and a greater ſhare of parliamentary intereſt, by which thoſe conteſts are generally decided; and, laſtly, he has a greater command of money to ſmooth the way to his ſucceſs. For my own part (ſaid he), I know no Scotch officer who has riſen in the army above the rank of a ſubaltern, without purchaſing every degree of preferment either with money or recruits; but I know many gentlemen of that country, who, for want of money and intereſt, have grown grey in the rank of lieutenants; whereas very few inſtances of this ill-fortune are to be found among the natives of South Britain. Not that I would inſinuate that my countrymen have the leaſt reaſon to complain. Preferment in the ſervice, like ſucceſs in any other branch of traffic, will naturally favour thoſe who have the greateſt ſtock of caſh and credit, merit and capacity being ſuppoſed equal on all ſides."

BUT the moſt hardy of all this original's poſitions were theſe:—That commerce would, ſooner or later, prove the ruin of every nation, where it flouriſhes to any extent—that the parliament was the rotten part of the Britiſh conſtitution—that the liberty of the preſs was a national evil—and that the boaſted inſtitution of juries, as managed in England, was productive of ſhameful perjury and flagrant injuſtice. He obſerved, that traffic was an enemy to all the liberal paſſions of the ſoul, founded on the thirſt of lucre, a ſordid diſpoſition to take advantage of the neceſſities of our fellow creatures. He affirmed, the nature of commerce was ſuch, that it could not be fixed or perpetuated, but, having flowed to a certain height, would immediately begin to ebb, and ſo continue till the channels ſhould be left almoſt dry; but there was no inſtance of the tide's riſing a ſecond time to any conſiderable influx in the ſame nation. Meanwhile, the ſudden affluence occaſioned by trade, forced open all the ſluices of luxury, and overflowed the land with every ſpecies of profligacy and corruption; a total depravity of manners would enſue, and this muſt be attended with bankruptcy and ruin. He obſerved of the parliament, that the practice of buying boroughs, and canvaſſing for votes, was an avowed ſyſtem of venality, already eſtabliſhed on the ruins of principle, integrity, faith, and good order; in conſequence of which, the elected, and the elector, and, in ſhort, the whole body of the people, were equally and univerſally contaminated and corrupted. He affirmed, that, of a parliament thus conſtituted, the crown would always have influence enough to ſecure a great majority in its dependence, from the great number of poſts, places, and penſions it had to beſtow; that ſuch a parliament would, as it had already done, lengthen the term of its ſitting and authority, whenever the prince ſhould think it for his intereſt to continue the repreſentatives; for, without doubt, they had the ſame right to protract their authority *ad infinitum*, as they had to extend it from three to ſeven years—With a parliament therefore dependent upon the crown, devoted to the prince, and ſupported by a ſtanding army, garbled and modelled for the purpoſe, any king of England may, and probably ſome

ambitious ſovereign will, totally overthrow all the bulwarks of the conſtitution; for it is not to be ſuppoſed that a prince of a high ſpirit will tamely ſubmit to be thwarted in all his meaſures, abuſed and inſulted by a populace of unbridled ferocity, when he has it in his power to cruſh all oppoſition under his feet with the concurrence of the legiſlature. He ſaid, he ſhould always conſider the liberty of the preſs as a national evil, while it enabled the vileſt reptile to ſoil the luſtre of the moſt ſhining merit, and furniſhed the moſt infamous incendiary with the means of diſturbing the peace, and deſtroying the good order of the community. He owned, however, that, under due reſtrictions, it would be a valuable privilege; but affirmed, that, at preſent, there was no law in England ſufficient to reſtrain it within proper bounds.

With reſpect to juries, he expreſſed himſelf to this effect:—Juries are generally compoſed of illiterate plebeians, apt to be miſtaken, eaſily miſled, and open to ſiniſter influence; for if either of the parties to be tried, can gain over one of the twelve jurors, he has ſecured the verdict in his favour; the juryman thus brought over, will, in deſpight of all evidence and conviction, generally hold out till his fellows are fatigued, and haraſſed, and ſtarved into concurrence; in which caſe the verdict is unjuſt, and the jurors are all perjured;—but caſes will often occur, when the jurors are really divided in opinion, and each ſide is convinced in oppoſition to the other; but no verdict will be received, unleſs they are unanimous, and they are all bound, not only in conſcience, but by oath, to judge and declare according to their conviction. What then will be the conſequence? They muſt either ſtarve in company, or one ſide muſt ſacrifice their conſcience to their convenience, and join in a verdict which they believe to be falſe.—This abſurdity is avoided in Sweden, where a bare majority is ſufficient; and in Scotland, where two-thirds of the jury are required to concur in the verdict.

You muſt not imagine that all theſe deductions were made on his part, without contradiction on mine.—No—the truth is, I found myſelf piqued in point of honour, at his pretending to be ſo much wiſer than his

neighbours—I queſtioned all his aſſertions, ſtarted innumerable objections, argued and wrangled with uncommon perſeverance, and grew very warm, and even violent in the debate. Sometimes he was puzzled, and once or twice, I think, fairly refuted; but from thoſe falls, he roſe again, like Antæus, with redoubled vigour, till at length I was tired, exhauſted, and really did not know how to proceed, when luckily he dropped a hint, by which he diſcovered he had been bred to the law; a confeſſion which enabled me to retire from the diſpute with a good grace, as it could not be ſuppoſed that a man like me, who had been bred to nothing, ſhould be able to cope with a veteran in his own profeſſion. I believe, however, that I ſhall for ſome time continue to chew the cud of reflection upon many obſervations which this original diſcharged.

WHETHER our ſiſter Tabby was really ſtruck with his converſation, or is reſolved to throw at every thing ſhe meets in the ſhape of a man, till ſhe can faſten the matrimonial nooſe, certain it is, ſhe has taken deſperate ſtrides towards the affection of Liſmahago, who cannot be ſaid to have met her half way, though he does not ſeem altogether inſenſible to her civilities—She inſinuated more than once, how happy we ſhould be to have his company through that part of Scotland which we propoſed to viſit, till at length he plainly told us, that his road was totally different from that which we intended to take; that, for his part, his company would be of very little ſervice to us in our progreſs, as he was utterly unacquainted with the country, which he had left in his early youth, conſequently, he could neither direct us in our inquiries, nor introduce us to any family of diſtinction. He ſaid, he was ſtimulated by an irreſiſtible impulſe to reviſit the *paternus lar*, or *patria domus*, though he expected little ſatisfaction, inaſmuch as he underſtood that his nephew, the preſent poſſeſſor, was but ill qualified to ſupport the honour of the family—He aſſured us, however, as we deſigned to return by the weſt road, that he would watch our motions, and endeavour to pay his reſpects to us at Dumfries. Accordingly he took his leave of us at a place half way betwixt Morpeth and Alnwick, and pranced away in great ſtate,

mounted on a tall, meagre, raw-boned, ſhambling grey gelding, without e'er a tooth in his head, the very counter part of the rider; and, indeed, the appearance of the two was ſo pictureſque, that I would give twenty guineas to have them tolerably repreſented on canvas.

NORTHUMBERLAND is a fine county, extending to the Tweed, which is a pleaſant paſtoral ſtream; but you will be ſurpriſed when I tell you that the Engliſh ſide of that river is neither ſo well cultivated nor ſo populous as the other. The farms are thinly ſcattered, the lands unincloſed, and ſcarce a gentleman's ſeat is to be ſeen in ſome miles from the Tweed; whereas the Scots are advanced in crowds to the very brink of the river; ſo that you may reckon above thirty good houſes in the compaſs of a few miles belonging to proprietors whoſe anceſtors had fortified caſtles in the ſame ſituations; a circumſtance that ſhews what dangerous neighbours the Scotch muſt have formerly been to the northern counties of England.

OUR domeſtic economy continues on the old footing. My ſiſter Tabby ſtill adheres to Methodiſm, and had the benefit of a ſermon at Weſley's meeting in Newcaſtle; but I believe the paſſion of love has in ſome meaſure abated the fervour of devotion, both in her and her woman Mrs Jenkins, about whoſe good graces there has been a violent conteſt betwixt my nephew's valet, Mr Dutton, and my man, Humphry Clinker. Jery has been obliged to interpoſe his authority to keep the peace; and to him I have left the diſcuſſion of that important affair, which had like to have kindled the flames of diſcord in the family of

Yours always,

MATT. BRAMBLE.

Tweedmouth, July 15.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. at Oxon.*

DEAR WAT,

IN my two laſt you had ſo much of Liſmahago, that I ſuppoſe you are glad he is gone off the ſtage for the preſent.—I muſt now deſcend to domeſtic occurrences.—Love, it ſeems, is reſolved to aſſert his dominion over all the females of our family—After having practiſed upon poor Liddy's heart, and played ſtrange vagaries with our aunt Mrs Tabitha, he began to run-riot in the affections of her woman, Mrs Winifred Jenkins, whom I have had occaſion to mention more than once in the courſe of our memoirs. Nature intended Jenkins for ſomething very different from the character of her miſtreſs; yet cuſtom and habit have effected a wonderful reſemblance betwixt them in many particulars. Win, to be ſure, is much younger, and more agreeable in her perſon; ſhe is likewiſe tender-hearted and benevolent, qualities for which her miſtreſs is by no means remarkable, no more than ſhe is for being of a timorous diſpoſition, and much ſubject to fits of the mother, which are the infirmities of Win's conſtitution; but then ſhe ſeems to have adopted Mrs Tabby's manner with her caſt cloaths.—She dreſſes and endeavours to look like her miſtreſs, although her own looks are much more engaging—She enters into her ſchemes of economy, learns her phraſes, repeats her remarks, imitates her ſtile in ſcolding the inferior ſervants, and, finally ſubſcribes implicitly to her ſyſtem of devotion—This, indeed, ſhe found the more agreeable, as it was in a great meaſure introduced and confirmed by the miniſtry of Clinker, with whoſe perſonal merit ſhe ſeems to have been ſtruck ever ſince he exhibited the pattern of his naked ſkin at Marlborough.

NEVERTHELESS, though Humphry had this double hank upon her inclinations, and exerted all his power to maintain the conqueſt he had made, he found it impoſſible to guard it on the ſide of vanity, where poor Win was as frail as any female in the kingdom. In ſhort, my raſcal, Dutton, profeſſed himſelf her admirer,

and, by dint of his outlandiſh qualifications, threw his rival Clinker out of the ſaddle of her heart. Humphry may be compared to an Engliſh pudding, compoſed of good wholeſome flour and ſuet, and Dutton to a ſyllabub or iced froth, which, though agreeable to the taſte, has nothing ſolid or ſubſtantial. The traitor not only dazzled her with his ſecond-hand finery, but he fawned, and flattered, and cringed—he taught her to take rappee, and preſented her with a ſnuff-box of *papier mache*—he ſupplied her with a powder for her teeth—he mended her complexion, and he dreſſed her hair in the Paris faſhion—he undertook to be her French maſter and her dancing-maſter, as well as friſeur, and thus imperceptibly wound himſelf into her good graces. Clinker perceived the progreſs he had made, and repined in ſecret.—He attempted to open her eyes in the way of exhortation, and, finding it produced no effect, had recourſe to prayer. At Newcaſtle, while he attended Mrs Tabby to the Methodiſt meeting, his rival accompanied Mrs Jenkins to the play. He was dreſſed in a ſilk coat, made at Paris for his former maſter, with a tawdry waiſtcoat of tarniſhed brocade; he wore his hair in a great bag, with a huge ſolitaire, and a long ſword dangled from his thigh. The lady was all of a flutter with faded luteſtring, waſhed gauze, and ribbons three times refreſhed, but ſhe was moſt remarkable for the friſure of her head, which roſe, like a pyramid, ſeven inches above the ſcalp, and her face was primed and patched from the chin up to the eyes; nay, the gallant himſelf had ſpared neither red nor white in improving the nature of his own complexion. In this attire, they walked together through the high ſtreet to the theatre; and as they paſſed for players, ready dreſſed for acting, they reached it unmoleſted; but as it was ſtill light when they returned, and by that time the people had got information of their real character and condition, they hiſſed and hooted all the way, and Mrs Jenkins was all beſpattered with dirt, as well as inſulted with the opprobrious name of *painted Jezabel*, ſo that her fright and mortification threw her into an hyſteric fit the moment ſhe came home.

CLINKER was ſo incenſed at Dutton, whom he conſidered as the cauſe of her diſgrace, that he upbraided him ſeverely for having turned the poor young woman's brain. The other affected to treat him with contempt; and, miſtaking his forbearance for want of courage, threatened to horſe-whip him into good manners. Humphry then came to me, humbly begging, I would give him leave to chaſtiſe my ſervant for his inſolence—"He has challenged me to fight him at ſword's point (ſaid he); but I might as well challenge him to make a horſe-ſhoe or a plough-iron; for I know no more of the one than he does of the other. Beſides, it doth not become ſervants to uſe thoſe weapons, or to claim the privilege of gentlemen to kill one another when they fall out; moreover, I would not have his blood upon my conſcience for ten thouſand times the profit or ſatisfaction I ſhould get by his death; but if your honour won't be angry, I'll engage to gee 'en a good drubbing, that, mayhap, will do 'en ſervice, and I'll take care it ſhall do 'en no harm." I ſaid, I had no objection to what he propoſed, provided he could manage matters ſo as not to be found the aggreſſor, in caſe Dutton ſhould proſecute him for an aſſault and battery.

THUS licenſed, he retired; and that ſame evening eaſily provoked his rival to ſtrike the firſt blow, which Clinker returned with ſuch intereſt, that he was obliged to call for quarter, declaring, at the ſame time, that he would exact ſevere and bloody ſatisfaction the moment we ſhould paſs the border, when he could run him through the body without fear of the conſequence.—This ſcene paſſed in preſence of Lieutenant Liſmahago, who encouraged Clinker to hazard a thruſt of cold iron with his antagoniſt. "Cold iron (cried Humphry) I ſhall never uſe againſt the life of any human creature; but I am ſo far from being afraid of his cold iron, that I ſhall uſe nothing in my defence, but a good cudgel, which ſhall always be at his ſervice." In the mean time, the fair cauſe of this conteſt, Mrs Winifred Jenkins, ſeemed overwhelmed with affliction, and Mr Clinker acted much on the reſerve, though he did not preſume to find fault with her conduct.

THE diſpute between the two rivals was ſoon brought to a very unexpected iſſue. Among our fellow-lodgers at Berwick, was a couple from London, bound to Edinburgh, on the voyage of matrimony. The female was the daughter and heireſs of a pawnbroker deceaſed, who had given her guardians the ſlip, and put herſelf under the tuition of a tall Hibernian, who had conducted her thus far in queſt of a clergyman to unite them in marriage, without the formalities required by the law of England. I know not how the lover had behaved on the road, ſo as to decline in the favour of his inamorata; but, in all probability, Dutton perceived a coldneſs on her ſide, which encouraged him to whiſper, it was a pity ſhe ſhould have caſt her affections upon a tailor, which he affirmed the Iriſhman to be. This diſcovery completed her diſguſt, of which my man taking the advantage, began to recommend himſelf to her good graces; and the ſmooth-tongued raſcal found no difficulty to inſinuate himſelf into the place of her heart, from which the other had been diſcarded.—Their reſolution was immediately taken. In the morning, before day, while poor Teague lay ſnoring a-bed, his indefatigable rival ordered a poſt-chaiſe, and ſet out with the lady for Coldſtream, a few miles up the Tweed, where there was a parſon who dealt in this branch of commerce, and there they were nooſed, before the Iriſhman ever dreamed of the matter. But when he got up at ſix o'clock, and found the bird was flown, he made ſuch a noiſe as alarmed the whole houſe. One of the firſt perſons he encountered was the poſtillion returned from Coldſtream, where he had been witneſs to the marriage, and, over and above a handſome gratuity, had received a bride's favour, which he now wore in his cap—When the forſaken lover underſtood they were actually married, and ſet out for London, and that Dutton had diſcovered to the lady, that he (the Hibernian) was a tailor, he had like to have run diſtracted. He tore the ribbon from the fellow's cap, and beat it about his ears. He ſwore he would purſue him to the gates of hell, and ordered a poſt-chaiſe and four to be got ready as ſoon as poſſible; but recollecting that his finances would not

admit of this way of travelling, he was obliged to countermand this order.

FOR my part, I knew nothing at all of what had happened, till the poſtillion brought me the keys of my trunk and portmanteau, which he had received from Dutton, who ſent me his reſpects, hoping I would excuſe him for his abrupt departure, as it was a ſtep upon which his fortune depended.—Before I had time to make my uncle acquainted with this event, the Iriſhman burſt into my chamber, without any introduction, exclaiming, "By my ſoul, your ſarvant has robbed me of five thouſand pounds, and I'll have ſatisfaction, if I ſhould be hanged to-morrow!" When I aſked him who he was, "My name (ſaid he) is Maſter Macloughlin—but it ſhould be Leighlin Oneale, for I am come from Ter-Owen the Great; and ſo I am as good a gentleman as any in Ireland: And that rogue, your ſarvant, ſaid I was a tailor, which was as big a lie as if he had called me the Pope—I'm a man of fortune, and have ſpent all I had; and ſo being in diſtreſs, Mr Coſhgrave, the faſhioner in Shuffolk-ſtreet, tuck me out, and made me his own private ſhecretary: By the ſame token, I was the laſt he bailed; for his friends obliged him to tie himſelf up, that he would bail no more above ten pounds; for why, becaaſe as how he could not refuſe any body that aſked, and therefore, in time, would have robbed himſelf of his whole fortune, and, if he had lived long at that rate, muſt have died bankrupt very ſoon—and ſo I made my addreſſes to Miſs Skinner, a young lady of five thouſand pounds fortune, who agreed to take me for better nor worſe; and, to be ſure, this day would have put me in poſſeſſion, if it had not been for that rogue, your ſarvant, who came like a tief, and ſtole away my property, and made her believe I was a tailor, and that ſhe was going to marry the ninth part of a man: But the devil burn my ſoul, if ever I catch him on the mountains of Tulloghobegly, if I don't ſhew him that I'm nine times as good a man as he, or e'er a bug of his country."

WHEN he had rung out his firſt alarm, I told him I was ſorry he had allowed himſelf to be ſo jockied; but it was no buſineſs of mine; and that the fellow who

robbed him of his bride, had likewiſe robbed me of my ſervant—"Didn't I tell you then (cried he), that Rogue was his true Chriſtian name—Oh! if I had but one fair truſt with him upon the ſod, I'd give him leave to brag all the reſt of his life."

My uncle hearing the noiſe, came in, and being informed of this adventure, began to comfort Mr Oneale for the lady's elopement; obſerving, that he ſeemed to have had a lucky eſcape; that it was better ſhe ſhould elope before than after marriage.—The Hibernian was of a very different opinion. He ſaid, "If he had been once married, ſhe might have eloped as ſoon as ſhe pleaſed; he would have taken care that ſhe ſhould not have carried her fortune along with her—Ah (ſaid he), ſhe's a Judas Iſcariot, and has betrayed me with a kiſs; and, like Judas, ſhe carried the bag, and has not left me money enough to bear my expences back to London; and ſo as I am come to this paſs, and the rogue that was the occaſion of it has left you without a ſarvant, you may put me in his place; and, by Jaſus, it is the beſt thing you can do." I begged to be excuſed, declaring I could put up with any inconvenience, rather than treat as a footman the deſcendent of Ter-Owen the Great. I adviſed him to return to his friend Mr Coſgrave, and take his paſſage from Newcaſtle by ſea, towards which I made him a ſmall preſent, and he retired, ſeemingly reſigned to his evil fortune.—I have taken upon trial a Scotchman, called Archy M'Alpin, an old ſoldier, whoſe laſt maſter, a colonel, lately died at Berwick. The fellow is old and withered; but he has been recommended to me for his fidelity, by Mrs Humphreys, a very good ſort of a woman, who keeps the inn at Tweedmouth, and is much reſpected by all the travellers on this road.

Clinker, without doubt, thinks himſelf happy in the removal of a dangerous rival, and he is too good a Chriſtian to repine at Dutton's ſucceſs. Even Mrs Jenkins will have reaſon to congratulate herſelf upon this event, when ſhe coolly reflects upon the matter; for, howſoever ſhe was forced from her poiſe for a ſeaſon, by ſnares laid for her vanity, Humphry is certainly the north ſtar to which the needle of her affection would

have pointed at the long-run. At preſent the ſame vanity is exceedingly mortified, upon finding herſelf abandoned by her new admirer, in favour of another inamorata. She received the news with a violent burſt of laughter, which ſoon brought on a fit of crying, and this gave the finiſhing blow to the patience of her miſtreſs, which had held out beyond all expectation. She now opened all thoſe flood-gates of reprehenſion which had been ſhut ſo long. She not only reproached her with her levity and indiſcretion, but attacked her on the ſcore of religion, declaring roundly, that ſhe was in a ſtate of apoſtaſy and reprobation; and, finally, threatened to ſend her a-packing at this extremity of the kingdom. All the family interceded for poor Winifred, not even excepting her ſlighted ſwain, Mr Clinker, who, on his knees, implored and obtained her pardon.

THERE was, however, another conſideration that gave Mrs Tabitha ſome diſturbance. At Newcaſtle, the ſervants had been informed by ſome wag, that there was nothing to eat in Scotland but *oat-meal* and *ſheep's heads*; and Lieutenant Liſmahago being conſulted, what he ſaid ſerved rather to confirm than to refute the report. —Our aunt being appriſed of this circumſtance, very gravely adviſed her brother to provide a ſumpter-horſe, with ſtore of hams, tongues, bread, biſcuit, and other articles, for our ſubſiſtence in the courſe of our peregrination; and Mr Bramble as gravely replied, that he would take the hint into conſideration: But, finding no ſuch proviſion was made, ſhe now revived the propoſal, obſerving, that there was a tolerable market at Berwick, where we might be ſupplied; and that my man's horſe would ſerve as a beaſt of burden. The ſquire, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, eyed her aſkance with a look of ineffable contempt, and, after ſome pauſe, "Siſter (ſaid he), I can hardly perſuade myſelf you are ſerious."—She was ſo little acquainted with the geography of the iſland, that ſhe imagined we could not go to Scotland but by ſea; and, after we had paſſed through the town of Berwick, when we told her we were upon Scottiſh ground, ſhe could hardly believe the aſſertion.—If the truth muſt be told, the South Britons in general are wofully ignorant in this particular.—

What between want of curioſity, and traditional ſarcaſms, the effect of ancient animoſity, the people at the other end of the iſland know as little of Scotland as of Japan.

If I had never been in Wales, I ſhould have been more ſtruck with the manifeſt difference in appearance betwixt the peaſants and commonalty on the different ſides of the Tweed. The boors of Northumberland are luſty fellows, freſh-complexioned, cleanly, and well-clothed; but the labourers in Scotland are generally lank, lean, hard-featured, ſallow, ſoiled, and ſhabby; and their little pinced blue caps have a beggarly effect. The cattle are much in the ſame ſtile with their drivers, meagre, ſtunted, and ill-equipped. When I talked to my uncle on this ſubject, he ſaid, "Though all the Scottiſh hinds would not bear to be compared with thoſe of the rich counties of South Britain, they would ſtand very well in competition with the peaſants of France, Italy, and Savoy—not to mention the mountaineers of Wales, and the red ſhanks of Ireland."

We entered Scotland by a frightful muir of ſixteen miles, which promiſes very little for the interior parts of the kingdom; but the proſpect mended as we advanced. Paſſing through Dunbar, which is a neat little town, ſituated on the ſea-ſide, we lay at a country inn, where our entertainment far exceeded our expectation; but for this we cannot give the Scotch credit, as the landlord is a native of England. Yeſterday we dined at Haddington, which has been a place of ſome conſideration, but is now gone to decay; and in the evening arrived at this metropolis, of which I can ſay very little. It is very romantic, from its ſituation on the declivity of a hill, having a fortified caſtle at the top, and a royal palace at the bottom. The firſt thing that ſtrikes the noſe of a ſtranger ſhall be nameleſs; but what firſt ſtrikes the eye is the unconſcionable height of the houſes, which generally riſe to five, ſix, ſeven, and eight ſtories, and, in ſome places (as I am aſſured), to twelve. This manner of building, attended with numberleſs inconveniences, muſt have been originally owing to want of room. Certain it is, the town ſeems to be full of people; but their looks, their language, and

their cuſtoms, are ſo different from ours, that I can hardly believe myſelf in Great Britain.

THE inn at which we put up (if it may be ſo called) was ſo filthy and diſagreeable in all reſpects, that my uncle began to fret, and his gouty ſymptoms to recur. —Recollecting, however, that he had a letter of recommendation to one Mr Mitchelſon, a lawyer, he ſent it by his ſervant, with a compliment, importing, that he would wait upon him next day in perſon; but that gentleman viſited us immediately, and inſiſted upon our going to his own houſe, until he could provide lodgings for our accommodation. We gladly accepted of his invitation, and repaired to his houſe, where we were treated with equal elegance and hoſpitality, to the utter confuſion of our aunt, whoſe prejudices, though beginning to give way, were not yet entirely removed. To-day, by the aſſiſtance of our friend, we are ſettled in convenient lodgings, up four pair of ſtairs, in the High Street, the fourth ſtory being, in this city, reckoned more genteel than the firſt. The air is, in all probability, the better; but it requires good lungs to breathe it at this diſtance above the ſurface of the earth.—While I do remain above it, whether higher or lower, provided I breathe at all,

I ſhall ever be,
Dear Phillips, yours,

Edinr. July 18. J. MELFORD.

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To Dr LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

THAT part of Scotland contiguous to Berwick, Nature ſeems to have intended as a barrier between two hoſtile nations. It is a brown deſart, of conſiderable extent, that produces nothing but heath and fern; and what rendered it the more dreary when we paſſed, there was a thick fog that hindered us from ſeeing above twenty yards from the carriage.—My ſiſter began to make wry faces, and uſe her ſmelling bottle, Liddy

looked blank, and Mrs Jenkins dejected; but in a few hours theſe clouds were diſſipated; the ſea appeared upon our right, and on the left the mountains retired a little, leaving an agreeable plain betwixt them and the beach; but, what ſurpriſed us all, this plain, to the extent of ſeveral miles, was covered with as fine wheat as ever I ſaw in the moſt fertile parts of South Britain.—This plentiful crop is raiſed in the open field, without any incloſure, or other manure than the *alga marina*, or ſea-weed, which abounds on this coaſt; a circumſtance which ſhows that the ſoil and climate are favourable, but that agriculture in this country is not yet brought to that perfection which it has attained in England. Incloſures would not only keep the grounds warm, and the ſeveral fields diſtinct, but would alſo protect the crop from the high winds, which are ſo frequent in this part of the iſland.

DUNBAR is well ſituated for trade, and has a curious baſon, where ſhips of ſmall burden may be perfectly ſecure; but there is little appearance of buſineſs in the place.—From thence, all the way to Edinburgh, there is a continual ſucceſſion of fine ſeats belonging to noblemen and gentlemen; and, as each is ſurrounded by its own parks and plantation, they produce a very pleaſing effect in a country which lies otherwiſe open and expoſed.—At Dunbar there is a noble park, with a lodge, belonging to the Duke of Roxburgh, where Oliver Cromwell had his head-quarters, when Leſlie, at the head of a Scotch army, took poſſeſſion of the mountains in the neighbourhood, and hampered him in ſuch a manner, that he would have been obliged to embark and get away by ſea, had not the fanaticiſm of the enemy forfeited the advantage which they had obtained by their general's conduct.—Their miniſters, by exhortation, prayer, aſſurance, and prophecy, inſtigated them to go down and ſlay the Philiſtines in Gilgal, and they quitted their ground accordingly, notwithſtanding all that Leſlie could do to reſtrain the madneſs of their enthuſiaſm.—When Oliver ſaw them in motion, he exclaimed—"Praiſed be the Lord, he hath delivered them into the hands of his ſervant!" and ordered his troops to ſing a pſalm of thankſgiving, while they advanced in

order to the plain, where the Scotch were routed with great ſlaughter.

In the neighbourhood of Haddington there is a gentleman's houſe, in the building of which, and the improvements about it, he is ſaid to have expended forty thouſand pounds: But I cannot ſay I was much pleaſed with either the architecture or the ſituation, though it has in front a paſtoral ſtream, the banks of which are laid out in a very agreeable manner.—I intended to pay my reſpects to Lord Elibank, whom I had the honour to know at London many years ago. He lives in this part of Lothian, but was gone to the north on a viſit. —You have often heard me mention this nobleman, whom I have long revered for his humanity and univerſal intelligence, over and above the entertainment ariſing from the originality of his character.—At Muſſelburgh, however, I had the good fortune to drink tea with my old friend Mr Cardonel; and at his houſe I met with Dr C——, the parſon of the pariſh, whoſe humour and converſation inflamed me with a deſire of being better acquainted with his perſon—I am not at all ſurpriſed that theſe Scotch make their way in every quarter of the globe.

This place is but four miles from Edinburgh, towards which we proceeded along the ſea-ſhore, upon a firm bottom of ſmooth ſand, which the tide had left uncovered in its retreat.—Edinburgh, from this avenue, is not ſeen to much advantage—We had only an imperfect view of the caſtle and upper parts of the town, which varied inceſſantly according to the inflections of the road, and exhibited the appearance of detached ſpires and turrets, belonging to ſome magnificent edifice in ruins. The palace of Holyroodhouſe ſtands on the left as you enter the Canongate—This is a ſtreet continued from hence to the gate called the Netherbow, which is now taken away; ſo that there is no interruption for a long mile, from the bottom to the top of the hill, on which the caſtle ſtands in a moſt imperial ſituation—Conſidering its fine pavement, its width, and the lofty houſes on each ſide, this would be undoubtedly one of the nobleſt ſtreets in Europe, if an ugly maſs of mean buildings, called the Luckenbooths, had not thruſt in-

ſelf, by what accident I know not, into the middle of the way, like Middle Row in Holborn. The city ſtands upon two hills, and the bottom between them; and, with all its defects, may very well paſs for the capital of a moderate kingdom—It is full of people, and continually reſounds with the noiſe of coaches, and other carriages, for luxury as well as commerce. As far as I can perceive, here is no want of proviſions—The beef and mutton are as delicate here as in Wales; the ſea affords plenty of good fiſh; the bread is remarkably fine; and the water is excellent, though I'm afraid not in ſufficient quantity to anſwer all the purpoſes of cleanlineſs and convenience; articles in which, it muſt be allowed, our fellow-ſubjects are a little defective.—The water is brought in leaden pipes from a mountain in the neighbourhood, to a ciſtern on the Caſtle-hill, from whence it is diſtributed to public conduits in different parts of the city. From theſe it is carried in barrels, on the backs of male and female porters, up two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, and eight pair of ſtairs, for the uſe of particular families.—Every ſtory is a complete houſe, occupied by a ſeparate family; and the ſtair being common to them all, is generally left in a very filthy condition; a man muſt tread with great circumſpection to get ſafe houſed with unpolluted ſhoes.—Nothing can form a ſtronger contraſt than the difference betwixt the outſide and inſide of the door; for the good women of this metropolis are remarkably nice in the ornaments and propriety of their apartments, as if they were reſolved to transfer the imputation from the individual to the public.—You are no ſtranger to their method of diſcharging all their impurities from their windows, at a certain hour of the night, as the cuſtom is in Spain, Portugal, and ſome parts of France and Italy—a practice to which I can by no means be reconciled; for notwithſtanding all the care that is taken by their ſcavengers to remove this nuiſance every morning by break of day, enough ſtill remains to offend the eyes, as well as the other organs of thoſe whom uſe has not hardened againſt all delicacy of ſenſation.

THE inhabitants ſeem inſenſible to theſe impreſſions, and are apt to imagine the diſguſt that we avow is little

better than affectation; but they ought to have ſome compaſſion for ſtrangers, who have not been uſed to this kind of ſufferance, and conſider, whether it may not be worth while to take ſome pains to vindicate themſelves from the reproach that on this account they bear among their neighbours. As to the ſurpriſing height of their houſes, it is abſurd in many reſpects; but in one particular light I cannot view it without horror; that is, the dreadful ſituation of all the families above, in caſe the common ſtair-caſe ſhould be rendered impaſſable by a fire in the lower ſtories.—In order to prevent the ſhocking conſequences that muſt attend ſuch an accident, it would be a right meaſure to open doors of communication from one houſe to another on every ſtory, by which the people might fly from ſuch a terrible viſitation. In all parts of the world we ſee the force of habit prevailing over all the dictates of convenience and ſagacity.—All the people of buſineſs at Edinburgh, and even the genteel company, may be ſeen ſtanding in crouds every day, from one to two in the afternoon, in the open ſtreet, at a place where formerly ſtood a market-croſs, which (by the bye) was a curious piece of Gothic architecture, ſtill to be ſeen in Lord Somerville's garden in this neighbourhood—I ſay, the people ſtand in the open ſtreet from the force of cuſtom, rather than move a few yards to an Exchange, that ſtands empty on one ſide, or to the Parliament-cloſe on the other, which is a noble ſquare, adorned with a fine equeſtrian ſtatue of King Charles II.—The company thus aſſembled are entertained with a variety of tunes, played upon a ſet of bells, fixed in a ſteeple hard by—As theſe bells are well toned, and the muſician, who has a ſalary from the city for playing upon them with keys, is no bad performer, the entertainment is really agreeable, and very ſtriking to the ears of a ſtranger.

THE public inns of Edinburgh are ſtill worſe than thoſe of London; but, by means of a worthy gentleman, to whom I was recommended, we have got decent lodgings in the houſe of a widow gentlewoman of the name of Lockhart; and here I ſhall ſtay until I have ſeen every thing that is remarkable in and about this capital. I now begin to feel the good effects of exerciſe

—I eat like a farmer, ſleep from midnight till eight in the morning, without interruption, and enjoy a conſtant tide of ſpirits, equally diſtant from inanition and exceſs; but whatever ebbs or flows my conſtitution may undergo, my heart will ſtill declare that I am,

Dear Lewis,

Your affectionate friend, and ſervant,

Edinr. July 18. MATT. BRAMBLE.

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To Mrs MARY JONES, *at Brambletonhall.*

DEAR MARY,

THE ſquire has been ſo kind as to rap my bit of nonſenſe under the kiver of his own ſheet—O Mary Jones! Mary Jones! I have had trials and trembulation. God help me! I have been a vixen and a griffin theſe many days—Sattin has had power to temp me in the ſhape of van Ditton, the young ſquire's wally de ſhamble; but by God's greaſe he did not purvail—I thoft as how there was no arm in going to a play at Newcaſtle, with my hair dreſſed in the Pariſh faſhion; and as for the trifle of paint, he ſaid as how my complexion wanted rouch, and ſo I let him put it on with a little Spaniſh owl; but a miſchievous mob of colliers, and ſuch promiſcous ribble rabble, that could bare no ſmut but their own, attacked us in the ſtreet, and called me *hoar* and *painted Iſſabel*, and ſplaſhed my cloſe, and ſpoiled me a complete ſet of blond lace triple ruffles, not a pin the worſe for the ware.—They coſt me ſeven good ſillings, to Lady Griſkin's woman at London.

WHEN I axed Mr Clinker what they meant by calling me Iſſabel, he put the byebill into my hand, and I read of van Iſſabel, a painted harlot, that vas thrown out of a vindore, and the dogs came and licked her blood—But I am no harlot; and, with God's bleſſing, no dog ſhall have my poor blood to lick: Marry, Heaven forbid, amen! As for Ditton, after all his courting and his compliment, he ſtole away an Iriſhman's bride,

and took a French leave of me and his maſter; but I vally not his going a farting; but I have had hanger on his account—Miſtreſs ſcoulded like mad; thof I have the comfit that all the family took my part, and even Mr Clinker pleaded for me on his bended knee; thof, God he knows, he had raiſins enuff to complain; but he's a good ſole abounding with Chriſtian meekneſs, and one day will meet with his reward.

AND now, dear Mary, we have got to Haddingborough, among the Scots, who are civil enuff for our money, thof I don't ſpeak their lingo—But they ſhould not go for to impoſe upon foreigners; for the bills on their houſes ſay, they have different *eaſements* to let; and behold there is nurra geaks in the whole kingdom, nor any thing for pore ſarvants, but a barrel with a pair of tongs thrown acroſs; and all the chairs in the family are emptied into this here barrel once a day; and at ten o'clock at night the whole cargo is flung out of a back windore that looks into ſome ſtreet or lane, and the maid calls *Gardy loo* to the paſſengers, which ſignifies, *Lord have mercy upon you!* and this is done every night in every houſe in Haddingborough; ſo you may gueſs, Mary Jones, what a ſweet ſavour comes from ſuch a number of profuming pans: But they ſay it is wholeſome, and truly, I believe it is; for being in the vapours, and thinking of Iſſabel and Mr Clinker, I was going into a fit of aſteriks, when this fiff, ſaving your preſence, took me by the noſe ſo powerfully that I ſneezed three times, and found myſelf wonderfully refreſhed; and this to be ſure is the raiſin why there are no fits in Haddingborough.

I WAS likewiſe made believe, that there was nothing to be had but *oat-meal* and *ſeeps-heads;* but if I hadn't been a fool, I mought have known there could be no *heads* without karkaſſes—This very bleſſed day I dined upon a delicate leg of Velſh mutton and cully-flower; and as for the oat-meal, I leave that to the ſarvants of the country, which are pore drudges, many of them without ſhoes or ſtockings—Mr Clinker tells me here is a great call of the goſpel; but I wiſh, I wiſh ſome of our family be not fallen off from the rite way—O, if I was given to tail-baring, I have my own ſecrets to diſ-

cover—There has been a deal of huggling and flurtation betwixt miſtreſs and an ould Scots officer called Kiſmycago. He looks for all the orld like the ſcarecrow that our gardener ſet up to frite away the ſparrows; and what will come of it the Lord nows; but come what will, it ſhall never be ſaid that I mentioned a ſyllabub of the matter——Remember me kindly to Saul and the kitten—I hope they got the horn-buck, and will put it to a good yuſe, which is the conſtant prayer of,

Dear Molly,
Your loving friend,

Addingborough, July 18. WIN. JENKINS.

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To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

IF I ſtay much longer at Edinburgh, I ſhall be changed into a downright Caledonian—My uncle obſerves, that I have already acquired ſomething of the country accent. The people here are ſo ſocial and attentive in their civilities to ſtrangers, that I am inſenſibly ſucked into the channel of their manners and cuſtoms, although they are in fact much more different from ours than you can imagine—That difference, however, which ſtruck me very much at my firſt arrival, I now hardly perceive, and my ear is perfectly reconciled to the Scotch accent, which I find even agreeable in the mouth of a pretty woman—It is a ſort of Doric dialect, which gives an idea of amiable ſimplicity—You cannot imagine how we have been careſſed and feaſted in the *good town of Edinburgh*, of which we are become free denizens and guild-brothers, by the ſpecial favour of the magiſtracy.

I HAD a whimſical commiſſion from Bath, to a citizen of this metropolis—Quin, underſtanding our intention to viſit Edinburgh, pulled out a guinea, and deſired the favour I would drink it at a tavern, with a particular friend and bottle-companion of his, one Mr

R— C—, a lawyer of this city—I charged myſelf with the commiſſion, and, taking the guinea, "You ſee (ſaid I) I have pocketed your bounty." "Yes (replied Quin, laughing), and a head-ache into the bargain, if you drink fair." I made uſe of this introduction to Mr C—, who received me with open arms, and gave me the rendezvous, according to the cartel. He had provided a company of jolly fellows, among whom I found myſelf extremely happy; and did Mr C— and Quin all the juſtice in my power; but, alas! I was no more than a tyro among a troop of veterans, who had compaſſion upon my youth, and conveyed me home in the morning, by what means I know not—Quin was miſtaken, however, as to the head-ache; the claret was too good to treat me ſo roughly.

WHILE Mr Bramble holds conferences with the graver literati of the place, and our females are entertained at viſits by the Scotch ladies, who are the beſt and kindeſt creatures upon earth, I paſs my time among the bucks of Edinburgh; who, with a great ſhare of ſpirit and vivacity, have a certain ſhrewdneſs and ſelf-command that is not often found among their neighbours in the high-day of youth and exultation—Not a hint eſcapes a Scotchman that can be interpreted into offence by any individual in the company; and national reflections are never heard—In this particular, I muſt own, we are both unjuſt and ungrateful to the Scotch; for, as far as I am able to judge, they have a real eſteem for the natives of South Britain; and never mention our country, but with expreſſions of regard—Nevertheleſs, they are far from being ſervile imitators of our modes and faſhionable vices. All their cuſtoms and regulations of public and private economy, of buſineſs and diverſion, are in their own ſtile. This remarkably predominates in their looks, their dreſs, and manner, their muſic, and even their cookery. Our ſquire declares, that he knows not another people upon earth, ſo ſtrongly marked with a national character—Now we are upon the article of cookery, I muſt own, ſome of their diſhes are ſavoury, and even delicate; but I am not yet Scotchman enough to reliſh their ſinged ſheep's head and haggis, which were provided, at our requeſt, one day

at Mr Mitchelſon's, where we dined—The firſt put me in mind of the hiſtory of Congo, in which I had read of negroes heads ſold publicly in the markets; the laſt, being a meſs of minced lights, livers, ſuet, oat-meal, onions, and pepper, incloſed in a ſheep's ſtomach, had a very ſudden effect upon mine, and the delicate Mrs Tabby changed colour; when the cauſe of our diſguſt was inſtantaneouſly removed at the nod of our entertainer. The Scotch in general are attached to this compoſition, with a ſort of national fondneſs, as well as to their oat-meal bread; which is preſented at every table, in thin triangular cakes, baked upon a plate of iron, called a girdle; and theſe, many of the natives, even in the higher ranks of life, prefer to wheaten bread, which they have here in perfection—You know we uſed to vex poor Murray of Baliol college, by aſking, if there was really no fruit but turnips in Scotland?—Sure enough, I have ſeen turnips make their appearance, not as a deſert, but by way of *hors d'œuvres*, or whets, as radiſhes are ſerved up betwixt more ſubſtantial diſhes in France and Italy; but it muſt be obſerved, that the turnips of this country are as much ſuperior in ſweetneſs, delicacy, and flavour, to thoſe of England, as a muſk-melon is to the ſtock of a common cabbage. They are ſmall and conical, of a yellowiſh colour, with a very thin ſkin; and, over and above their agreeable taſte, are valuable for their antiſcorbutic quality—As to the fruit now in ſeaſon, ſuch as cherries, gooſeberries, and currants, there is no want of them at Edinburgh; and in the gardens of ſome gentlemen, who live in this neighbourhood, there is now a very favourable appearance of apricots, peaches, nectarines, and even grapes; nay, I have ſeen a very fine ſhow of pine-apples within a few miles of this metropolis. Indeed, we have no reaſon to be ſurpriſed at theſe particulars, when we conſider how little difference there is, in fact, betwixt this climate and that of London.

ALL the remarkable places in the city and its avenues, for ten miles around, we have viſited, much to our ſatisfaction. In the caſtle are ſome royal apartments, where the ſovereign occaſionally reſided; and here are carefully preſerved the regalia of the king-

dom, conſiſting of a crown, ſaid to be of great value, a ſceptre, and a ſword of ſtate, adorned with jewels.—Of theſe ſymbols of ſovereignty, the people are exceedingly jealous—A report being ſpread, during the ſitting of the union-parliament, that they were removed to London, ſuch a tumult aroſe, that the lord commiſſioner would have been torn in pieces, if he had not produced them for the ſatisfaction of the populace.

THE palace of Holyroodhouſe is an elegant piece of architecture, but ſunk in an obſcure, and, as I take it, unwholeſome bottom, where one would imagine it had been placed on purpoſe to be concealed. The apartments are lofty, but unfurniſhed; and as for the pictures of the Scottiſh kings, from Fergus I. to King William, they are paltry daubings, moſtly by the ſame hand, painted either from the imagination, or porters hired to ſit for the purpoſe. All the diverſions of London we enjoy at Edinburgh in a ſmall compaſs. Here is a well conducted concert, in which ſeveral gentlemen perform on different inſtruments—The Scotch are all muſicians—Every man you meet plays on the flute, the violin, or violoncello; and there is one nobleman, whoſe compoſitions are univerſally admired—Our company of actors is very tolerable; and a ſubſcription is now on foot for building a new theatre: But their aſſemblies pleaſe me above all other public exhibitions.

WE have been at the hunters ball, where I was really aſtoniſhed to ſee ſuch a number of fine women—The Engliſh, who have never croſſed the Tweed, imagine erroneouſly, that the Scotch ladies are not remarkable for perſonal attractions; but I can declare with a ſafe conſcience I never ſaw ſo many handſome females together as were aſſembled on this occaſion. At the Leith races, the beſt company comes hither from the remoter provinces; ſo that, I ſuppoſe, we had all the beauty of the kingdom concentrated as it were into one focus; which was indeed ſo vehement, that my heart could hardly reſiſt its power—Between friends, it has ſuſtained ſome damage from the bright eyes of the charming Miſs R——n, whom I had the honour to dance with at the ball—The Counteſs of Melville attracted all eyes, and the admiration of all preſent—She was accompanied

by the agreeable Miſs Grieve, who made many conqueſts; nor did my ſiſter Liddy paſs unnoticed in the aſſembly—She is become a toaſt at Edinburgh, by the name of the Fair Cambrian, and has already been the occaſion of much wine-ſhed;—but the poor girl met with an accident at the ball, which has given us great diſturbance.

A young gentleman, the expreſs image of that raſcal Wilſon, went up to aſk her to dance a minuet; and his ſudden appearance ſhocked her ſo much, that ſhe fainted away—I call Wilſon a raſcal, becauſe, if he had been really a gentleman, with honourable intentions, he would have, ere now, appeared in his own character—I muſt own, my blood boils with indignation when I think of that fellow's preſumption; and Heaven confound me if I don't—But I won't be ſo womaniſh as to rail—Time will, perhaps, furniſh occaſion—Thank God, the cauſe of Liddy's diſorder remains a ſecret. The lady directreſs of the ball, thinking ſhe was overcome by the heat of the place, had her conveyed to another room, where ſhe ſoon recovered ſo well, as to return and join in the country dances, in which the Scotch laſſes acquit themſelves with ſuch ſpirit and agility, as put their partners to the height of their mettle—I believe our aunt, Mrs Tabitha, had entertained hopes of being able to do ſome execution among the cavaliers at this aſſembly—She had been ſeveral days in conſultation with milliners and mantuamakers, preparing for the occaſion, at which ſhe made her appearance in a full ſuit of damaſk, ſo thick and heavy, that the ſight of it alone, at this ſeaſon of the year, was ſufficient to draw drops of ſweat from any man of ordinary imagination—She danced one minuet with our friend Mr Mitchelſon, who favoured her ſo far, in the ſpirit of hoſpitality and politeneſs; and ſhe was called out a ſecond time by the young laird of Balymawhaple, who, coming in by accident, could not readily find any other partner; but as the firſt was a married man, and the ſecond paid no particular homage to her charms, which were alſo overlooked by the reſt of the company, ſhe became diſſatisfied and cenſorious—At ſupper, ſhe obſerved that the Scotch gentlemen made a very good figure, when they

were a little improved by travelling; and, therefore, it was pity they did not all take the benefit of going abroad—She ſaid the women were aukward maſculine creatures; that, in dancing, they lifted their legs like ſo many colts; that they had no idea of graceful motion; and put on their cloaths in a frightful manner; but if the truth muſt be told, Tabby herſelf was the moſt ridiculous figure, and the worſt dreſſed of the whole aſſembly—The neglect of the male ſex rendered her malcontent and peeviſh; ſhe now found fault with every thing at Edinburgh, and teazed her brother to leave the place, when ſhe was ſuddenly reconciled to it on a religious conſideration—There is a ſect of fanatics, who have ſeparated themſelves from the eſtabliſhed kirk, under the name of Seceders—They acknowledge no earthly head of the church, reject lay patronage, and maintain the Methodiſt doctrines of the new birth, the new light, the efficacy of grace, the inſufficiency of works, and the operations of the ſpirit. Mrs Tabitha, attended by Humphry Clinker, was introduced to one of their conventicles, where they both received much edification; and ſhe has had the good fortune to become acquainted with a pious Chriſtian called Mr Moffat, who is very powerful in prayer, and often aſſiſts her in private exerciſes of devotion.

I NEVER ſaw ſuch a concourſe of genteel company at any races in England, as appeared on the courſe of Leith—Hard by, in the fields called the Links, the citizens of Edinburgh divert themſelves at a game called golf, in which they uſe a curious kind of bats, tipt with horn, and ſmall elaſtic balls of leather, ſtuffed with feathers, rather leſs than tennis-balls, but of a much harder conſiſtence—This they ſtrike with ſuch force and dexterity from one hole to another, that they will fly to an incredible diſtance. Of this diverſion the Scotch are ſo fond, that, when the weather will permit, you may ſee a multitude of all ranks, from the ſenator of juſtice to the loweſt tradeſman, mingled together in their ſhirts, and following the balls with the utmoſt eagerneſs—Among others, I was ſhewn one particular ſet of golfers, the youngeſt of whom was turned of fourſcore—They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes, who had amuſed themſelves with this paſtime for the beſt part of a

century, without having ever felt the leaſt alarm from ſickneſs or diſguſt; and they never went to bed, without having each the beſt part of a gallon of claret in his belly. Such uninterrupted exerciſe, co-operating with the keen air from the ſea, muſt, without all doubt, keep the appetite always on edge, and ſteel the conſtitution againſt all the common attacks of diſtemper.

THE Leith races gave occaſion to another entertainment of a very ſingular nature—There is at Edinburgh a ſociety or corporation of errand-boys called Cadies, who ply in the ſtreets at night with paper lanterns, and are very ſerviceable in carrying meſſages—Theſe fellows, though ſhabby in their appearance, and rudely familiar in their addreſs, are wonderfully acute, and ſo noted for fidelity, that there is no inſtance of a cadie's having betrayed his truſt—Such is their intelligence, that they know not only every individual of the place, but alſo every ſtranger, by the time he has been four and twenty hours in Edinburgh; and no tranſaction, even the moſt private, can eſcape their notice—They are particularly famous for their dexterity in executing one of the functions of Mercury; though, for my own part, I never employed them in this department of buſineſs—Had I occaſion for any ſervice of this nature, my own man Archy M'Alpine, is as well qualified as e'er a cadie in Edinburgh; and I am much miſtaken, if he has not been heretofore of their fraternity. Be that as it may, they reſolved to give a dinner and a ball at Leith, to which they formally invited all the young noblemen and gentlemen that were at the races; and this invitation was reinforced by an aſſurance that all the celebrated ladies of pleaſure would grace the entertainment with their company—I received a card on this occaſion, and went thither with half a dozen of my acquaintance—In a large hall, the cloth was laid on a long range of tables joined together, and here the company ſeated themſelves, to the number of about fourſcore, lords and lairds, and other gentlemen, courtezans, and cadies mingled together, as the ſlaves and their maſters were in the time of the Saturnalia in ancient Rome. The toaſtmaſter, who ſat at the upper end, was one Cadie Fraſer, a veteran pimp, diſtinguiſhed for his humour

and ſagacity, well known and much reſpected in his profeſſion by all the gueſts, male and female, that were here aſſembled. He had beſpoke the dinner and the wine: He had taken care that all his brethren ſhould appear in decent apparel and clean linen; and he himſelf wore a periwig with three tails, in honour of the feſtival. I aſſure you the banquet was both elegant and plentiful, and ſeaſoned with a thouſand ſallies, that promoted a general ſpirit of mirth and good humour. After the deſert, Mr Fraſer propoſed the following toaſts, which I don't pretend to explain—"The beſt in Chriſtendom."—"Gibb's contract."—"The beggar's benniſon."—"King and kirk."—"Great Britain and Ireland."—Then, filling a bumper, and turning to me, "Meſter Malford (ſaid he), may a' unkindneſs ceaſe betwixt John Bull and his ſiſter Moggy."—The next perſon he ſingled out, was a nobleman who had been long abroad. "Ma lord (cried Fraſer), here is a bumper to a' thoſe noblemen who have virtue enough to ſpend their rents in their ain coontray."—He afterwards addreſſed himſelf to a member of parliament in theſe words: "Meſter—I'm ſure ye'll ha' nae objection to my drinking, Diſgrace and dool to ilka Scot, that ſells his conſcience and his vote."—He diſcharged a third ſarcaſm at a perſon very gaily dreſſed, who had riſen from ſmall beginnings, and made a conſiderable fortune at play—Filling his glaſs, and calling him by name,—"Lang life (ſaid he) to the wylie loon that gangs a-field with a toom poke at his lunzie, and comes hame with a ſackful o' ſiller."—All theſe toaſts being received with loud burſts of applauſe, Mr Fraſer called for pint glaſſes, and filled his own to the brim: Then ſtanding up, and all his brethren following his example, "Ma lords and gentlemen (cried he), here is a cup of thanks for the great and undeſerved honour you have done your poor errand boys this day."—So ſaying, he and they drank off their glaſſes in a trice, and, quitting their ſeats, took their ſtation each behind one of the other gueſts; exclaiming—"Noo we're your honours cadies again."

The nobleman who had bore the firſt brunt of Mr Fraſer's ſatire, objected to his abdication. He ſaid, as

the company was aſſembled by invitation from the cadies, he expected they were to be entertained at their expence. "By no means, my Lord (cried Fraſer), I wad na be guilty of ſic preſumption for the wide warld —I never affronted a gentleman ſince I was born; and ſure, at this age, I wonnot offer an indignity to ſic an honourable convention." "Well (ſaid his lordſhip), as you have expended ſome wit, you have a right to ſave your money. You have given me good counſel, and I take it in good part. As you have voluntarily quitted your ſeat, I will take your place with the leave of the good company, and think myſelf happy to be hailed, *Father of the Feaſt*." He was forthwith elected into the chair, and complimented in a bumper in his new character.

THE claret continued to circulate without interruption, till the glaſſes ſeemed to dance upon the table, and this, perhaps, was a hint to the ladies to call for muſic —At eight in the evening the ball began in another apartment: At midnight we went to ſupper; but it was broad day before I found the way to my lodgings;—and, no doubt, his lordſhip had a ſwinging bill to diſcharge.

IN ſhort, I have lived ſo riotouſly for ſome weeks, that my uncle begins to be alarmed on the ſcore of my conſtitution, and very ſeriouſly obſerves, that all his own infirmities are owing to ſuch exceſſes indulged in his youth—Mrs Tabitha ſays it would be more for the advantage of my ſoul as well as body, if, inſtead of frequenting theſe ſcenes of debauchery, I would accompany Mr Moffat and her to hear a ſermon of the Reverend Mr M'Corkindale. Clinker often exhorts me, with a groan, to take care of my precious health; and even Archy M'Alpine, when he happens to be overtaken (which is oftener the caſe than I could wiſh), reads me a long lecture upon temperance and ſobriety; and is ſo very wiſe and ſententious, that, if I could provide him with a profeſſor's chair, I would willingly give up the benefit of his admonitions and ſervice together; for I was tutor-ſick at alma mater.

I AM not, however, ſo much engroſſed by the gaities of Edinburgh, but that I find time to make parties in

the family way. We have not only ſeen all the villas and villages within ten miles of the capital, but we have alſo croſſed the Frith, which is an arm of the ſea ſeven miles broad, that divides Lothian from the ſhire, or, as the Scotch call it, *The kingdom of Fife*. There is a number of large open ſea boats that ply on this paſſage from Leith to Kinghorn, which is a borough on the other ſide. In one of theſe our whole family embarked three days ago, excepting my ſiſter, who, being exceedingly fearful of the water, was left to the care of Mrs Mitchelſon. We had an eaſy and quick paſſage into Fife, where we viſited a number of poor towns on the ſea-ſide, including St Andrew's, which is the ſkeleton of a venerable city; but we were much better pleaſed with ſome noble and elegant ſeats and caſtles, of which there is a great number in that part of Scotland. Yeſterday we took boat again on our return to Leith, with a fair wind and agreeable weather; but we had not advanced half-way when the ſky was ſuddenly overcaſt, and the wind changing, blew directly in our teeth; ſo that we were obliged to turn, or tack the reſt of the way. In a word, the gale increaſed to a ſtorm of wind and rain, attended with ſuch a fog, that we could not ſee the town of Leith, to which we were bound, nor even the caſtle of Edinburgh, notwithſtanding its high ſituation. It is not to be doubted but that we were all alarmed on this occaſion. And, at the ſame time, moſt of the paſſengers were ſeized with a nauſea that produced violent retchings. My aunt deſired her brother to order the boatmen to put back to Kinghorn, and this expedient he actually propoſed; but they aſſured him there was no danger. Mrs Tabitha finding them obſtinate, began to ſcold, and inſiſted upon my uncle's exerting his authority as a juſtice of the peace. Sick and peeviſh as he was, he could not help laughing at this wiſe propoſal, telling her, that his commiſſion did not extend ſo far, and, if it did, he ſhould let the people take their own way; for he thought it would be great preſumption in him to direct them in the exerciſe of their own profeſſion. Mrs Winifred Jenkins made a general clearance, with the aſſiſtance of Mr Humphry Clinker, who joined her both in prayer and ejaculation. As he took it for

granted that we ſhould not be long in this world, he offered ſome ſpiritual conſolation to Mrs Tabitha, who rejected it with great diſguſt, bidding him keep his ſermons for thoſe who had leiſure to hear ſuch nonſenſe. My uncle ſat, recollected in himſelf, without ſpeaking; my man Archy had recourſe to a brandy bottle, with which he made ſo free, that I imagined he had ſworn to die of drinking any thing rather than ſea water; but the brandy had no more effect upon him in the way of intoxication than if it had been ſea water in good earneſt. As for myſelf, I was too much engroſſed by the ſickneſs at my ſtomach, to think of any thing elſe.—Meanwhile the ſea ſwelled mountains high; the boat pitched with ſuch violence, as if it had been going to pieces; the cordage rattled, the wind roared, the lightning flaſhed, the thunder bellowed, and the rain deſcended in a deluge—Every time the veſſel was put about, we ſhipped a ſea that drenched us all to the ſkin. When, by dint of turning, we thought to have cleared the pier head, we were driven to leeward, and then the boatmen themſelves began to fear that the tide would fail before we ſhould fetch up our lee way: The next trip, however, brought us into ſmooth water, and we were ſafely landed on the quay about one o'clock in the afternoon—"To be ſure (cried Tabby, when ſhe found herſelf on *terra firma*), we muſt all have periſhed, if we had not been the particular care of Providence." "Yes (replied my uncle), but I am much of the honeſt Highlander's mind: After he had made ſuch a paſſage as this, his friend told him he was much indebted to Providence." "Certainly (ſaid Donald), but, by my ſaul, mon, I'ſe ne'er trouble Providence again, ſo long as the brig of Stirling ſtands." You muſt know, the brig, or bridge of Stirling, ſtands above twenty miles up the river Forth, of which this is the outlet—I don't find that our ſquire has ſuffered in his health from this adventure; but poor Liddy is in a peaking way—I'm afraid this unfortunate girl is uneaſy in her mind; and this apprehenſion diſtracts me, for ſhe is really an amiable creature.

We ſhall ſet out to-morrow or next day for Stirling and Glaſgow; and we propoſe to penetrate a little way

into the Highlands, before we turn our courſe to the ſouthward—In the mean time, commend me to all our friends round Carfax, and believe me to be ever yours,

Edinr. Aug. 8. J. MELFORD.

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To Dr LEWIS.

I SHOULD be very ungrateful, dear Lewis, if I did not find myſelf diſpoſed to think and ſpeak favourably of this people, among whom I have met with more kindneſs, hoſpitality, and rational entertainment, in a few weeks, than ever I received in any other country during the whole courſe of my life—Perhaps the gratitude excited by theſe benefits may interfere with the impartiality of my remarks; for a man is as apt to be prepoſſeſſed by particular favours, as to be prejudiced by private motives of diſguſt. If I am partial, there is at leaſt ſome merit in my converſion from illiberal prejudices which had grown up with my conſtitution.

THE firſt impreſſions which an Engliſhman receives in this country, will not contribute to the removal of his prejudices; becauſe he refers every thing he ſees to a compariſon with the ſame articles in his own country; and this compariſon is unfavourable to Scotland in all its exteriors, ſuch as, the face of the country in reſpect to cultivation, the appearance of the bulk of the people, and the language of converſation in general.—I am not ſo far convinced by Mr Liſmahago's arguments, but that I think the Scotch would do well, for their own ſakes, to adopt the Engliſh idioms and pronunciation; thoſe of them eſpecially who are reſolved to puſh their fortunes in South Britain.—I know, by experience, how eaſily an Engliſhman is influenced by the ear, and how apt he is to laugh, when he hears his own language ſpoken with a foreign or provincial accent—I have known a member of the Houſe of Commons ſpeak with great energy and preciſion, without being able to engage attention, becauſe his obſervations were made in

the Scotch dialect, which (no offence to Lieutenant Liſmahago) certainly gives a clowniſh air even to ſentiments of the greateſt dignity and decorum. I have declared my opinion on this head to ſome of the moſt ſenſible men of this country, obſerving, at the ſame time, that if they would employ a few natives of England to teach the pronunciation of our vernacular tongue, in twenty years there would be no difference, in point of dialect, between the youth of Edinburgh and of London.

THE civil regulations of this kingdom and metropolis are taken from very different models from thoſe of England, except in a few particular eſtabliſhments, the neceſſary conſequences of the union. Their college of juſtice is a bench of great dignity, filled with judges of character and ability. I have heard ſome cauſes tried before this venerable tribunal; and was very much pleaſed with the pleadings of their advocates, who are by no means deficient either in argument or elocution. The Scottiſh legiſlation is founded, in a great meaſure, on the civil law; conſequently, their proceedings vary from thoſe of the Engliſh tribunals; but, I think, they have the advantage of us in their method of examining witneſſes apart, and in the conſtitution of their jury; by which they certainly avoid the evil which I mentioned in my laſt from Liſmahago's obſervation.

THE univerſity of Edinburgh is ſupplied with excellent profeſſors in all the ſciences; and the medical ſchool, in particular, is famous all over Europe. The ſtudents of this art have the beſt opportunity of learning it to perfection, in all its branches, as there are different courſes for the *theory of medicine*, and the *practice of medicine*; for *anatomy*, *chemiſtry*, *botany*, and the *materia medica*, over and above thoſe of *mathematics* and *experimental philoſophy*; and all theſe are given by men of diſtinguiſhed talents. What renders this part of education ſtill more complete, is the advantage of attending the Infirmary, which is the beſt inſtituted charitable foundation that I ever knew. Now we are talking of charities, here are ſeveral hoſpitals, exceedingly well endowed, and maintained under admirable regulations; and theſe are not only uſeful, but ornamental to the

city. Among theſe, I ſhall only mention the general workhouſe, in which all the poor, not otherwiſe provided for, are employed, according to their different abilities, with ſuch judgment and effect, that they nearly maintain themſelves by their labour, and there is not a beggar to be ſeen within the precincts of this metropolis. It was Glaſgow that ſet the example of this eſtabliſhment, about thirty years ago. Even the kirk of Scotland, ſo long reproached with fanaticiſm and canting, abounds at preſent with miniſters celebrated for their learning, and reſpectable for their moderation. I have heard their ſermons with equal aſtoniſhment and pleaſure. The good people of Edinburgh no longer think dirt and cob-webs eſſential to the houſe of God. Some of their churches have admitted ſuch ornaments as would have excited ſedition, even in England, a little more than a century ago; and pſalmody is here practiſed and taught by a profeſſor from the cathedral of Durham. I ſhould not be ſurpriſed, in a few years, to hear it accompanied with an organ.

EDINBURGH is a hot-bed of genius.—I have had the good fortune to be made acquainted with many authors of the firſt diſtinction; ſuch as the two Humes, Robertſon, Smith, Wallace, Blair, Ferguſon, Wilkie, &c. and I have found them all as agreeable in converſation as they are inſtructive and entertaining in their writings. Theſe acquaintances I owe to the friendſhip of Dr Carlyle, who wants nothing but inclination to figure with the reſt upon paper.—The magiſtracy of Edinburgh is changed every year by election, and ſeems to be very well adapted both for ſtate and authority. The *Lord Provoſt* is equal in dignity to the *Lord Mayor of London*; and the *four Bailies* are equivalent to the rank of Aldermen. There is a *Dean of Guild*, who takes cognizance of mercantile affairs; a Treaſurer, a Town-clerk; and the Council is compoſed of Deacons, one of whom is returned every year in rotation, as repreſentative of every company of artificers or handicraftſmen.—Though this city, from the nature of its ſituation, can never be made either very convenient or very cleanly, it has nevertheleſs an air of magnificence that commands reſpect —The caſtle is an inſtance of the ſublime in ſite and

architecture. Its fortifications are kept in good order, and there is always in it a garriſon of regular ſoldiers, which is relieved every year; but it is incapable of ſuſtaining a ſiege carried on according to the modern operations of war.—The caſtle-hill, which extends from the outward gate to the upper end of the high ſtreet, is uſed as a public walk for the citizens, and commands a proſpect, equally extenſive and delightful, over the county of Fife, on the other ſide of the Frith, and all along the ſea-coaſt, which is covered with a ſucceſſion of towns that would ſeem to indicate a conſiderable ſhare of commerce; but, if the truth muſt be told, theſe towns have been falling to decay ever ſince the Union, by which the Scotch were in a great meaſure deprived of their trade with France.—The palace of Holyroodhouſe is a jewel in architecture, thruſt into a hollow where it cannot be ſeen; a ſituation which was certainly not choſen by the ingenious architect, who muſt have been confined to the ſite of the old palace, which was a convent.—Edinburgh is conſiderably extended on the ſouth ſide, where there are divers little elegant ſquares built in the Engliſh manner; and the citizens have planned ſome improvements on the north, which, when put in execution, will add greatly to the beauty and convenience of this capital.

The ſea-port is Leith, a flouriſhing town, about a mile from the city, in the harbour of which I have ſeen above one hundred ſhips lying all together. You muſt know, I had the curioſity to croſs the Frith in a paſſage-boat, and ſtaid two days in Fife, which is remarkably fruitful in corn, and exhibits a ſurpriſing number of fine ſeats, elegantly built, and magnificently furniſhed. There is an incredible number of noble houſes in every part of Scotland that I have ſeen—Dalkeith, Pinkie, Yeſter, and Lord Hopetoun's, all of them within four or five miles of Edinburgh, are princely palaces, in every one of which a ſovereign might reſide at his eaſe. I ſuppoſe the Scotch affect theſe monuments of grandeur—If I may be allowed to mingle cenſure with my remarks upon a people I revere, I muſt obſerve, that their weak ſide ſeems to be vanity. I am afraid that even their hoſpitality is not quite free of oſtentation. I think I

have diſcovered among them uncommon pains taken to diſplay their fine linen, of which indeed they have great plenty, their furniture, plate, houſe-keeping, and variety of wines, in which article, it muſt be owned, they are profuſe, if not prodigal. A burgher of Edinburgh, not content to vie with a citizen of London who has ten times his fortune, muſt excel him in the expence as well as elegance of his entertainments.

THOUGH the villas of the Scotch nobility and gentry have generally an air of grandeur and ſtate, I think their gardens and parks are not comparable to thoſe of England; a circumſtance the more remarkable, as I was told by the ingenious Mr Phillip Miller of Chelſea, that almoſt all the gardeners of South Britain were natives of Scotland. The verdure of this country is not equal to that of England—The pleaſure-grounds are, in my opinion, not ſo well laid out according to the *genius loci;* nor are the lawns, and walks, and hedges, kept in ſuch delicate order. The trees are planted in prudiſh rows, which have not ſuch an agreeable natural effect, as when they are thrown into irregular groupes, with intervening glades; and the firs, which they generally raiſe around their houſes, look dull and funereal in the ſummer ſeaſon. I muſt confeſs, indeed, that they yield ſerviceable timber, and good ſhelter againſt the northern blaſts; that they grow and thrive in the moſt barren ſoil, and continually perſpire a fine balſam of turpentine, which muſt render the air very ſalutary and ſanative to lungs of a tender texture.

TABBY and I have been both frightened in our return by ſea from the coaſt of Fife. She was afraid of drowning, and I of catching cold, in conſequence of being drenched with ſea-water; but my fears, as well as hers, have been happily diſappointed. She is now in perfect health; I wiſh I could ſay the ſame of Liddy. Something uncommon is the matter with that poor child; her colour fades, her appetite fails, and her ſpirits flag. She is become moping and melancholy, and is often found in tears. Her brother ſuſpects internal uneaſineſs on account of Wilſon, and denounces vengeance againſt that adventurer. She was, it ſeems, ſtrongly affected at the ball by the ſudden appearance

of one Mr Gordon, who ſtrongly reſembles the ſaid Wilſon; but I am rather ſuſpicious that ſhe caught cold by being overheated with dancing. I have conſulted Dr Gregory, an eminent phyſician of an amiable character, who adviſes the Highland air, and the uſe of goat-milk whey, which ſurely cannot have a bad effect upon a patient who was born and bred among the mountains of Wales. The Doctor's opinion is the more agreeable, as we ſhall find thoſe remedies in the very place which I propoſed as the utmoſt extent of our expedition—I mean the borders of Argyle.

MR SMOLLET, one of the judges of the commiſſary court, which is now ſitting, has very kindly inſiſted upon our lodging at his country-houſe, on the banks of Loch Lomond, about fourteen miles beyond Glaſgow. For this laſt city we ſhall ſet out in two days, and take Stirling in our way, well provided with recommendations from our friends at Edinburgh, whom, I proteſt, I ſhall leave with much regret. I am ſo far from thinking it any hardſhip to live in this country, that, if I was obliged to lead a town life, Edinburgh would certainly be the head-quarters of

Yours always,

Edinr. Aug. 8. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,

I Am now little ſhort of the *Ultima Thule*, if this appellation properly belongs to the Orkneys or Hebrides. Theſe laſt are now lying before me, to the amount of ſome hundreds, ſcattered up and down the Deucaledonian ſea, affording the moſt pictureſque and romantic proſpect I ever beheld—I write this letter in a gentleman's houſe, near the town of Inverary, which may be deemed the capital of the Weſt Highlands, famous for nothing ſo much as for the ſtately caſtle begun and actually covered in by the late Duke of Argyle, at

a prodigious expence—Whether it will ever be completely finiſhed is a queſtion.

BUT, to take things in order.—We left Edinburgh ten days ago—and the farther north we proceed, we find Mrs Tabitha the leſs manageable; ſo that her inclinations are not of the nature of the loadſtone—they point not towards the pole. What made her leave Edinburgh with reluctance at laſt, if we may believe her own aſſertions, was a diſpute which ſhe left unfiniſhed with Mr Moffat, touching the eternity of hell-torments. That gentleman, as he advanced in years, began to be ſceptical on this head, till, at length, he declared open war againſt the common acceptation of the word *eternal.* He is now perſuaded that *eternal* ſignifies no more than an indefinite number of years; and that the moſt enormous ſinner may be quit for *nine millions, nine hundred thouſand, nine hundred and ninety-nine years of hell-fire;* which term or period, as he very well obſerves, forms but an inconſiderable drop, as it were, in the ocean of eternity.—For this mitigation he contends, as a ſyſtem agreeable to the ideas of goodneſs and mercy which we annex to the Supreme Being.—Our aunt ſeemed willing to adopt this doctrine in favour of the wicked: But he hinted, that no perſon whatever was ſo righteous as to be exempted entirely from puniſhment in a future ſtate; and that the moſt pious Chriſtian upon earth might think himſelf very happy to get off for a faſt of ſeven or eight thouſand years in the midſt of fire and brimſtone. Mrs Tabitha revolted at this dogma, which filled her at once with horror and indignation.—She had recourſe to the opinion of Humphry Clinker, who roundly declared it was the popiſh doctrine of purgatory, and quoted ſcripture in defence of the *fire everlaſting prepared for the devil and his angels.*—The Reverend Mr MacCorkendale, and all the theologiſts and ſaints of that perſuaſion, were conſulted, and ſome of them had doubts about the matter, which doubts and ſcruples had begun to infect our aunt when we took our departure from Edinburgh.

WE paſſed through Linlithgow, where there was an elegant royal palace, which is now gone to decay, as well as the town itſelf.—This too is pretty much the caſe with

Stirling, though it ſtill boaſts of a fine old caſtle, in which the kings of Scotland were wont to reſide in their minority.—But Glaſgow is the pride of Scotland, and indeed it might very well paſs for an elegant and flouriſhing city in any part of Chriſtendom. There we had the good fortune to be received into the houſe of Mr Moore, an eminent ſurgeon, to whom we were recommended by one of our friends at Edinburgh; and, truly, he could not have done us more eſſential ſervice—Mr Moore is a merry facetious companion, ſenſible and ſhrewd, with a conſiderable fund of humour; and his wife an agreeable woman, well-bred, kind, and obliging. Kindneſs, which I take to be the eſſence of good nature and humanity, is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the Scotch ladies in their own country.—Our landlord ſhewed us every thing, and introduced us to all the world at Glaſgow, where, through his recommendation, we were complimented with the freedom of the town. Conſidering the trade and opulence of this place, it cannot but abound with gaiety and diverſions.—Here is a great number of young fellows that rival the youth of the capital in ſpirit and expence; and I was ſoon convinced, that all the female beauties of Scotland were not aſſembled at the hunters ball in Edinburgh.—The town of Glaſgow flouriſhes in learning, as well as in commerce. Here is an univerſity, with profeſſors in all the different branches of ſcience, liberally endowed, and judiciouſly choſen—It was vacation time when I paſſed, ſo that I could not entirely ſatisfy my curioſity; but their mode of education is certainly preferable to ours in ſome reſpects—The ſtudents are not left to the private inſtruction of tutors, but taught in public ſchools or claſſes, each ſcience by its particular profeſſor or regent.

My uncle is in raptures with Glaſgow—He not only viſited all the manufactures of the place, but made excurſions all round, to Hamilton, Paiſley, Renfrew, and every other place within a dozen miles, where there was any thing remarkable to be ſeen in art or nature. I believe the exerciſe occaſioned by theſe jaunts was of ſervice to my ſiſter Liddy, whoſe appetite and ſpirits begin to revive. Mrs Tabitha diſplayed her attractions as uſual, and actually believed ſhe had entangled one Mr M'Clel-

an, a rich inkle manufacturer, in her ſnares; but when matters came to an explanation, it appeared that his attachment was altogether ſpiritual, founded upon an intercourſe of devotion at the meeting of Mr John Weſley, who, in the courſe of his evangelical miſſion, had come hither in perſon.—At length we ſet out for the banks of Loch Lomond, paſſing through the little borough of Dumbarton, or (as my uncle will have it) Dunbritton, where there is a caſtle more curious than any thing of the kind I had ever ſeen. It is honoured with a particular deſcription by the elegant Buchanan, as an *arx inexpugnabilis*; and, indeed, it muſt have been impregnable by the ancient manner of beſieging. It is a rock of conſiderable extent, riſing with a double top, in an angle formed by the confluence of two rivers, the Clyde and the Leven, perpendicular and inacceſſible on all ſides, except in one place where the entrance is fortified; and there is no riſing ground in the neighbourhood from whence it could be damaged by any kind of battery. From Dumbarton the Weſt Highlands appear in the form of huge duſky mountains, piled one over another; but this proſpect is not at all ſurpriſing to a native of Glamorgan.—We have fixed our head-quarters at Cameron, a very neat country-houſe belonging to Commiſſary Smollet, where we found every ſort of accommodation we could deſire.—It is ſituated like a Druid's temple, in a grove of oak, cloſe by the ſide of Loch Lomond, which is a ſurpriſing body of pure tranſparent water, unfathomably deep in many places, ſix or ſeven miles broad, four and twenty miles in length, diſplaying above twenty green iſlands, covered with wood, ſome of them cultivated for corn, and many of them ſtocked with red deer.—They belong to different gentlemen, whoſe ſeats are ſcattered along the banks of the lake, which are agreeably romantic beyond all conception. My uncle and I have left the women at Cameron, as Mrs Tabitha would by no means truſt herſelf again upon the water, and, to come hither, it was neceſſary to croſs a ſmall inlet of the ſea in an open ferry-boat.—This country appears more and more wild and ſavage the farther we advance; and the people are as different from the Lowland Scotch, in their looks, garb, and language,

as the mountaineers of Brecknock are from the inhabitants of Herefordſhire.

When the Lowlanders want to drink a cheer-upping cup, they go to the public houſe, called the Change-houſe, and call for a chopin of two-penny, which is a thin yeaſty beverage, made of malt, not quite ſo ſtrong as the table-beer of England.—This is brought in a pewter ſtowp, ſhaped like a ſkittle; from whence it is emptied into a quaff, that is, a curious cup made of different pieces of wood, ſuch as box and ebony, cut into little ſtaves, joined alternately, and ſecured with delicate hoops, having two ears or handles—It holds about a gill, is ſometimes tipt round the mouth with ſilver, and has a plate of the ſame metal at the bottom, with the landlord's cypher engraved—The Highlanders, on the contrary, deſpiſe this liquor, and regale themſelves with whiſky, a malt ſpirit, as ſtrong as geneva, which they ſwallow in great quantities, without any ſigns of inebriation: They are uſed to it from the cradle, and find it an excellent preſervative againſt the winter cold, which muſt be extreme on theſe mountains—I am told that it is given with great ſucceſs to infants, as a cordial, in the confluent ſmall-pox, when the eruption ſeems to flag, and the ſymptoms grow unfavourable.—The Highlanders are uſed to eat much more animal food than falls to the ſhare of their neighbours in the Low-country—They delight in hunting—have plenty of deer and other game, with a great number of ſheep, goats, and black cattle, running wild, which they ſcruple not to kill as veniſon, without being at much pains to aſcertain the property.

Inverary is but a poor town, though it ſtands immediately under the protection of the Duke of Argyle, who is a mighty prince in this part of Scotland. The peaſants live in wretched cabins, and ſeem very poor; but the gentlemen are tolerably well lodged, and ſo loving to ſtrangers, that a man runs ſome riſk of his life from their hoſpitality.—It muſt be obſerved, that the poor Highlanders are now ſeen to diſadvantage—They have been not only diſarmed by act of parliament, but alſo deprived of their ancient garb, which was both graceful and convenient; and, what is a greater hard-

ſhip ſtill, they are compelled to wear breeches—a reſtraint which they cannot bear with any degree of patience: Indeed, the majority wear them, not in the proper place, but on poles or long ſtaves over their ſhoulders—They are even debarred the uſe of their ſtriped ſtuff, called Tartan, which was their own manufacture, prized by them above all the velvets, brocades, and tiſſues of Europe and Aſia. They now lounge along in looſe great coats, of coarſe ruſſet, equally mean and cumberſome, and betray manifeſt marks of dejection.—Certain it is, the government could not have taken a more effectual method to break their national ſpirit.

We have had princely ſport in hunting the ſtag on theſe mountains—Theſe are the lonely hills of Morven, where Fingal and his heroes enjoyed the ſame paſtime—I feel an enthuſiaſtic pleaſure when I ſurvey the brown heath that Oſſian wont to tread; and hear the wind whiſtle through the bending graſs—When I enter our landlord's hall, I look for the ſuſpended harp of that divine bard, and liſten in hopes of hearing the aerial ſound of his reſpected ſpirit—The poems of Oſſian are in every mouth—A famous antiquarian of this country, the Laird of M'Farlane, at whoſe houſe we dined a few days ago, can repeat them all in the original Gaelic, which has a great affinity to the Welch, not only in the general ſound, but alſo in a great number of radical words: And I make no doubt but that they are both ſprung from the ſame origin. I was not a little ſurpriſed, when aſking a Highlander one day, if he knew where we ſhould find any game? he replied, *hu niel Saſſenagh*," which ſignifies, *no Engliſh*; the very ſame anſwer I ſhould have received from a Welchman, and almoſt in the ſame words. The Highlanders have no other name for the people of the Low Country, but Saſſenagh, or Saxons; a ſtrong preſumption, that the Lowland Scotch and the Engliſh are derived from the ſame ſtock—The peaſants of theſe hills ſtrongly reſemble thoſe of Wales in their looks, their manners, and habitations; every thing I ſee, and hear, and feel, ſeems Welch—The mountains, vales, and ſtreams; the air and climate; the beef, mutton, and game, are all Welch. It muſt be owned, however, that this people are better

provided than we are in ſome articles—They have plenty of red deer and roebuck, which are fat and delicious at this ſeaſon of the year—Their ſea teems with amazing quantities of the fineſt fiſh in the world; and they find means to procure very good claret at a very ſmall expence.

Our landlord is a man of conſequence in this part of the country; a cadet from the family of Argyle, and hereditary captain of one of his caſtles—His name, in plain Engliſh, is Dougal Campbell; but as there is a great number of the ſame appellation, they are diſtinguiſhed (like the Welch) by patronimics; and as I have known an ancient Briton called Madoc ap-Morgan, ap-Jenkin, ap-Jones, our Highland chief deſigns himſelf Dou'l Mac-amiſh, mac-'oul ich-ian, ſignifying, Dougal, the ſon of James, the ſon of Dougal, the ſon of John—He has travelled in the courſe of his education, and is diſpoſed to make certain alterations in his domeſtic economy; but he finds it impoſſible to aboliſh the ancient cuſtoms of the family; ſome of which are ludicrous enough—His piper, for example, who is an hereditary officer of the houſehold, will not part with the leaſt particle of his privileges—He has a right to wear the kilt, or ancient Highland dreſs, with the purſe, piſtol, and durk—A broad yellow ribbon, fixed to the chanter-pipe, is thrown over his ſhoulder, and trails along the ground, while he performs the functions of his minſtrelſy; and this, I ſuppoſe, is analogous to the pennon or flag which was formerly carried before every knight in battle—He plays before the laird every Sunday in his way to the kirk, which he circles three times, performing the family march, which implies defiance to all the enemies of the clan; and every morning he plays a full hour by the clock, in the great hall, marching backwards and forwards all the time, with a ſolemn pace, attended by the laird's kinſmen, who ſeem much delighted with the muſic—In this exerciſe, he indulges them with a number of pibrachs or airs, ſuited to the different paſſions which he would either excite or aſſuage.

Mr Campbell himſelf, who performs very well on the violin, has an invincible antipathy to the ſound of

the Highland bag-pipe, which ſings in the noſe with a moſt alarming twang, and, indeed, is quite intolerable to ears of common ſenſibility, when aggravated by the echo of a vaulted hall—He, therefore, begged the piper would have ſome mercy upon him, and diſpenſe with this part of the morning ſervice—A conſultation of the clan being held on this occaſion, it was unanimouſly agreed, that the laird's requeſt could not be granted, without a dangerous encroachment upon the cuſtoms of the family—The piper declared, he could not give up for a moment the privilege he derived from his anceſtors; nor would the laird's relations forego an entertainment which they valued above all others—There was no remedy; Mr Campbell, being obliged to acquieſce, is fain to ſtop his ears with cotton, to fortify his head with three or four night-caps, and every morning retire into the penetralia of his habitation, in order to avoid this diurnal annoyance. When the muſic ceaſes, he produces himſelf at an open window that looks into the court-yard, which is by this time filled with a crowd of his vaſſals and dependents, who worſhip his firſt appearance, by uncovering their heads, and bowing to the earth with the moſt humble proſtration. As all theſe people have ſomething to communicate in the way of propoſal, complaint, or petition, they wait patiently till the laird comes forth, and, following him in his walks, are favoured each with a ſhort audience in his turn. Two days ago, he diſpatched above an hundred different ſolicitors, in walking with us to the houſe of a neighbouring gentleman, where we dined by invitation. Our landlord's houſe-keeping is equally rough and hoſpitable, and ſavours much of the ſimplicity of ancient times. The great hall, paved with flat ſtones, is about forty-five feet by twenty-two, and ſerves not only for a dining room, but alſo for a bed-chamber to gentlemen-dependents and hangers-on of the family. At night, half a dozen occaſional beds are ranged on each ſide along the wall. Theſe are made of freſh heath, pulled up by the roots, and diſpoſed in ſuch a manner as to make a very agreeable couch, where they lie, without any other covering than the plaid—My uncle and I were indulged with ſeparate chambers and down-beds, which we beg-

ged to exchange for a layer of heath; and, indeed, I never ſlept ſo much to my ſatisfaction. It was not only ſoft and elaſtic, but the plant, being in flower, diffuſed an agreeable fragrance, which is wonderfully refreſhing and reſtorative.

YESTERDAY we were invited to the funeral of an old lady, the grandmother of a gentleman in this neighbourhood, and found ourſelves in the midſt of fifty people who were regaled with a ſumptuous feaſt, accompanied by the muſic of a dozen pipers. In ſhort, this meeting had all the air of a grand feſtival; and the gueſts did ſuch honour to the entertainment, that many of them could not ſtand when they were reminded of the buſineſs on which we had met. The company forthwith taking horſe, rode in a very irregular cavalcade to the place of interment, a church, at the diſtance of two long miles from the caſtle. On our arrival, however, we found we had committed a ſmall overſight in leaving the corpſe behind; ſo that we were obliged to wheel about, and met the old gentlewoman half-way, carried upon poles by the neareſt relations of her family, and attended by the *coronach*, compoſed of a multitude of old hags, who tore their hair, beat their breaſts, and howled moſt hideouſly. At the grave, the orator, or *ſenachie*, pronounced the panegyric of the defunct, every period being confirmed by a yell of the *coronach*. The body was committed to the earth, the pipers playing a pibrach all the time, and all the company ſtanding uncovered. The ceremony was cloſed with the diſcharge of piſtols; then we returned to the caſtle, reſumed the bottle, and by midnight there was not a ſober perſon in the family, the females excepted. The ſquire and I were, with ſome difficulty, permitted to retire with our landlord in the evening; but our entertainer was a little chagrined at our retreat; and afterwards ſeemed to think it a diſparagement to his family, that not above an hundred gallons of whiſky had been drank upon ſuch a ſolemn occaſion. This morning we got up by four, to hunt the roebuck, and, in half an hour, found breakfaſt ready ſerved in the hall. The hunters conſiſted of Sir George Colquhoun and me, as ſtrangers (my uncle not chuſing to be of the party), of the *laird*

in perſon, the laird's brother, the laird's brother's ſon, the laird's ſiſter's ſon, the laird's father's brother's ſon, and all their *foſter brothers,* who are counted parcel of the family: But we were attended by an infinite number of *Gaellys,* or ragged Highlanders, without ſhoes or ſtockings.

THE following articles formed our morning's repaſt: One kit of boiled eggs; a ſecond, full of butter; a third, full of cream; an entire cheeſe, made of goat's milk; a large earthen pot, full of honey; the beſt part of a ham; a cold veniſon paſty; a buſhel of oat-meal, made in thin cakes and bannocks, with a ſmall wheaten loaf in the middle for the ſtrangers; a large ſtone bottle full of whiſky, another of brandy, and a kilderkin of ale. There was a laddle chained to the cream kit, with curious wooden bickers, to be filled from this reſervoir. The ſpirits were drank out of a ſilver quaff, and the ale out of horns: Great juſtice was done to the collation by the gueſts in general; one of them, in particular, ate above two dozen of hard eggs, with a proportionable quantity of bread, butter, and honey; nor was one drop of liquor left upon the board. Finally, a large roll of tobacco was preſented by way of deſert, and every individual took a comfortable quid, to prevent the bad effects of the morning air. We had a fine chace over the mountains, after a roe-buck, which we killed, and I got home time enough to drink tea with Mrs Campbell and our ſquire. To-morrow we ſhall ſet out on our return for Cameron. We propoſe to croſs the Frith of Clyde, and take the towns of Greenock and Port Glaſgow in our way. This circuit being finiſhed, we ſhall turn our faces to the ſouth, and follow the ſun with augmented velocity, in order to enjoy the reſt of the autumn in England, where Boreas is not quite ſo biting as he begins already to be on the tops of theſe northern hills. But our progreſs from place to place ſhall continue to be ſpecified in theſe detached journals of

Yours always,

Argyleſhire, Sept. 3. J. MELFORD.

To Dr LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,

ABOUT a fortnight is now elapſed ſince we left the capital of Scotland, directing our courſe towards Stirling, where we lay—The caſtle of this place is ſuch another as that of Edinburgh, and affords a ſurpriſing proſpect of the windings of the river Forth, which are ſo extraordinary, that the diſtance from hence to Alloa, by land, is but four miles, and by water it is twenty-four. Alloa is a neat thriving town, that depends in a great meaſure on the commerce of Glaſgow, the merchants of which ſend hither tobacco, and other articles, to be depoſited in warehouſes for exportation from the Frith of Forth. In our way hither we viſited a flouriſhing iron work, where, inſtead of burning wood, they uſe coal, which they have the art of clearing in ſuch a manner, as frees it from the ſulphur, that would otherwiſe render the metal too brittle for working. Excellent coal is found in almoſt every part of Scotland.

THE ſoil of this diſtrict produces ſcarce any other grain but oats and barley; perhaps becauſe it is poorly cultivated, and almoſt altogether unincloſed. The few incloſures they have conſiſt of paltry walls of looſe ſtones gathered from the fields, which indeed they cover, as if they had been ſcattered on purpoſe. When I expreſſed my ſurpriſe that the peaſants did not diſencumber their grounds of theſe ſtones, a gentleman, well acquainted with the theory as well as practice of farming, aſſured me that the ſtones, far from being prejudicial, were ſerviceable to the crop. This philoſopher had ordered a field of his own to be cleared, manured, and ſown with barley, and the produce was more ſcanty than before. He cauſed the ſtores to be replaced, and next year the crop was as good as ever. The ſtones were removed a ſecond time, and the harveſt failed; they were again brought back, and the ground retrieved its fertility. The ſame experiment has been tried in different parts of Scotland with the ſame ſucceſs—Aſto-

niſhed at this information, I deſired to know in what manner he accounted for this ſtrange phenomenon; and he ſaid, there were three ways in which the ſtones might be ſerviceable. They might poſſibly reſtrain an exceſs in the perſpiration of the earth, analogous to colliquative ſweats, by which the human body is ſometimes waſted and conſumed. They might act as ſo many fences to protect the tender blade from the piercing winds of the ſpring; or, by multiplying the reflection of the ſun, they might increaſe the warmth, ſo as to mitigate the natural chilneſs of the ſoil and climate. But ſurely this exceſſive perſpiration might be more effectually checked by different kinds of manure, ſuch as aſhes, lime, chalk, or marle, of which laſt it ſeems there are many pits in this kingdom: As for the warmth, it would be much more equally obtained by incloſures; one half of the ground which is now covered would be retrieved; the cultivation would require leſs labour; and the ploughs, harrows, and horſes, would not ſuffer half the damage which they now ſuſtain.

THESE north-weſtern parts are by no means fertile in corn. The ground is naturally barren and mooriſh. The peaſants are poorly lodged, meagre in their looks, mean in their apparel, and remarkably dirty. This laſt reproach they might eaſily waſh off, by means of thoſe lakes, rivers, and rivulets of pure water, with which they are ſo liberally ſupplied by nature. Agriculture cannot be expected to flouriſh where the farms are ſmall, the leaſes ſhort, and the huſbandman begins upon a rack-rent, without a ſufficient ſtock to anſwer the purpoſes of improvement. The granaries of Scotland are the banks of the Tweed, the counties of Eaſt and Mid Lothian, the Carſe of Gowrie, in Perthſhire, equal in fertility to any part of England, and ſome tracts in Aberdeenſhire and Moray, where I am told the harveſt is more early than in Northumberland, although they lie above two degrees farther north. I have a ſtrong curioſity to viſit many places beyond the Forth and the Tay, ſuch as Perth, Dundee, Montroſe, and Aberdeen, which are towns equally elegant and

thriving; but the ſeaſon is too far advanced to admit of this addition to my original plan.

I AM ſo far happy as to have ſeen Glaſgow, which, to the beſt of my recollection and judgment, is one of the prettieſt towns in Europe; and, without all doubt, it is one of the moſt flouriſhing in Great Britain. In ſhort, it is a perfect bee-hive in point of induſtry. It ſtands partly on a gentle declivity; but the greateſt part of it is in a plain, watered by the river Clyde. The ſtreets are ſtraight, open, airy, and well paved; and the houſes lofty and well built of hewn ſtone. At the upper end of the town, there is a venerable cathedral, that may be compared with Yorkminſter or Weſtminſter; and, about the middle of the deſcent from this to the croſs, is the college, a reſpectable pile of building, with all manner of accommodation for the profeſſors and ſtudents, including an elegant library, and an obſervatory well provided with aſtronomical inſtruments. The number of inhabitants is ſaid to amount to thirty thouſand; and marks of opulence and independency appear in every quarter of this commercial city, which, however, is not without its inconveniences and defects. The water of their public pumps is generally hard and brackiſh, an imperfection the leſs excuſable, as the river Clyde runs by their doors, in the lower part of the town; and there are rivulets and ſprings above the cathedral, ſufficient to fill a large reſervoir with excellent water, which might be thence diſtributed to all the differents parts of the city. It is of more conſequence to conſult the health of the inhabitants in this article, than to employ ſo much attention in beautifying their town with new ſtreets, ſquares, and churches. Another defect, not ſo eaſily remedied, is the ſhallowneſs of the river, which will not float veſſels of any burden within ten or twelve miles of the city; ſo that the merchants are obliged to load and unload their ſhips at Greenock and Port Glaſgow, ſituated about fourteen miles nearer the mouth of the frith, where it is about two miles broad.

THE people of Glaſgow have a noble ſpirit of enterprize—Mr Moore, a ſurgeon, to whom I was recommended from Edinburgh, introduced me to all the

principal merchants of the place. Here I became acquainted with Mr Cochran, who may be ſtiled one of the ſages of this kingdom. He was firſt magiſtrate at the time of the laſt rebellion. I ſat as member when he was examined in the Houſe of Commons; upon which occaſion Mr P— obſerved he had never heard ſuch a ſenſible evidence given at that bar. I was alſo introduced to Dr John Gordon, a patriot of a truly Roman ſpirit, who is the father of the linen manufacture in this place, and was the great promoter of the city workhouſe, infirmary, and other works of public utility.—Had he lived in ancient Rome, he would have been honoured with a ſtatue at the public expence. I moreover converſed with one Mr G—ſſ—d, whom I take to be one of the greateſt merchants in Europe. In the laſt war, he is ſaid to have had at one time five and twenty ſhips, with their cargoes, his own property, and to have traded for above half a million ſterling a-year. The laſt war was a fortunate period for the commerce of Glaſgow—The merchants, conſidering that their ſhips bound for America, launching out at once into the Atlantic by the north of Ireland, purſued a tract very little frequented by privateers, reſolved to inſure one another, and ſaved a very conſiderable ſum by this reſolution, as few or none of their ſhips were taken—You muſt know I have a ſort of national attachment to this part of Scotland—The great church dedicated to St Mongah, the river Clyde, and, among other particulars, that ſmack of our Welch language and cuſtoms, contribute to flatter me with the notion, that theſe people are the deſcendents of the Britons, who once poſſeſſed this country. Without all queſtion, this was a Cumbrian kingdom: Its capital was Dumbarton (a corruption of Dunbritton), which ſtill exiſts as a royal borough, at the influx of the Clyde and Leven, ten miles below Glaſgow. The ſame neighbourhood gave birth to St Patrick, the apoſtle of Ireland, at a place where there is ſtill a church and village, which retain his name. Hard by are ſome veſtiges of the famous Roman wall, built in the reign of Antonine, from the Clyde to the Forth, and fortified with caſtles, to reſtrain the incurſions of the Scotch or Caledonians, who in-

habited the Weſt Highlands. In a line parallel to this wall, the merchants of Glaſgow have determined to make a navigable canal betwixt the two friths, which will be of incredible advantage to their commerce, in tranſporting merchandize from one ſide of the iſland to the other.

FROM Glaſgow we travelled along the Clyde, which is a delightful ſtream, adorned on both ſides with villas, towns, and villages. Here is no want of groves, and meadows, and corn fields interſperſed; but on this ſide of Glaſgow, there is little other grain than oats and barley; the firſt are much better, the laſt much worſe, than thoſe of the ſame ſpecies in England. I wonder there is ſo little rye, which is a grain that will thrive in almoſt any ſoil; and it is ſtill more ſurpriſing, that the cultivation of potatoes ſhould be ſo much neglected in the Highlands, where the poor people have not meal enough to ſupply them with bread through the winter. On the other ſide of the river are the towns of Paiſley and Renfrew. The firſt, from an inconſiderable village, is become one of the moſt flouriſhing places of the kingdom, enriched by the linen, cambric, flowered lawn, and ſilk manufactures. It was formerly noted for a rich monaſtery of the monks of Clugny, who wrote the famous *Scoti-Chronicon*, called *The Black Book of Paiſley*. The old abbey ſtill remains, converted into a dwelling-houſe, belonging to the Earl of Dundonald. Renfrew is a pretty town, on the banks of Clyde, capital of the ſhire, which was heretofore the patrimony of the Stuart family, and gave the title of Baron to the king's eldeſt ſon, which is ſtill aſſumed by the Prince of Wales.

THE Clyde we left a little on our left hand at Dunbritton, where it widens into an eſtuary or frith, being augmented by the influx of the Leven. On this ſpot ſtands the caſtle formerly called Alcluyd, waſhed by theſe two rivers on all ſides, except a narrow iſthmus, which at every ſpring-tide is overflowed. The whole is a great curioſity, from the quality and form of the rock, as well as from the nature of its ſituation. We now croſſed the water of Leven, which, though nothing near ſo conſiderable as the Clyde, is much more tranſ-

parent, paſtoral, and delightful. This charming ſtream is the outlet of Loch Lomond, and through a tract of four miles purſues its winding courſe, murmuring over a bed of pebbles, till it joins the frith at Dunbritton. A very little above its ſource, on the lake, ſtands the houſe of Cameron, belonging to Mr Smollet, ſo emboſomed in an oak wood, that we did not ſee it till we were within fifty yards of the door. I have ſeen the Lago di Gardi, Albano, De Vico, Bolſena, and Geneva, and, upon my honour, I prefer Loch Lomond to them all; a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant iſlands that ſeem to float upon its ſurface, affording the moſt inchanting objects of repoſe to the excurſive view. Nor are the banks deſtitute of beauties, which even partake of the ſublime. On this ſide they diſplay a ſweet variety of woodland, corn-field, and paſture, with ſeveral agreeable villas emerging as it were out of the lake, till, at ſome diſtance, the proſpect terminates in huge mountains, covered with heath, which being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Every thing here is romantic beyond imagination. This country is juſtly ſtiled the Arcadia of Scotland; and I don't doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in every thing but climate. I am ſure it excels it in verdure, wood, and water. What ſay you to a natural baſon of pure water, near thirty miles long, and in ſome places ſeven miles broad, and in many above an hundred fathoms deep, having four and twenty habitable iſlands, ſome of them ſtocked with deer, and all of them covered with wood; containing immenſe quantities of delicious fiſh, ſalmon, pike, trout, perch, flounders, eels, and powans, the laſt a delicate kind of freſh-water herring peculiar to this lake; and, finally, communicating with the ſea, by ſending off the Leven, through which all thoſe ſpecies (except the powan), make their exit and entrance occaſionally?

Inclosed I ſend you the copy of a little ode to this river, by Dr Smollet, who was born on the banks of it, within two miles of the place where I am now writing. It is at leaſt pictureſque and accurately deſcriptive, if it has no other merit.—There is an idea of truth, in an agreeable landſcape taken from nature,

which pleaſes me more than the gayeſt fiction which the moſt luxuriant fancy can diſplay.

I HAVE other remarks to make; but as my paper is full, I muſt reſerve them till the next occaſion. I ſhall only obſerve at preſent, that I am determined to penetrate at leaſt forty miles into the Highlands, which now appear like a vaſt fantaſtic viſion in the clouds, inviting the approach of

Yours always,

Cameron, Aug. 28. MATT. BRAMBLE.

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ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happieſt ſwain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.

Pure ſtream! in whoſe tranſparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents ſtain thy limpid ſource;
No rocks impede thy dimpling courſe,
That ſweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, poliſh'd pebbles ſpread;
While, lightly pois'd, the ſcaly brood
In myriads cleave thy chryſtal flood;
The ſpringing trout in ſpeckled pride;
The ſalmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthleſs pike, intent on war;
The ſilver eel, and motled par *.

Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.

* The par is a ſmall fiſh, not unlike the ſmelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.

Still on thy banks, ſo gayly green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be ſeen,
And laſſes chanting o'er the pail,
And ſhepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And induſtry imbrown'd with toil,
And hearts reſolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The bleſſings they enjoy to guard.

To Dr LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

IF I was diſpoſed to be critical, I ſhould ſay this houſe of Cameron is too near the lake, which approaches on one ſide to within ſix or ſeven yards of the window. It might have been placed in a higher ſite, which would have afforded a more extenſive proſpect and a drier atmoſphere; but this imperfection is not chargeable on the preſent proprietor, who purchaſed it ready built, rather than be at the trouble of repairing his own family houſe of Bonhill, which ſtands two miles from hence on the Leven, ſo ſurrounded with plantation, that it uſed to be known by the name of the Mavis (or thruſh) Neſt. Above that houſe is a romantic glen or cleft of a mountain, covered with hanging woods, having at bottom a ſtream of fine water that forms a number of caſcades in its deſcent to join the Leven; ſo that the ſcene is quite enchanting. A captain of a man of war, who had made the circuit of the globe with Mr Anſon, being conducted to this glen, exclaimed, "Juan Fernandez, by God!"

INDEED, this country would be a perfect paradiſe, if it was not, like Wales, curſed with a weeping climate, owing to the ſame cauſes in both, the neighbourhood of high mountains, and a weſterly ſituation, expoſed to the vapours of the Atlantic ocean. This air, however, notwithſtanding its humidity, is ſo healthy, that the natives are ſcarce ever viſited by any other diſeaſe than the ſmall-pox, and certain cutaneous evils, which are

the effects of dirty living, the great and general reproach of the commonalty of this kingdom. Here are a great many living monuments of longevity, and, among the reſt, a perſon whom I treat with ſingular reſpect, as a venerable druid, who has lived near ninety years, without pain or ſickneſs, among oaks of his own planting. He was once proprietor of theſe lands: But, being of a projecting ſpirit, ſome of his ſchemes miſcarried, and he was obliged to part with his poſſeſſion, which hath ſhifted hands two or three times ſince that period; but every ſucceeding proprietor hath done every thing in his power to make his old age eaſy and comfortable. He has a ſufficiency to procure the neceſſaries of life; and he and his old woman reſide in a ſmall convenient farm-houſe, having a little garden which he cultivates with his own hands. This ancient couple live in great health, peace, and harmony, and, knowing no wants, enjoy the perfection of content. Mr Smollet calls him the Admiral, becauſe he inſiſts upon ſteering his pleaſure-boat upon the lake; and he ſpends moſt of his time in ranging through the woods, which he declares he enjoys as much as if they were ſtill his own property. I aſked him the other day, if he was never ſick? and he anſwered, Yes; he had a ſlight fever the year before the Union. If he was not deaf, I ſhould take much pleaſure in his converſation; for he is very intelligent, and his memory is ſurpriſingly retentive.—Theſe are the happy effects of temperance, exerciſe, and good-nature.—Notwithſtanding all his innocence, however, he was the cauſe of great perturbation to my man Clinker, whoſe natural ſuperſtition has been much injured by the hiſtories of witches, fairies, ghoſts, and goblins, which he has heard in this country.—On the evening after our arrival, Humphry ſtrolled into the wood in the courſe of his meditation, and all at once the admiral ſtood before him, under the ſhadow of a ſpreading oak. Though the fellow is far from being timorous in caſes that are not ſuppoſed preternatural, he could not ſtand the ſight of this apparition, but ran into the kitchen, with his hair ſtanding on end, ſtaring wildly, and deprived of utterance. Mrs Jenkins, ſeeing him in this condition, ſcreamed aloud, "Lord have mercy upon us, he has ſeen ſomething!"

Mrs Tabitha was alarmed, and the whole houſe in confuſion. When he was recruited with a dram, I deſired him to explain the meaning of all this agitation; and, with ſome reluctance, he owned he had ſeen a ſpirit, in the ſhape of an old man with a white beard, a black cap, and a plaid night-gown. He was undeceived by the admiral in perſon, who coming in at this juncture, appeared to be a creature of real fleſh and blood.

Do you know how we fare in this Scottiſh paradiſe? We make free with our landlord's mutton, which is excellent, his poultry-yard, his garden, his dairy, and his cellar, which are all well ſtored. We have delicious ſalman, pike, trout, perch, par, &c. at the door, for the taking. The frith of Clyde, on the other ſide of the hill, ſupplies us with mullet, red and gray, cod, mackerel, whiting, and a variety of ſea-fiſh, including the fineſt herrings I ever taſted. We have ſweet juicy beef, and tolerable veal, with delicate bread, from the little town of Dunbritton; and plenty of partridge, growſe, heath-cock, and other game in preſents.

We have been viſited by all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and they have entertained us at their houſes, not barely with hoſpitality, but with ſuch marks of cordial affection, as one would wiſh to find among near relations, after an abſence of many years.

I told you, in my laſt, I had projected an excurſion to the Highlands, which project I have now happily executed, under the auſpices of Sir George Colquhoun, a colonel in the Dutch ſervice, who offered himſelf as our conductor on this occaſion. Leaving our women at Cameron, to the care and inſpection of Lady H—— C———, we ſet out on horſeback for Inverary, the county town of Argyle, and dined on the road with the Laird of Macfarlane, the greateſt genealogiſt I ever knew in any country, and perfectly acquainted with all the antiquities of Scotland.

The Duke of Argyle has an old caſtle at Inverary, where he reſides when he is in Scotland; and hard by is the ſhell of a noble Gothic palace, built by the laſt Duke, which, when finiſhed, will be a great ornament to this part of the Highlands. As for Inverary, it is a place of very little importance.

THIS country is amazingly wild, eſpecially towards the mountains, which are heaped upon the backs of one another, making a moſt ſtupendous appearance of ſavage nature, with hardly any ſigns of cultivation, or even of population. All is ſublimity, ſilence, and ſolitude. The people live together in glens or bottoms, where they are ſheltered from the cold and ſtorms of winter: But there is a margin of plain ground ſpread along the ſea-ſide, which is well inhabited and improved by the arts of huſbandry; and this I take to be one of the moſt agreeable tracts of the whole iſland; the ſea not only keeps it warm, and ſupplies it with fiſh, but affords one of the moſt raviſhing proſpects in the whole world; I mean the appearance of the Hebrides, or Weſtern Iſlands, to the number of three hundred, ſcattered as far as the eye can reach, in the moſt agreeable confuſion. As the ſoil and climate of the Highlands are but ill adapted to the cultivation of corn, the people apply themſelves chiefly to the breeding and feeding of black cattle, which turn to good account. Thoſe animals run wild all the winter, without any ſhelter or ſubſiſtence, but what they can find among the heath. When the ſnow lies ſo deep and hard, that they cannot penetrate to the roots of the graſs, they make a diurnal progreſs, guided by a ſure inſtinct, to the ſea-ſide at low water, where they feed on the *alga marina*, and other plants that grow on the beach.

PERHAPS this branch of huſbandry, which requires very little attendance and labour, is one of the principal cauſes of that idleneſs and want of induſtry which diſtinguiſhes theſe mountaineers in their own country—When they come forth into the world, they become as diligent and alert as any people upon earth. They are undoubtedly a very diſtinct ſpecies from their fellow-ſubjects of the Lowlands, againſt whom they indulge an ancient ſpirit of animoſity; and this difference is very diſcernible even among perſons of family and education. The Lowlanders are generally cool and circumſpect, the Highlanders fiery and ferocious; but this violence of their paſſions ſerves only to inflame the zeal of their devotion to ſtrangers, which is truly enthuſiaſtic.

We proceeded about twenty miles beyond Inverary, to the houſe of a gentleman, a friend of our conductor, where we ſtaid a few days, and were feaſted in ſuch a manner, that I began to dread the conſequence to my conſtitution.

Notwithstanding the ſolitude that prevails among theſe mountains, there is no want of people in the Highlands. I am credibly informed, that the Duke of Argyle can aſſemble five thouſand men in arms, of his own clan and ſurname, which is Campbell; and there is beſides a tribe of the ſame appellation, whoſe chief is the Earl of Breadalbane. The M'Donalds are as numerous, and remarkably warlike: The Camerons, M'Leods, Fraſers, Grants, M'Kenzies, M'Kays, M'Phersons, M'Intoſhes, are powerful clans; ſo that, if all the Highlanders, including the inhabitants of the Iſles, were united, they could bring into the field an army of forty thouſand fighting men, capable of undertaking the moſt dangerous enterprize. We have lived to ſee four thouſand of them, without diſcipline, throw the whole kingdom of Great Britain into confuſion. They attacked and defeated two armies of regular troops accuſtomed to ſervice. They penetrated into the centre of England; and afterwards marched back with deliberation, in the face of two other armies, through an enemy's country, where every precaution was taken to cut off their retreat. I know not any other people in Europe, who, without the uſe or knowledge of arms, will attack regular forces ſword in hand, if their chief will head them in battle. When diſciplined, they cannot fail of being excellent ſoldiers. They do not walk like the generality of mankind, but trot and bounce like deer, as if they moved upon ſprings. They greatly excel the Lowlanders in all the exerciſes that require agility; they are incredibly abſtemious, and patient of hunger and fatigue; ſo ſteeled againſt the weather, that, in travelling, even when the ground is covered with ſnow, they never look for a houſe, or any other ſhelter but their plaid, in which they wrap themſelves up, and go to ſleep under the cope of heaven. Such people, in quality of ſoldiers, muſt be invincible, when the buſineſs is to perform quick marches in a difficult country,

to ſtrike ſudden ſtrokes, beat up the enemy's quarters, haraſs their cavalry, and perform expeditions without the formality of magazines, baggage, forage, and artillery. The chieftainſhip of the Highlanders is a very dangerous influence operating at the extremity of the iſland, where the eyes and hands of government cannot be ſuppoſed to ſee and act with preciſion and vigour. In order to break the force of clanſhip, adminiſtration has always practiſed the political maxim, *Divide et impera.* The legiſlature hath not only diſarmed theſe mountaineers, but alſo deprived them of their ancient garb, which contributed in a great meaſure to keep up their military ſpirit; and their ſlaviſh tenures are all diſſolved by act of parliament; ſo that they are at preſent as free and independent of their chiefs as the law can make them: But the original attachment ſtill remains, and is founded on ſomething prior to the *feudal ſyſtem*, about which the writers of this age have made ſuch a pother, as if it was a new diſcovery, like the *Copernican ſyſtem.* Every peculiarity of policy, cuſtom, and even temperament, is affectedly traced to this origin, as if the feudal conſtitution had not been common to almoſt all the natives of Europe. For my part, I expect to ſee the uſe of trunk-hoſe and buttered ale aſcribed to the influence of the *feudal ſyſtem.* The connection between the clans and their chiefs is without all doubt *patriarchal.* It is founded on hereditary regard and affection, cheriſhed through a long ſucceſſion of ages. The clan conſider the chief as their father, they bear his name, they believe themſelves deſcended from his family, and they obey him as their lord, with all the ardour of filial love and veneration; while he, on his part, exerts a paternal authority, commanding, chaſtiſing, rewarding, protecting, and maintaining them as his own children. If the legiſlature would entirely deſtroy this connection, it muſt compel the Highlanders to change their habitation and their names. Even this experiment has been formerly tried without ſucceſs—In the reign of James VI. a battle was fought within a few ſhort miles of this place, between two clans, the M'Gregors and the Colquhouns, in which the latter were defeated: The laird of M'Gregor made ſuch a barbarous uſe of

his victory, that he was forfeited and outlawed by act of parliament: His lands were given to the family of Montroſe, and his clan were obliged to change their name. They obeyed ſo far, as to call themſelves ſeverally Campbell, Graham, or Drummond, the ſurnames of the families of Argyle, Montroſe, and Perth, that they might enjoy the protection of thoſe houſes; but they ſtill added M'Gregor to their new appellation; and as their chief was deprived of his eſtate, they robbed and plundered for his ſubſiſtence.—Mr Cameron of Lochiel, the chief of that clan, whoſe father was attainted for having been concerned in the laſt rebellion, returning from France, in obedience to a proclamation and act of parliament paſſed at the beginning of the late war, paid a viſit to his own country, and hired a farm in the neighbourhood of his father's houſe, which had been burnt to the ground. The clan, though ruined and ſcattered, no ſooner heard of his arrival, than they flocked to him from all quarters, to welcome his return, and in a few days ſtocked his farm with ſeven hundred black cattle, which they had ſaved in the general wreck of their affairs: But their beloved chief, who was a promiſing youth, did not live to enjoy the fruits of their fidelity and attachment.

The moſt effectual method I know to weaken, and at length deſtroy this influence, is to employ the commonalty in ſuch a manner as to give them a taſte of property and independence—In vain the government grants them advantageous leaſes on the forfeited eſtates, if they have no property to proſecute the means of improvement—The ſea is an inexhauſtible fund of riches; but the fiſhery cannot be carried on without veſſels, caſks, ſalt, lines, nets, and other tackle. I converſed with a ſenſible man of this country, who, from a real ſpirit of patriotiſm, had ſet up a fiſhery on the coaſt, and a manufacture of coarſe linen, for the employment of the poor Highlanders. Cod is here in ſuch plenty, that he told me he had ſeen ſeven hundred taken on one line, at one haul. It muſt be obſerved, however, that the line was of immenſe length, and had two thouſand hooks, baited with muſſels; but the fiſh was ſo ſuperior to the cod caught on the banks of Newfound-

land, that his correſpondent at Liſbon ſold them immediately at his own price, although Lent was juſt over when they arrived, and the people might be ſuppoſed quite cloyed with this kind of diet.—His linen manufacture was likewiſe in a proſperous way; when, the late war intervening, all his beſt hands were preſſed into the ſervice.

IT cannot be expected, that the gentlemen of this country ſhould execute commercial ſchemes to render their vaſſals independent; nor indeed are ſuch ſchemes ſuited to their way of life and inclination: But a company of merchants might, with proper management, turn to good account a fiſhery eſtabliſhed in this part of Scotland—Our people have a ſtrange itch to colonize America, when the uncultivated parts of our own iſland might be ſettled to greater advantage.

AFTER having rambled through the mountains and glens of Argyle, we viſited the adjacent iſlands of Iſla, Jura, Mull, and Icolmkill. In the firſt, we ſaw the remains of a caſtle, built in a lake, where M'Donald, Lord or King of the Iſles, formerly reſided. Jura is famous for having given birth to one M'Crain, who lived one hundred and eighty years in one houſe, and died in the reign of Charles the Second. Mull affords ſeveral bays, where there is ſafe anchorage; in one of which, the Florida, a ſhip of the Spaniſh armada, was blown up by one of Mr Smollet's anceſtors. About forty years ago, John Duke of Argyle is ſaid to have conſulted the Spaniſh regiſters, by which it appeared that this ſhip had the military cheſt on board—He employed experienced divers to examine the wreck, and they found the hull of the veſſel ſtill entire, but ſo covered with ſand, that they could not make their way between decks; however, they picked up ſeveral pieces of plate that were ſcattered about in the bay, and a couple of fine braſs cannon.

ICOLMKILL, or Iona, is a ſmall iſland which St Columba choſe for his habitation—It was reſpected for its ſanctity, and college or ſeminary of eccleſiaſtics—Part of its church is ſtill ſtanding, with the tombs of ſeveral Scottiſh, Iriſh, and Daniſh ſovereigns, who were here interred.—Theſe iſlanders are very bold and dex-

terous watermen, conſequently the better adapted to the fiſhery: In their manners, they are leſs ſavage and impetuous than their countrymen on the continent; and they ſpeak the Erſe or Gaelic in its greateſt purity.

HAVING ſent round our horſes by land, we embarked in the diſtrict of Cowal for Greenock, which is a neat little town, on the other ſide of the Frith, with a curious harbour, formed by three ſtone jetties, carried out a good way into the ſea—New Port Glaſgow is ſuch another place, about two miles higher up—Both have a face of buſineſs and plenty, and are ſupported entirely by the ſhipping of Glaſgow, of which I counted ſixty large veſſels in theſe harbours.—Taking boat again at Newport, we were in leſs than an hour landed on the other ſide, within two ſhort miles of our head-quarters, where we found our women in good health and ſpirits. They had been, two days before, joined by Mr Smollet and his lady, to whom we have ſuch obligations as I cannot mention, even to you, without bluſhing.

TO-MORROW we ſhall bid adieu to the Scots Arcadia, and begin our progreſs to the ſouthward, taking our way by Lanark and Nithſdale, to the weſt borders of England. I have received ſo much advantage and ſatisfaction from this tour, that, if my health ſuffers no revolution in the winter, I believe I ſhall be tempted to undertake another expedition to the northern extremity of Caithneſs, unincumbered by thoſe impediments which now clog the heels of

Yours,

Cameron, Sept. 6. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Miſs LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Glouceſter.*

MY DEAREST LETTY,

NEVER did poor priſoner long for deliverance more than I have longed for an opportunity to diſburden my cares into your friendly boſom; and the occaſion which now preſents itſelf is little leſs than miraculous.—Honeſt Saunders M'Awley, the travelling Scotchman, who goes every year to Wales, is now at Glaſgow, buying goods, and coming to pay his reſpects to our family, has undertaken to deliver this letter into your own hand.—We have been ſix weeks in Scotland, and ſeen the principal towns of the kingdom, where we have been treated with great civility. The people are very courteous; and the country being exceedingly romantic, ſuits my turn and inclinations. I contracted ſome friendſhips at Edinburgh, which is a large and lofty city, full of gay company; and, in particular, commenced an intimate correſpondence with one Miſs R—t—n, an amiable young lady of my own age, whoſe charms ſeemed to ſoften, and even to ſubdue, the ſtubborn heart of my brother Jery; but he no ſooner left the place, than he relapſed into his former inſenſibility.—I feel, however, that this indifference is not the family conſtitution—I never admitted but one idea of love, and that has taken ſuch root in my heart, as to be equally proof againſt all the pulls of diſcretion, and the froſts of neglect.

DEAR LETTY! I had an alarming adventure at the hunters ball in Edinburgh—While I ſat diſcourſing with a friend in a corner, all at once the very image of Wilſon ſtood before me, dreſſed exactly as he was in the character of Aimwell!—It was one Mr Gordon, whom I had not ſeen before. Shocked at the ſudden apparition, I fainted away, and threw the whole aſſembly into confuſion. However, the cauſe of my diſorder remained a ſecret to every body but my brother, who was likewiſe ſtruck with the reſemblance, and ſcolded after we came home. I am very ſenſible of Jery's affection,

and know he ſpoke as well with a view to my own intereſt and happineſs, as in regard to the honour of the family; but I cannot bear to have my wounds probed ſeverely. I was not ſo much affected by the cenſure he paſſed upon my own indiſcretion, as with the reflection he made on the conduct of Wilſon—He obſerved, that, if he was really the gentleman he pretended to be, and harboured nothing but honourable deſigns, he would have vindicated his pretenſions in the face of day. This remark made a deep impreſſion upon my mind—I endeavoured to conceal my thoughts; and this endeavour had a bad effect upon my health and ſpirits; ſo it was thought neceſſary that I ſhould go to the Highlands, and drink goat-milk whey.

We went accordingly to Loch Lomond, one of the moſt enchanting ſpots in the whole world; and what with this remedy, which I had every morning freſh from the mountains, and the pure air, and cheerful company, I have recovered my fleſh and appetite; though there is ſomething ſtill at bottom, which it is not in the power of air, exerciſe, company, or medicine to remove. Theſe incidents would not touch me ſo nearly, if I had a ſenſible confidant to ſympathize with my affliction, and comfort me with wholeſome advice. I have nothing of this kind, except Win Jenkins, who is really a good body in the main, but very ill qualified for ſuch an office. The poor creature is weak in her nerves, as well as in her underſtanding; otherwiſe I might have known the true name and character of that unfortunate youth.—But why do I call him *unfortunate?*—perhaps the epithet is more applicable to me, for having liſtened to the falſe profeſſions of——But hold—I have as yet no right, and ſure I have no inclination, to believe any thing to the prejudice of his honour. In that reflection I ſhall ſtill exert my patience. As for Mrs Jenkins, ſhe herſelf is really an object of compaſſion—Between vanity, Methodiſm, and love, her head is almoſt turned. I ſhould have more regard for her, however, if ſhe had been more conſtant in the object of her affection; but, truly, ſhe aimed at conqueſt, and flirted at the ſame time with my uncle's footman, Humphry Clinker, who is really a deſerving young man, and

one Dutton, my brother's valet de chambre, a debauched fellow, who, leaving Win in the lurch, ran away with another man's bride at Berwick.

My dear Willis, I am truly aſhamed of my own ſex.—We complain of advantages which the men take of our youth, inexperience, ſenſibility, and all that; but I have ſeen enough to believe, that our ſex in general make it their buſineſs to enſnare the other; and for this purpoſe employ arts which are by no means to be juſtified. In point of conſtancy, they certainly have nothing to reproach the male part of the creation. My poor aunt, without any regard to her years and imperfections, has gone to market with her charms in every place where ſhe thought ſhe had the leaſt chance to diſpoſe of her perſon, which, however, hangs ſtill heavy on her hands. I am afraid ſhe has uſed even religion as a decoy, though it has not anſwered her expectation—She has been praying, preaching, and catechiſing among the Methodiſts, with whom this country abounds; and pretends to have ſuch manifeſtations and revelations, as even Clinker himſelf can hardly believe, though the poor fellow is half crazy with enthuſiaſm. As for Jenkins, ſhe affects to take all her miſtreſs's reveries for goſpel—She has alſo her heart-heavings and motions of the ſpirit; and, God forgive me if I think uncharitably, but all this ſeems to me to be downright hypocriſy and deceit. Perhaps, indeed, the poor girl impoſes on herſelf—She is generally in a flutter, and is much ſubject to vapours—Since we came to Scotland, ſhe has ſeen apparitions, and pretends to prophecy. If I could put faith in all theſe ſupernatural viſitations, I ſhould think myſelf abandoned of grace; for I have neither ſeen, heard, nor felt any thing of this nature, although I endeavour to diſcharge the duties of religion with all the ſincerity, zeal, and devotion that is in the power of,

Dear Letty,
Your ever affectionate
Glaſgow, Sept. 7. Lydia Melford.

We are ſo far on our return to Brambletonhall; and I would fain hope we ſhall take Glouceſter in our way,

in which caſe I ſhall have the inexpreſſible pleaſure of embracing my dear Willis.—Pray remember me to my worthy governeſs.

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To Mrs MARY JONES, *at Brambletonhall.*

DEAR MARY,

SUNDERS MACULLY, the Scotchman, who puſhes directly for Vails, has promiſed to give it you into your own hand, and therefore I would not miſs the opportunity to let you now as I am ſtill in the land of the living; and yet I have been on the brink of the other world ſince I ſent you my laſt letter. We went by ſea to another kingdom, called Fife, and, coming back, had like to have gone to pot in a ſtorm.—What between the frite and ſickneſs, I thought I ſhould have brought my heart up; even Mr Clinker was not his own man for eight and forty hours after we got aſhore.—It was well for ſome folks that we 'ſcaped drownding; for miſtreſs was very frexious, and ſeemed but indifferently prepared for a change; but, thank God, ſhe was ſoon put in a better frame by the private exaltations of the Reverend Mr Macrocodile.—We afterwards churned to Starling and Graſcow, which are a kipple of handſome towns; and then we went to a gentleman's houſe at Loff Loming, which is a wonderful ſea of freſh water, with a power of hylands in the midſt on't—They ſay as how it has got ne'er a bottom, and was made by a muſician—and, truly, I believe it; for it is not in the coarſe of nature.—It has got *waves without wind, fiſh without fins, and a floating hyland;* and one of them is a crutch-yard, where the dead are buried; and always before the perſon dies, a bell rings of itſelf to give warning.

O MARY! this is the land of congyration—The bell knolled when we were there—I ſaw lights, and heard lamentations.—The gentleman, our landlord, has got another houſe, which he was fain to quit, on account of a miſchievous ghoſt, that would not ſuffer people to

lie in their beds.—The fairies dwell in a hole of Kairmann, a mounting hard by; and they ſteal away the good women that are in the ſtraw, if ſo be as how there a'n't a horſhoe nailed to the door—And I was ſhewn an old vitch, called Elſpath Ringavey, with a red petticoat, bleared eyes, and a mould of grey briſtles on her ſin.—That ſhe mought do me no harm, I croſſed her hand with a taſter, and bid her tell my fortune; and ſhe told me ſuch things—deſcriving Mr Clinker to a hair—but it ſhall ne'er be ſaid that I minchioned a word of the matter.—As I was troubled with fits, ſhe adviſed me to bathe in the loffe, which was holy water; and ſo I went in the morning to a private place, along with the houſemaid, and we bathed in our birth-day ſoot, after the faſhion of the country; and behold, whilſt we dabbled in the loff, Sir George Coon ſtarted up with a gun; but we clapt our hands to our faces, and paſſed by him to the place where we had left our ſmocks.—A civil gentleman would have turned his head another way—My comfit is, he knew not which was which; and, as the ſaying is, *all cats in the dark are gray*.—While we ſtaid at Loff Loming, he and our two ſquires went three or four days churning among the wild men of the mountings; a parcel of ſelvidges that lie in caves among the rocks, devour young children, and ſpeak Velch, but the vords are different. Our ladies would not part with Mr Clinker, becauſe he is ſo ſtout, and ſo pyehouſe, that he fears neither man nor devils, if ſo be as they don't take him by ſurpriſe.—Indeed, he was once ſo flurried by an operition, that he had like to have ſounded—He made believe as if it had been the ould edmiral; but the ould edmiral could not have made his air to ſtand on end, and his teeth to ſhatter; but he ſaid ſo in prudence, that the ladies mought not be affeard.—Mis Liddy has been puny, and like to go into a decline.—I doubt her pore art is too tinder—but the got's fey has ſat her on her legs again.—You nows got's fey is mother's milk to a Velchvoman.—As for miſtreſs, bleſſed be God, ſhe ails nothing.—Her ſtomick is good, and ſhe improves in greaſe and godlineſs; but, for all that, ſhe may have infections like other people; and, I believe, ſhe would'n't be ſorry to

be called *your Ladyſhip*, whenever Sir George thinks proper to ax the queſtion.—But, for my part, whatever I may ſee or hear, not a pratical ſhall ever paſs the lips of,

Dear Molly,

Your loving friend,

Graſco, Sept. 7. WIN. JENKINS.

Remember me, as uſual, to Saul.—We are now coming home, though not the neareſt road.—I do ſuppoſe I ſhall find the kitten a fine boar at my return.

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To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. at Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,

ONCE more I tread upon Engliſh ground, which I like not the worſe for the ſix weeks ramble I have made among the woods and mountains of Caledonia; no offence to the *land of cakes, where bannocks grow upon ſtraw*. I never ſaw my uncle in ſuch health and ſpirits as he now enjoys. Liddy is perfectly recovered; and Mrs Tabitha has no reaſon to complain. Nevertheleſs, I believe, ſhe was, till yeſterday, inclined to give the whole Scotch nation to the devil, as a pack of inſenſible brutes, upon whom her accompliſhments had been diſplayed in vain.—At every place where we halted did ſhe mount the ſtage, and flouriſhed her ruſty arms, without being able to make one conqueſt. One of her laſt eſſays was againſt the heart of Sir George Colquhoun, with whom ſhe fought all the weapons more than twice over. She was grave and gay by turns—ſhe moralized and methodized—ſhe laughed, and romped, and danced, and ſung, and ſighed, and ogled, and liſped, and fluttered, and flattered—but all was preaching to the deſert.—The baronet, being a well-bred man, carried his civilities as far as ſhe could in conſcience expect, and, if evil tongues are to be believed, ſome degrees farther; but he was too much a veteran in gallantry,

as well as in war, to fall into any ambuſcade that ſhe could lay for his affection.—While we were abſent in the Highlands, ſhe practiſed alſo upon the Laird of Ladriſhmore, and even gave him the rendezvous in the wood of Drumſcailloch; but the laird had ſuch a reverend care of his own reputation, that he came attended with the parſon of the pariſh, and nothing paſſed but ſpiritual communications.—After all theſe miſcarriages, our aunt ſuddenly recollected Lieutenant Liſmahago, whom, ever ſince our firſt arrival at Edinburgh, ſhe ſeemed to have utterly forgot; but now ſhe expreſſed her hopes of ſeeing him at Dumfries, according to his promiſe.

We ſet out from Glaſgow, by the way of Lanark, the county town of Clydeſdale, in the neighbourhood of which, the whole river Clyde, ruſhing down a ſteep rock, forms a very noble and ſtupendous caſcade. Next day we were obliged to halt in a ſmall borough, until the carriage, which had received ſome damage, ſhould be repaired; and here we met with an incident, which warmly intereſted the benevolent ſpirit of Mr Bramble.—As we ſtood at the window of an inn that fronted the public priſon, a perſon arrived on horſeback, genteelly, though plainly, dreſſed in a blue frock, with his own hair cut ſhort, and a gold-laced hat upon his head.—Alighting, and giving his horſe to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the ſtreet, and accoſted him in theſe words—"This is hard work for ſuch an old man as you."—So ſaying, he took the inſtrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement.—After a few ſtrokes, "Have you never a ſon (ſaid he) to eaſe you of this labour?" "Yes, an' pleaſe your honour (replied the ſenior), I have three hopeful lads, but, at preſent, they are out of the way." "Honour not me (cried the ſtranger; it more becomes me to honour your grey hairs—Where are thoſe ſons you talk of?" The ancient pavior ſaid, his eldeſt ſon was a captain in the Eaſt Indies, and the youngeſt had lately enliſted as a ſoldier, in hopes of proſpering like his brother. The gentleman deſiring to know what was become of the ſecond, he wiped his eyes, and owned, he

had taken upon him his old father's debts, for which he was now in the priſon hard by.

THE traveller made three quick ſteps towards the gaol—then turning ſhort—"Tell me (ſaid he), has that unnatural captain ſent you nothing to relieve your diſtreſſes?" "Call him not unnatural (replied the other); God's bleſſing be upon him! he ſent me a great deal of money, but I made a bad uſe of it; I loſt it by being ſecurity for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was ſtript of all I had in the world beſides." At that inſtant a young man, thruſting out his head and neck between two iron bars in the priſon-window, exclaimed, "Father! father! if my brother William is in life, that's he." "I am! I am! (cried the ſtranger, claſping the old man in his arms, and ſhedding a flood of tears)—I am your ſon Willy, ſure enough!"—Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderneſs, a decent old woman bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried, "Where is my bairn? where is my dear Willy!"—The captain no ſooner beheld her, than he quitted his father, and ran into her embrace.

I CAN aſſure you, my uncle, who ſaw and heard every thing that paſſed, was as much moved as any one of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition.—He ſobbed, and wept, and clapped his hands, and hollowed, and finally ran down into the ſtreet.—By this time, the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were aſſembled at the door.—Mr Bramble, nevertheleſs, preſſed through the croud, and entering the houſe, "Captain (ſaid he), I beg the favour of your acquaintance.—I would have travelled a hundred miles to ſee this affecting ſcene; and I ſhall think myſelf happy, if you and your parents will dine with me at the public houſe."—The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which, he ſaid, he would accept with pleaſure; but, in the mean time, he could not think of eating or drinking, while his poor brother was in trouble.—He forthwith depoſited a ſum equal to the debt in the hands of the magiſtrate, who ventured to ſet his brother at liberty, without farther proceſs; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with

my uncle, attended by the croud, the individuals of which ſhook their townſman by the hand, while he returned their careſſes without the leaſt ſign of pride or affectation.

THIS honeſt favourite of fortune, whoſe name was Brown, told my uncle, that he had been bred a weaver, and, about eighteen years ago, had, from a ſpirit of idleneſs and diſſipation, enliſted as a ſoldier in the ſervice of the Eaſt India Company; that, in the courſe of duty, he had the good fortune to attract the notice and approbation of Lord Clive, who preferred him from one ſtep to another, till he had attained the rank of captain and paymaſter to the regiment, in which capacities he had honeſtly amaſſed above twelve thouſand pounds, and, at the peace, reſigned his commiſſion.—He had ſent ſeveral remittances to his father, who received the firſt only, conſiſting of one hundred pounds; the ſecond had fallen into the hands of a bankrupt; and the third had been conſigned to a gentleman of Scotland, who died before it arrived, ſo that it ſtill remained to be accounted for by his executors. He now preſented the old man with fifty pounds for his preſent occaſions, over and above bank-notes for one hundred, which he had depoſited for his brother's releaſe.—He brought along with him a deed ready executed, by which he ſettled a perpetuity of fourſcore pounds upon his parents, to be inherited by the other two ſons after their deceaſe.—He promiſed to purchaſe a commiſſion for his youngeſt brother; to take the other as his own partner in a manufacture which he intends to ſet up, to give employment and bread to the induſtrious; and to give five hundred pounds, by way of dower, to his ſiſter, who had married a farmer in low circumſtances.—Finally, he gave fifty pounds to the poor of the town where he was born, and feaſted all the inhabitants without exception.

MY uncle was ſo charmed with the character of Captain Brown, that he drank his health three times ſucceſſively at dinner.—He ſaid, he was proud of his acquaintance; that he was an honour to his country, and had in ſome meaſure redeemed human nature from the reproach of pride, ſelfiſhneſs, and ingratitude.—For my

part, I was as much pleaſed with the modeſty as with the filial virtue of this honeſt ſoldier, who aſſumed no merit from his ſucceſs, and ſaid very little of his own tranſactions, though the anſwers he made to our enquiries were equally ſenſible and laconic. Mrs Tabitha behaved very graciouſly to him, until ſhe underſtood that he was going to make a tender of his hand to a perſon of low eſtate, who had been his ſweetheart while he worked as a journeyman weaver.—Our aunt was no ſooner made acquainted with this deſign, than ſhe ſtarched up her behaviour with a double portion of reſerve; and, when the company broke up, ſhe obſerved, with a toſs of her noſe, that Brown was a civil fellow enough, conſidering the lowneſs of his origin; but that Fortune, though ſhe had mended his circumſtances, was incapable to raiſe his ideas, which were ſtill humble and plebeian.

On the day that ſucceeded this adventure, we went ſome miles out of our road to ſee Drumlanrig, a ſeat belonging to the Duke of Queenſberry, which appears like a magnificent palace, erected by magic, in the midſt of a wilderneſs.—It is indeed a princely manſion, with ſuitable parks and plantations, rendered ſtill more ſtriking by the nakedneſs of the ſurrounding country, which is one of the wildeſt tracts in all Scotland.—This wilderneſs, however, is different from that of the Highlands; for here the mountains, inſtead of heath, are covered with a fine green ſward, affording paſture to innumerable flocks of ſheep. But the fleeces of this country, called Nithſdale, are not comparable to the wool of Galloway, which is ſaid to equal that of Saliſbury plain. Having paſſed the night at the caſtle of Drumlanrig, by invitation from the Duke himſelf, who is one of the beſt men that ever breathed, we proſecuted our journey to Dumfries, a very elegant trading town near the borders of England, where we found plenty of good proviſion and excellent wine, at very reaſonable prices, and the accommodation as good in all reſpects as in any part of South Britain.—If I was confined to Scotland for life, I would chuſe Dumfries as the place of my reſidence. Here we made enquiries about Captain Liſmahago, of whom hearing no

tidings, we proceeded, by the Solway Frith, to Carliſle.—You muſt know, that the Solway ſands, upon which travellers paſs at low water, are exceedingly dangerous, becauſe, as the tide makes, they become quick in different places, and the flood ruſhes in ſo impetuouſly, that paſſengers are often overtaken by the ſea, and periſh.

In croſſing theſe treacherous ſyrtes with a guide, we perceived a drowned horſe, which Humphry Clinker, after due inſpection, declared to be the very identical beaſt which Mr Liſmahago rode when he parted with us at Felton-bridge in Northumberland. This information, which ſeemed to intimate that our friend the lieutenant had ſhared the fate of his horſe, affected us all, and above all our aunt Tabitha, who ſhed ſalt tears, and obliged Clinker to pull a few hairs out of the dead horſe's tail, to be worn in a ring as a remembrance of his maſter. But her grief and ours was not of long duration; for one of the firſt perſons we ſaw in Carliſle was the lieutenant *in propria perſona*, bargaining with a horſe-dealer for another ſteed, in the yard of the inn where we alighted.—Mrs Bramble was the firſt that perceived him, and ſcreamed as if ſhe had ſeen a ghoſt; and, truly, at a proper time and place, he might very well have paſſed for an inhabitant of another world; for he was more meagre and grim than before. We received him the more cordially for having ſuppoſed he had been drowned; and he was not deficient in expreſſions of ſatisfaction at this meeting.—He told us he had enquired for us at Dumfries, and been informed by a travelling merchant from Glaſgow, that we had reſolved to return by the way of Coldſtream.—He ſaid, that, in paſſing the ſands without a guide, his horſe had knocked up; and he himſelf muſt have periſhed, if he had not been providentially relieved by a return poſt-chaiſe.—He moreover gave us to underſtand, that his ſcheme of ſettling in his own country having miſcarried, he was ſo far in his way to London, with a view to embark for North America, where he intended to paſs the reſt of his days among his old friends the Miamis, and amuſe himſelf in finiſhing the education of the ſon he had by his beloved Squinkinacooſta.

THIS project was by no means agreeable to our good aunt, who expatiated upon the fatigues and dangers that would attend ſuch a long voyage by ſea, and afterwards ſuch a tedious journey by land.—She enlarged particularly on the riſk he would run, with reſpect to the concerns of his precious ſoul, among ſavages who had not yet received the glad tidings of ſalvation; and ſhe hinted, that his abandoning Great Britain might, perhaps, prove fatal to the inclinations of ſome deſerving perſon, whom he was qualified to make happy for life. My uncle, who is really a Don Quixotte in generoſity, underſtanding that Liſmahago's real reaſon for leaving Scotland was the impoſſibility of ſubſiſting in it with any decency upon the wretched proviſion of a ſubaltern's half pay, began to be warmly intereſted on the ſide of compaſſion. He thought it very hard, that a gentleman, who had ſerved his country with honour, ſhould be driven by neceſſity to ſpend his old age among the refuſe of mankind, in ſuch a remote part of the world.—He diſcourſed with me upon the ſubject, obſerving, that he would willingly offer the lieutenant an aſylum at Brambletonhall, if he did not foreſee that his ſingularities and humour of contradiction would render him an intolerable houſe-mate, though his converſation at ſome times might be both inſtructive and entertaining; but, as there ſeemed to be ſomething particular in his attention to Mrs Tabitha, he and I agreed in opinion, that this intercourſe ſhould be encouraged, and improved, if poſſible, into a matrimonial union; in which caſe there would be a comfortable proviſion for both; and they might be ſettled in a houſe of their own, ſo that Mr Bramble ſhould have no more of their company than he deſired.

IN purſuance of this deſign, Liſmahago has been invited to paſs the winter at Brambletonhall, as it will be time enough to execute his American project in the ſpring.—He has taken time to conſider of this propoſal; meanwhile, he will keep us company as far as we travel in the road to Briſtol, where he has hopes of getting a paſſage for America. I make no doubt but that he will poſtpone his voyage, and proſecute his addreſſes to a happy conſummation; and ſure, if it produces any fruit, it

muſt be of a very peculiar flavour. As the weather continues favourable, I believe we ſhall take the Peak of Derbyſhire and Buxton Wells in our way.—At any rate, from the firſt place where we make any ſtay, you ſhall hear again from

Yours always,

Carliſle, Sept. 12. J. MELFORD.

To Dr LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

THE peaſantry of Scotland are certainly on a poor footing all over the kingdom; and yet they look better, and are better clothed, than thoſe of the ſame rank in Burgundy, and many other places of France and Italy; nay, I will venture to ſay they are better fed, notwithſtanding the boaſted wine of theſe foreign countries. The country people of North Britain live chiefly on oat-meal, and milk, cheeſe, butter, and ſome garden ſtuff, with now and then a pickled herring, by way of delicacy; but fleſh-meat they ſeldom or never taſte, nor any kind of ſtrong liquor, except twopenny, at times of uncommon feſtivity.—Their breakfaſt is a kind of haſty-pudding, of oat-meal, or peaſe-meal, eaten with milk. They have commonly pottage to dinner, compoſed of cale or cole, leeks, barley or big, and butter; and this is reinforced with bread, and cheeſe made of ſkimmed milk. At night they ſup on ſowens or flummery of oat-meal.—In a ſcarcity of oats, they uſe the meal of barley and peaſe, which is both nouriſhing and palatable. Some of them have potatoes; and you find parſnips in every peaſant's garden.—They are clothed with a coarſe kind of ruſſet of their own making, which is both decent and warm.—They dwell in poor huts, built of looſe ſtones and turf, without any mortar, having a fire-place or hearth in the middle, generally made of an old mill-ſtone, and a hole at top to let out the ſmoke.

THESE people, however, are content, and wonderfully ſagacious.—All of them read the Bible, and are even qualified to diſpute upon the articles of their faith, which, in thoſe parts I have ſeen, is entirely Preſbyterian. I am told, that the inhabitants of Aberdeenſhire are ſtill more acute.—I once knew a Scotch gentleman at London, who had declared war againſt this part of his country, and ſwore that the impudence and knavery of the Scotch in that quarter had brought a reproach upon the whole nation.

THE river Clyde, above Glaſgow, is quite paſtoral, and the banks of it are every where adorned with fine villas. From the ſea to its ſource, we may reckon the ſeats of many families of the firſt rank, ſuch as the Duke of Argyle at Roſeneath, the Earl of Bute in the iſle of that name, the Earl of Glencairn at Finlayſton, Lord Blantyre at Areſkine, the Ducheſs of Douglas at Bothwell, Duke of Hamilton at Hamilton, the Duke of Douglas at Douglas, and the Earl of Hyndford at Carmichael. Hamilton is a noble palace, magnificently furniſhed; and hard by is the village of that name, one of the neateſt little towns I have ſeen in any country. The old caſtle of Douglas being burnt to the ground by accident, the late duke reſolved, as head of the firſt family in Scotland, to have the largeſt houſe in the kingdom, and ordered a plan for this purpoſe; but there was only one wing of it finiſhed when he died. It is to be hoped that his nephew, who is now in poſſeſſion of his great fortune, will complete the deſign of his predeceſſor.—Clydeſdale is in general populous and rich, containing a great number of gentlemen, who are independent in their fortune; but it produces more cattle than corn.—This is alſo the caſe with Tweeddale, through part of which we paſſed, and Nidſdale, which is generally rough, wild, and mountainous. Theſe hills are covered with ſheep; and this is the ſmall delicious mutton, ſo much preferable to that of the London market. As their feeding coſts ſo little, the ſheep are not killed till five years old, when their fleſh, juices, and flavour are in perfection; but their fleeces are much damaged by the tar with which they are ſmeared to preſerve them from the rot in winter, during which they

run wild night and day, and thouſands are loſt under huge wreaths of ſnow—'Tis a pity the farmers cannot contrive ſome means to ſhelter this uſeful animal from the inclemencies of a rigorous climate, eſpecially from the perpetual rains, which are more prejudicial than the greateſt extremity of cold weather.

On the little river Nid, is ſituated the caſtle of Drumlanrig, one of the nobleſt ſeats in Great Britain, belonging to the Duke of Queenſberry; one of thoſe few noblemen whoſe goodneſs of heart does honour to human nature—I ſhall not pretend to enter into a deſcription of this palace, which is really an inſtance of the ſublime in magnificence, as well as in ſituation, and puts one in mind of the beautiful city of Palmyra, riſing like a viſion in the midſt of the wilderneſs. His grace keeps open houſe, and lives with great ſplendour—He did us the honour to receive us with great courteſy, and detain us all night, together with above twenty other gueſts, with all their ſervants and horſes, to a very conſiderable number—The ducheſs was equally gracious, and took our ladies under her immediate protection. The longer I live, I ſee more reaſon to believe that prejudices of education are never wholly eradicated, even when they are diſcovered to be erroneous and abſurd. Such habits of thinking as intereſt the grand paſſions, cleave to the human heart in ſuch a manner, that though an effort of reaſon may force them from their hold for a moment, this violence no ſooner ceaſes, than they reſume their graſp with an increaſed elaſticity and adheſion.

I am led into this reflection, by what paſſed at the Duke's table after ſupper. The converſation turned upon the vulgar notions of ſpirits and omens, that prevail among the commonalty of North Britain, and all the company agreed, that nothing could be more ridiculous. One gentleman, however, told a remarkable ſtory of himſelf, by way of ſpeculation—"Being on a party of hunting in the north (ſaid he), I reſolved to viſit an old friend, whom I had not ſeen for twenty years—So long he had been retired and ſequeſtrated from all his acquaintance, and lived in a moping melancholy way, much afflicted with lowneſs of ſpirits,

occaſioned by the death of his wife, whom he had loved with uncommon affection. As he reſided in a remote part of the country, and we were five gentlemen, with as many ſervants, we carried ſome proviſion with us from the next market town, leſt we ſhould find him unprepared for our reception. The roads being bad, we did not arrive at the houſe till two o'clock in the afternoon; and were agreeably ſurpriſed to find a very good dinner ready in the kitchen; and the cloth laid with ſix covers. My friend himſelf appeared in his beſt apparel at the gate, and received us with open arms, telling me he had been expecting us theſe two hours—Aſtoniſhed at this declaration, I aſked who had given him intelligence of our coming? and he ſmiled, without making any other reply—However, preſuming upon our former intimacy, I afterwards inſiſted upon knowing; and he told me, very gravely, he had ſeen me in a viſion of the ſecond ſight—Nay, he called in the evidence of his ſteward, who ſolemnly declared, that his maſter had the day before appriſed him of my coming, with four other ſtrangers, and ordered him to provide accordingly; in conſequence of which intimation, he had prepared the dinner which we were now eating; and laid the covers according to the number foretold." The incident we all owned to be remarkable, and I endeavoured to account for it by natural means. I obſerved, that as the old gentleman was of a viſionary turn, the caſual idea, or remembrance of his old friend, might ſuggeſt thoſe circumſtances which accident had for once realized; but that in all probability he had ſeen many viſions of the ſame kind, which were never verified. None of the company directly diſſented from my opinion; but from the objections that were hinted, I could plainly perceive, that the majority were perſuaded there was ſomething more extraordinary in the caſe.

ANOTHER gentleman of the company, addreſſing himſelf to me, "Without all doubt (ſaid he), a diſeaſed imagination is very apt to produce viſions; but we muſt find ſome other method to account for ſomething of this kind, that happened within theſe eight days in my neighbourhood—A gentleman of a good family, who

cannot be deemed a viſionary in any ſenſe of the word, was, near his own gate, in the twilight, viſited by his grandfather, who has been dead theſe fifteen years—The ſpectre was mounted ſeemingly on the very horſe he uſed to ride, with an angry and terrible countenance, and ſaid ſomething, which his grandſon, in the confuſion of his fear, could not underſtand. But this was not all—He lifted up a huge horſe-whip, and applied it with great violence to his back and ſhoulders, on which I ſaw the impreſſion with my own eyes. The apparition was afterwards ſeen by the ſexton of the pariſh, hovering about the tomb where his body lies interred; as the man declared to ſeveral perſons in the village, before he knew what had happened to the gentleman.—Nay, he actually came to me as a juſtice of the peace, in order to make oath of theſe particulars, which, however, I declined adminiſtering. As for the grandſon of the defunct, he is a ſober, ſenſible, worldly-minded fellow, too intent upon ſchemes of intereſt to give into reveries. He would have willingly concealed the affair; but he bawled out in the firſt tranſport of his fear, and, running into the houſe, expoſed his back and his ſconce to the whole family; ſo that there was no denying it in the ſequel. It is now the common diſcourſe of the country, that this appearance and behaviour of the old man's ſpirit, portends ſome great calamity to the family, and the good woman has actually taken to her bed in this apprehenſion."

THOUGH I did not pretend to explain this myſtery, I ſaid, I did not at all doubt, but it would one day appear to be a deception; and, in all probability, a ſcheme executed by ſome enemy of the perſon who had ſuſtained the aſſault: But ſtill the gentleman inſiſted upon the clearneſs of the evidence, and the concurrence of teſtimony, by which two creditable witneſſes, without having any communication one with another, affirmed the appearance of the ſame man, with whoſe perſon they were both well acquainted—From Drumlanrig we purſued the courſe of the Nid to Dumfries, which ſtands ſeveral miles above the place where the river falls into the ſea; and is, after Glaſgow, the handſomeſt town I have ſeen in Scotland—The inhabitants, indeed, ſeem

to have propoſed that city as their model; not only in beautifying their town and regulating its police, but alſo in proſecuting their ſchemes of commerce and manufacture, by which they are grown rich and opulent.

We re-entered England by the way of Carliſle, where we accidentally met with our friend Liſmahago, whom we had in vain enquired after at Dumfries and other places—It would ſeem that the captain, like the prophets of old, is but little honoured in his own country, which he has now renounced for ever—He gave me the following particulars of his viſit to his native ſoil—In his way to the place of his nativity, he learned that his nephew had married the daughter of a burgeois, who directed a weaving manufacture, and had gone into partnerſhip with his father-in-law: Chagrined with this information, he had arrived at the gate in the twilight, where he heard the ſound of treddles in the great hall, which had exaſperated him to ſuch a degree, that he had like to have loſt his ſenſes: While he was thus tranſported with indignation, his nephew chanced to come forth, when, being no longer maſter of his paſſion, he cried, "Degenerate raſcal! you have made my father's houſe a den of thieves;" and at the ſame time chaſtiſed him with his horſe-whip; then, riding round the adjoining village, he had viſited the burying-ground of his anceſtors by moon-light; and, having paid his reſpects to their *manes*, travelled all night to another part of the country—Finding the head of his family in ſuch a diſgraceful ſituation, all his own friends dead or removed from the places of their former reſidence, and the expence of living increaſed to double of what it had been, when he firſt left his native country, he had bid it an eternal adieu, and was determined to ſeek for repoſe among the foreſts of America.

I was no longer at a loſs to account for the apparition, which had been deſcribed at Drumlanrig; and when I repeated the ſtory to the lieutenant, he was much pleaſed to think his reſentment had been ſo much more effectual than he intended; and he owned, he might at ſuch an hour, and in ſuch an equipage, very well paſs for the ghoſt of his father, whom he was ſaid

greatly to reſemble—Between friends, I fancy Liſmahaho will find a retreat without going ſo far as the wigwams of the Miamis. My ſiſter Tabby is making continual advances to him, in the way of affection; and, if I may truſt to appearances, the captain is diſpoſed to take opportunity by the forelock. For my part, I intend to encourage this correſpondence, and ſhall be glad to ſee them united—In that caſe we ſhall find a way to ſettle them comfortably in our own neighbourhood. I, and my ſervants, will get rid of a very troubleſome and tyrannic governante; and I ſhall have the benefit of Liſmahago's converſation, without being obliged to take more of his company than I deſire; for though an olla is a high-flavoured diſh, I could not bear to dine upon it every day of my life.

I AM much pleaſed with Mancheſter, which is one of the moſt agreeable and flouriſhing towns in Great Britain; and I perceive, that this is the place which hath animated the ſpirit, and ſuggeſted the chief manufactures of Glaſgow. We propoſe to viſit Chatſworth, the Peak, and Buxton, from which laſt place we ſhall proceed directly homewards, though by eaſy journies. If the ſeaſon has been as favourable in Wales as in the north, your harveſt is happily finiſhed; and we have nothing left to think of but our October, of which let Barnes be properly reminded. You will find me much better in fleſh than I was at our parting; and this ſhort ſeparation has given a new edge to thoſe ſentiments of friendſhip with which I always have been, and ever ſhall be,

Yours,

Mancheſter,
Sept. 15.

MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Mrs GWILLIM, *houſekeeper at Brambletonhall.*

MRS GWILLIM,

IT has pleaſed Providence to bring us ſafe back to England, and partake us in many pearls by land and water, in particular, the *Devil's Harſe-a-pike*, and *Hoyden's Hole*, which hath got no bottom; and, as we are drawing huomwards, it may be proper to upriſe you, that Brambletonhall may be in a condition to receive us, after this long jurney to the iſlands of Scotland. By the firſt of next month you may begin to make conſtant fires in my brother's chamber and mine; and burn a fagget every day in the yellow damaſk room; have the teſter and curtains duſted, and the feather bed and matroſſes well haired; becauſe, perhaps, with the bliſſing of heaven, they may be yuſed on ſome occaſion. Let the ould hogſheads be well ſkewred and ſeaſoned for bear, as Mat is reſolved to have his ſeller choak-fool.

IF the houſe was mine, I would turn over a new leaf —I don't ſee why the ſarvants of Wales ſhouldn't drink fair water, and eat hot cakes and barley cale, as they do in Scotland, without troubling the botcher above once a quarter—I hope you keep accunt of Roger's purſeeding in reverence to the butter-milk. I expect my due when I come huom, without baiting an aſs, I'll aſſure you.—As you muſt have layed a great many more eggs than would be eaten, I do ſuppoſe there is a power of turks, chickings, and guzzling about the houſe; and a brave kergo of cheeſe ready for market; and that the owl has been ſent to Crickhowel, ſaving what the maids ſpun in the family.

PRAY let the whole houſe and furniture have a through cleaning from top to bottom, for the honour of Wales; and let Roger ſearch into, and make a general clearance of the ſlit holes which the maids have in ſecret; for I know they are much given to ſloath and uncleanneſs. I hope you have worked a reformation among them, as I exhorted you in my laſt, and ſet their hearts upon better things than they can find in

junkitting and caterwauling with the fellows of the country.

As for Win Jenkins, ſhe has undergone a perfect metamurphyſis, and is become a new creeter from the ammunition of Humphry Clinker, our new footman, a pious young man, who has laboured exceedingly, that ſhe may bring forth fruits of repentance. I make no doubt but he will take the ſame pains with that pert huſſy Mary Jones, and all of you; and that he may have power given to penetrate and inſtill his goodneſs, even into your moſt inwards parts, is the fervent prayer of,

Your friend in the ſpirit,

Sept. 18. TAB. BRAMBLE.

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To Dr LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

LISMAHAGO is more paradoxical than ever.—The late gulp he had of his native air ſeems to have blown freſh ſpirits into all his polemical faculties. I congratulated him the other day on the preſent flouriſhing ſtate of his country, obſerving, that the Scotch were now in a fair way to wipe off the national reproach of poverty, and expreſſing my ſatisfaction at the happy effects of the union, ſo conſpicuous in the improvement of their agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and manners—The lieutenant, ſcrewing up his features into a look of diſſent and diſguſt, commented on my remarks to this effect—"Thoſe who reproach a nation for its poverty, when it is not owing to the profligacy or vice of the people, deſerve no anſwer.—The Lacedemonians were poorer than the Scotch, when they took the lead among all the free ſtates of Greece, and were eſteemed above them all for their valour and their virtue. The moſt reſpectable heroes of ancient Rome, ſuch as Fabricius, Cincinnatus, and Regulus, were poorer than the pooreſt freeholder in Scotland; and there are at this day individuals in

North Britain, one of whom can produce more gold and ſilver than the whole republic of Rome could raiſe at thoſe times when her public virtue ſhone with unrivalled luſtre; and poverty was ſo far from being a reproach, that it added freſh laurels to her fame, becauſe it indicated a noble contempt of wealth, which was proof againſt all the arts of corruption. If poverty be a ſubject of reproach, it follows, that wealth is the object of eſteem and veneration. In that caſe there are Jews and others in Amſterdam and London, enriched by uſury, peculation, and different ſpecies of fraud and extortion, who are more eſtimable than the moſt virtuous and illuſtrious members of the community;—an abſurdity which no man in his ſenſes will offer to maintain. Riches are certainly no proof of merit: Nay, they are often (if not moſt commonly) acquired by perſons of ſordid minds and mean talents: Nor do they give any intrinſic worth to the poſſeſſor; but, on the contrary, tend to pervert his underſtanding, and render his morals more depraved. But granting that poverty were really matter of reproach, it cannot be juſtly imputed to Scotland. No country is poor that can ſupply its inhabitants with the neceſſaries of life, and even afford articles for exportation. Scotland is rich in natural advantages: It produces every ſpecies of proviſion in abundance, vaſt herds of cattle, and flocks of ſheep, with a great number of horſes; prodigious quantities of wool and flax, with plenty of copſe wood, and in ſome parts large foreſts of timber. The earth is ſtill more rich below than above the ſurface. It yields inexhauſtible ſtores of coal, free-ſtone, marble, lead, iron, copper, and ſilver, with ſome gold. The ſea abounds with excellent fiſh, and ſalt to cure them for exportation; and there are creeks and harbours round the whole kingdom, for the convenience and ſecurity of navigation. The face of the country diſplays a ſurpriſing number of cities, towns, villas, and villages, ſwarming with people; and there ſeems to be no want of art, induſtry, government, and police.—Such a kingdom never can be called poor, in any ſenſe of the word, though there may be many others more powerful and opulent. But the proper uſe of thoſe advan-

tages, and the preſent proſperity of the Scotch, you ſeem to derive from the union of the two kingdoms."

I ſaid, I ſuppoſed he would not deny that the appearance of the country was much mended; that the people lived better, had more trade, and a greater quantity of money circulating ſince the Union, than before. "I may ſafely admit theſe premiſes (anſwered the lieutenant), without ſubſcribing to your inference. The difference you mention, I ſhould take to be the natural progreſs of improvement—Since that period, other nations, ſuch as the Swedes, the Danes, and in particular the French, have greatly increaſed in commerce, without any ſuch cauſe aſſigned. Before the Union, there was a remarkable ſpirit of trade among the Scotch, as appeared in the caſe of their Darien company, in which they had embarked no leſs than four hundred thouſand pounds ſterling; and in the flouriſhing ſtate of the maritime towns in Fife, and on the eaſtern coaſt, enriched by their trade with France, which failed in conſequence of the Union. The only ſolid commercial advantage reaped from that meaſure, was the privilege of trading to the Engliſh plantations; yet, excepting Glaſgow and Dumfries, I don't know any other Scotch towns concerned in that traffic. In other reſpects, I conceive, the Scotch were loſers by the Union. They loſt the independency of their ſtate, the greateſt prop of national ſpirit; they loſt their parliament, and their courts of juſtice were ſubjected to the reviſion and ſupremacy of an Engliſh tribunal."

"SOFTLY, Captain (cried I), you cannot be ſaid to have loſt your own parliament, while you are repreſented in that of Great Britain." "True (ſaid he, with a ſarcaſtic grin), in debates of national competition, the ſixteen peers and forty-five commoners of Scotland muſt make a formidable figure in the ſcale, againſt the whole Engliſh legiſlature." "Be that as it may (I obſerved), while I had the honour to ſit in the lower houſe, the Scotch members had always the majority on their ſide." "I underſtand you, Sir (ſaid he), they generally ſide with the majority; ſo much the worſe for their conſtituents. But even this evil is not the worſt they have ſuſtained by the Union. Their trade has been ſaddled

with grievous impoſitions, and every article of living ſeverely taxed, to pay the intereſt of enormous debts, contracted by the Engliſh, in ſupport of meaſures and connections in which the Scotch had no intereſt nor concern." I begged he would at leaſt allow, that, by the Union, the Scotch were admitted to all the privileges and immunities of Engliſh ſubjects; by which means multitudes of them were provided for in the army and navy, and got fortunes in different parts of England and its dominions. "All theſe (ſaid he) become Engliſh ſubjects to all intents and purpoſes, and are in a great meaſure loſt to their mother country. The ſpirit of rambling and adventure has been always peculiar to the natives of Scotland. If they had not met with encouragement in England, they would have ſerved and ſettled, as formerly, in other countries, ſuch as Muſcovy, Sweden, Denmark, Poland, Germany, France, Piedmont, and Italy, in all which nations their deſcendents continue to flouriſh even at this day."

By this time my patience began to fail, and I exclaimed, "For God's ſake, what has England got by this union, which, you ſay, has been ſo productive of misfortune to the Scotch?" "Great and manifold are the advantages which England derives from the Union (ſaid Liſmahago, in a ſolemn tone): Firſt and foremoſt, the ſettlement of the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, a point which the Engliſh miniſtry drove with ſuch eagerneſs, that no ſtone was left unturned to cajole and bribe a few leading men, to cram the Union down the throats of the Scottiſh nation, who were ſurpriſingly averſe to the expedient. They gained by it a conſiderable addition of territory, extending their dominion to the ſea on all ſides of the iſland, thereby ſhutting up all back-doors againſt the enterpriſes of their enemies. They got an acceſſion of above a million of uſeful ſubjects, conſtituting a never-failing nurſery of ſeamen, ſoldiers, labourers, and mechanics; a moſt valuable acquiſition to a trading country, expoſed to foreign wars, and obliged to maintain a number of ſettlements in all the four quarters of the globe. In the courſe of ſeven years, during the laſt war, Scotland furniſhed the Engliſh army and navy with ſeventy thouſand men, over and above

thoſe who migrated to their colonies, or mingled with them at home in the civil departments of life. This was a very conſiderable and ſeaſonable ſupply to a nation, whoſe people had been for many years decreaſing in number, and whoſe lands and manufactures were actually ſuffering for want of hands. I need not remind you of the hackneyed maxim, that, to a nation in ſuch circumſtances, a ſupply of induſtrious people is a ſupply of wealth; nor repeat an obſervation, which is now received as an eternal truth, even among the Engliſh themſelves, that the Scotch who ſettle in South Britain are remarkably ſober, orderly, and induſtrious."

I allowed the truth of this remark, adding, that, by their induſtry, economy, and circumſpection, many of them in England, as well as in her colonies, amaſſed large fortunes, with which they returned to their own country, and this was ſo much loſt to South Britain."—"Give me leave, Sir (ſaid he), to aſſure you, that in your fact you are miſtaken, and in your deduction erroneous.—Not one in two hundred that leave Scotland ever returns to ſettle in his own country; and the few that do return, carry thither nothing that can poſſibly diminiſh the ſtock of South Britain; for none of their treaſure ſtagnates in Scotland—There is a continual circulation, like that of the blood in the human body, and England is the heart, to which all the ſtreams which it diſtributes are refunded and returned; nay, in conſequence of that luxury, which our connection with England hath greatly encouraged, if not introduced, all the produce of our lands, and all the profits of our trade, are engroſſed by the natives of South Britain; for you will find that the exchange between the two kingdoms is always againſt Scotland, and that ſhe retains neither gold nor ſilver ſufficient for her own circulation. The Scotch, not content with their own manufactures and produce, which would very well anſwer all neceſſary occaſions, ſeem to vie with each other in purchaſing ſuperfluities from England, ſuch as broad cloth, velvets, ſtuffs, ſilks, lace, furs, jewels, furniture of all ſorts, ſugar, rum, tea, chocolate, and coffee; in a word, not only every mode of the moſt extravagant luxury, but even many articles of convenience, which they might

find as good, and much cheaper in their own country. For all theſe particulars, England, I conceive, may touch about one million ſterling a year.—I don't pretend to make an exact calculation; perhaps it may be ſomething leſs, and perhaps a great deal more.—The annual revenue ariſing from all the private eſtates of Scotland cannot fall ſhort of a million ſterling; and I ſhould imagine their trade will amount to as much more. I know, the linen manufacture alone returns near half a million, excluſive of the home conſumption of that article. If, therefore, North Britain pays a balance of a million annually to England, I inſiſt upon it, that country is more valuable to her, in the way of commerce, than any colony in her poſſeſſion, over and above the other advantages which I have ſpecified; therefore, they are no friends either to England or to truth, who affect to depreciate the northern part of the united kingdom."

I MUST own, I was at firſt a little nettled to find myſelf ſchooled in ſo many particulars.—Though I did not receive all his aſſertions as goſpel, I was not prepared to refute them; and I cannot help now acquieſcing in his remarks, ſo far as to think, that the contempt for Scotland, which prevails too much on this ſide of the Tweed, is founded on prejudice and error.—After ſome recollection, "Well, Captain (ſaid I), you have argued ſtoutly for the importance of your own country: For my part, I have ſuch a regard for our fellow-ſubjects of North Britain, that I ſhould be glad to ſee the day when your peaſants can afford to give all their oats to their cattle, hogs, and poultry, and indulge themſelves with good wheaten loaves, inſtead of ſuch poor, unpalatable, and inflammatory diet." Here again I brought myſelf into a premunire with the diſputatious Caledonian. He ſaid, he hoped he ſhould never ſee the common people lifted out of that ſphere for which they were intended by nature and the courſe of things; that they might have ſome reaſon to complain of their bread, if it were mixed, like that of Norway, with ſaw-duſt and fiſh-bones; but that oat-meal was, he apprehended, as nouriſhing and ſalutary as wheat-flour, and the Scotch in general thought it at leaſt as ſavoury.—He affirmed, that a mouſe, which, in the article of ſelf-preſervation,

might be ſuppoſed to act from infallible inſtinct, would always prefer oats to wheat, as appeared from experience; for, in a place where there was a parcel of each, that animal had never begun to feed upon the latter till all the oats were conſumed. For their nutritive quality, he appealed to the hale robuſt conſtitutions of the people, who lived chiefly upon oat-meal; and, inſtead of being inflammatory, he aſſerted, that it was cooling, ſubacid, balſamic, and mucilaginous; inſomuch, that, in all inflammatory diſtempers, recourſe was had to water-gruel, and flummery made of oat-meal.

"At leaſt (ſaid I), give me leave to wiſh them ſuch a degree of commerce as may enable them to follow their own inclinations." "Heaven forbid! (cried this philoſopher). Wo be to that nation, where the multitude is at liberty to follow their own inclinations! Commerce is undoubtedly a bleſſing, while reſtrained within its proper channels; but a glut of wealth brings along with it a glut of evils: It brings falſe taſte, falſe appetite, falſe wants, profuſion, venality, contempt of order, engendering a ſpirit of licentiouſneſs, inſolence, and faction, that keeps the community in continual ferment, and in time deſtroys all the diſtinctions of civil ſociety; ſo that univerſal anarchy and uproar muſt enſue. Will any ſenſible man affirm, that the national advantages of opulence are to be ſought on theſe terms? No, ſure;—but I am one of thoſe who think, that, by proper regulations, commerce may produce every national benefit, without the allay of ſuch concomitant evils."

So much for the dogmata of my friend Liſmahago, whom I deſcribe the more circumſtantially, as I firmly believe he will ſet up his reſt in Monmouthſhire. Yeſterday, while I was alone with him, he aſked, in ſome confuſion, if I ſhould have any objection to the ſucceſs of a gentleman and a ſoldier, provided he ſhould be ſo fortunate as to engage my ſiſter's affection? I anſwered, without heſitation, that my ſiſter was old enough to judge for herſelf; and that I ſhould be very far from diſapproving any reſolution ſhe might take in his favour. His eyes ſparkled at this declaration. He declared, he ſhould think himſelf the happieſt man on earth to be connected with my family; and that he ſhould

never be weary of giving me proofs of his gratitude and attachment. I ſuppoſe Tabby and he are already agreed, in which caſe we ſhall have a wedding at Brambleton-hall, and you ſhall give away the bride. It is the leaſt thing you can do, by way of atonement for your former cruelty to that poor love-ſick maiden, who has been ſo long a thorn in the ſide of

Yours,

Sept. 20. MATT. BRAMBLE.

We have been at Buxton; but, as I did not much reliſh either the company or the accommodations, and had no occaſion for the water, we ſtaid but two nights in the place.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. at Oxon.*

DEAR WAT,

ADVENTURES begin to thicken as we advance to the ſouthward. Liſmahago has now profeſſed himſelf the admirer of our aunt, and carries on his addreſſes under the ſanction of her brother's approbation; ſo that we ſhall certainly have a wedding by Chriſtmas. I ſhould be glad you was preſent at the nuptials to help me to throw the ſtocking, and perform other ceremonies peculiar to the occaſion. I am ſure it will be productive of ſome diverſion; and, truly, it would be worth your while to come acroſs the country on purpoſe to ſee two ſuch original figures in bed together, with their laced night caps; he the emblem of good cheer, and ſhe the picture of good nature. All this agreeable proſpect was clouded, and had well nigh vaniſhed entirely, in conſequence of a late miſunderſtanding between the future brothers-in-law, which, however, is now happily removed.

A FEW days ago, my uncle and I, going to viſit a relation, met with Lord Oxmington at his houſe, who aſked us to dine with him next day, and we accepted the invitation. Accordingly, leaving our women under

the care of Captain Liſmahago, at the inn where we had lodged the preceding night, in a little town, about a mile from his lordſhip's dwelling, we went at the hour appointed, and had a faſhionable meal, ſerved up with much oſtentation, to a company of about a dozen perſons, none of whom we had ever ſeen before. His lordſhip is much more remarkable for his pride and caprice, than for his hoſpitality and underſtanding; and, indeed, it appeared that he conſidered his gueſts merely as objects to ſhine upon, ſo as to reflect the luſtre of his own magnificence. There was much ſtate, but no courteſy; and a great deal of compliment, without any converſation. Before the deſert was removed, our noble entertainer propoſed three general toaſts; then calling for a glaſs of wine, and bowing all round, wiſhed us a good afternoon. This was the ſignal for the company to break up, and they obeyed it immediately, all except our ſquire, who was greatly ſhocked at the manner of this diſmiſſion. He changed countenance, bit his lip in ſilence, but ſtill kept his ſeat, ſo that his lordſhip found himſelf obliged to give us another hint, by ſaying, he ſhould be glad to ſee us another time. "There is no time like the preſent time (cried Mr Bramble); your lordſhip has not yet drank a bumper to *the beſt in Chriſtendom.*" "I'll drink no more bumpers to-day (anſwered our landlord); and I am ſorry to ſee you have drank too many—Order the gentleman's carriage to the gate." So ſaying, he roſe and retired abruptly; our ſquire ſtarting up at the ſame time, laying his hand upon his ſword, and eyeing him with a moſt ferocious aſpect. The maſter having vaniſhed in this manner, our uncle bade one of the ſervants ſee what was to pay; and the fellow anſwering, "This is no inn:"—"I cry you mercy (ſaid the other), I perceive it is not; if it were, the landlord would be more civil. There's a guinea, however, take it, and tell your lord, that I ſhall not leave the country till I have had an opportunity to thank him in perſon for his politeneſs and hoſpitality."

We then walked down ſtairs through a double range of lacqueys, and, getting into the chaiſe, proceeded homewards. Perceiving the ſquire much ruffled, I ventured to diſapprove of his reſentment, obſerving,

that, as Lord Oxmington was well known to have his brain very ill timbered, a ſenſible man ſhould rather laugh than be angry at his ridiculous want of breeding. Mr Bramble took umbrage at my preſuming to be wiſer than he upon this occaſion; and told me, that, as he had always thought for himſelf in every occurrence in life, he would ſtill uſe the ſame privilege, with my good leave.

WHEN we returned to our inn, he cloſeted Liſmahago; and having explained his grievance, deſired that gentleman to go and demand ſatisfaction of Lord Oxmington in his name. The lieutenant charged himſelf with this commiſſion, and immediately ſet out a-horſeback for his lordſhip's houſe, attended, at his own requeſt, by my man Archy Macalpine, who had been uſed to military ſervice; and truly, if Macalpine had been mounted upon an aſs, this couple might have paſſed for the Knight of La Mancha and his ſquire Panza. It was not till after ſome demur that Liſmahago obtained a private audience, at which he formally defied his lordſhip to ſingle combat, in the name of Mr Bramble, and deſired him to appoint the time and place. Lord Oxmington was ſo confounded at this unexpected meſſage, that he could not, for ſome time, make any articulate reply; but ſtood ſtaring at the lieutenant with manifeſt marks of perturbation. At length, ringing a bell with great vehemence, he exclaimed, "What! a commoner ſend a challenge to a peer of the realm!—Privilege! privilege!—Here's a perſon brings me a challenge from the Welchman that dined at my table. An impudent fellow!—My wine is not yet out of his head."

THE whole houſe was immediately in commotion.—Macalpine made a ſoldierly retreat with the two horſes; but the captain was ſuddenly ſurrounded and diſarmed by the footmen, whom a French valet de chambre headed in this exploit; his ſword was paſſed through a cloſe ſtool, and his perſon through the horſe pond. In this plight he returned to the inn, half mad with his diſgrace. So violent was the rage of his indignation, that he miſtook its object. He wanted to quarrel with Mr Bramble; he ſaid, he had been diſhonoured on his ac-

count, and he looked for reparation at his hands. My uncle's back was up in a moment; and he deſired him to explain his pretenſions. "Either compel Lord Oxmington to give me ſatisfaction (cried he), or give it me in your perſon." "The latter part of the alternative is the moſt eaſy and expeditious (replied the ſquire, ſtarting up); if you are diſpoſed for a walk, I'll attend you this moment."

HERE they were interrupted by Mrs Tabby, who had overheard all that paſſed. She now burſt into the room, and running betwixt them, in great agitation, "Is this your regard for me (ſaid ſhe to the lieutenant), to ſeek the life of my brother?" Liſmahago, who ſeemed to grow cool as my uncle grew hot, aſſured her he had a very great reſpect for Mr Bramble, but he had ſtill more for his own honour, which had ſuffered pollution; but if that could be once purified, he ſhould have no farther cauſe of diſſatisfaction. The ſquire ſaid, he ſhould have thought it incumbent upon him to vindicate the lieutenant's honour; but as he had now carved for himſelf, he might ſwallow and digeſt it as well as he could—In a word, what betwixt the mediation of Mrs Tabitha, the recollection of the captain, who perceived he had gone too far, and the remonſtrances of your humble ſervant, who joined them at this juncture, thoſe two originals were perfectly reconciled; and then we proceeded to deliberate upon the means of taking vengeance for the inſults they had received from the petulant peer; for until that aim ſhould be accompliſhed, Mr Bramble ſwore, with great emphaſis, that he would not leave the inn where we now lodged, even if he ſhould paſs his Chriſtmas on the ſpot.

IN conſequence of our deliberations, we next day, in the forenoon, proceeded in a body to his Lordſhip's houſe, all of us, with our ſervants, including the coachman, mounted a-horſeback, with our piſtols loaded and ready primed.—Thus prepared for action, we paraded ſolemnly and ſlowly before his Lordſhip's gate, which we paſſed three times in ſuch a manner, that he could not but ſee us, and ſuſpect the cauſe of our appearance.—After dinner we returned, and performed the ſame cavalcade, which was again repeated the morning fol-

lowing; but we had no occaſion to perſiſt in theſe manœuvres.—About noon we were viſited by the gentleman at whoſe houſe we had firſt ſeen Lord Oxmington.—He now came to make apologies in the name of his lordſhip, who declared he had no intention to give offence to my uncle, in practiſing what had been always the cuſtom of his houſe; and that as for the indignities which had been put upon the officer, they were offered without his lordſhip's knowledge, at the inſtigation of his valet de chambre.—"If that be the caſe (ſaid my uncle, in a peremptory tone), I ſhall be contented with Lord Oxmington's perſonal excuſes; and I hope my friend will be ſatisfied with his lordſhip's turning that inſolent raſcal out of his ſervice."—"Sir (cried Liſmahago), I muſt inſiſt upon taking perſonal vengeance for the perſonal injuries I have ſuſtained."

AFTER ſome debate, the affair was adjuſted in this manner. His lordſhip, meeting us at our friend's houſe, declared he was ſorry for what had happened; and that he had no intention to give umbrage.—The valet de chambre aſked pardon of the lieutenant upon his knees, when Liſmahago, to the aſtoniſhment of all preſent, gave him a violent kick on the face, which laid him on his back, exclaiming in a furious tone, "*Oui je te pardonne, gens foutre.*"

SUCH was the fortunate iſſue of this perilous adventure, which threatened abundance of vexation to our family; for the ſquire is one of thoſe who will ſacrifice both life and fortune, rather than leave what he conceives to be the leaſt ſpeck or blemiſh upon his honour and reputation. His lordſhip had no ſooner pronounced his apology, with a very bad grace, than he went away in ſome diſorder, and, I dare ſay, he will never invite another Welchman to his table.

WE forthwith quitted the field of this atchievement, in order to proſecute our journey; but we follow no determinate courſe.—We make ſmall deviations, to ſee the remarkable towns, villas, and curioſities on each ſide of our route; ſo that we advance by ſlow ſteps towards the borders of Monmouthſhire: But, in the midſt of theſe irregular motions, there is no aberration nor

eccentricity in that affection with which I am, dear Wat,

Yours always,

September 28. J. MELFORD.

To Dr LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,

AT what time of life may a man think himſelf exempted from the neceſſity of ſacrificing his repoſe to the punctilios of a contemptible world? I have been engaged in a ridiculous adventure, which I ſhall recount at meeting; and this, I hope, will not be much longer delayed, as we have now performed almoſt all our viſits, and ſeen every thing that I think has any right to retard us in our journey homewards—A few days ago, underſtanding, by accident, that my old friend Baynard was in the country, I would not paſs ſo near his habitation without paying him a viſit, though our correſpondence had been interrupted for a long courſe of years.

I FELT myſelf very ſenſibly affected by the ideas of our paſt intimacy, as we approached the place where we had ſpent ſo many happy days together; but when we arrived at the houſe, I could not recognize any one of thoſe objects which had been ſo deeply impreſſed upon my remembrance—The tall oaks that ſhaded the avenue had been cut down, and the iron gates at the end of it removed, together with the high wall that ſurrounded the court-yard. The houſe itſelf, which was formerly a convent of Ciſtercian monks, had a venerable appearance; and along the front that looked into the garden, was a ſtone gallery, which afforded me many an agreeable walk, when I was diſpoſed to be contemplative.—Now the old front is covered with a ſcreen of modern architecture; ſo that all without is Grecian, and all within Gothic.—As for the garden, which was well ſtocked with the beſt fruit which England could produce, there is not now the leaſt veſtige remaining of

trees, walls, or hedges.—Nothing appears but a naked circus of looſe ſand, with a dry baſon and a leaden Triton in the middle.

YOU muſt know, that Baynard, at his father's death, had a clear eſtate of fifteen hundred pounds a-year, and was in other reſpects extremely well qualified to make a reſpectable figure in the commonwealth; but, what with ſome exceſſes of youth, and the expence of a conteſted election, he, in a few years, found himſelf encumbered with a debt of ten thouſand pounds, which he reſolved to diſcharge by means of a prudent marriage.—He accordingly married a Miſs Thomſon, whoſe fortune amounted to double the ſum that he owed.—She was the daughter of a citizen who had failed in trade; but her fortune came by an uncle, who died in the Eaſt Indies.—Her own parents being dead, ſhe lived with a maiden aunt, who had ſuperintended her education, and, in all appearance, was well enough qualified for the uſual purpoſes of the married ſtate.—Her virtues, however, ſtood rather upon a negative than a poſitive foundation.—She was neither proud, inſolent, nor capricious, nor given to ſcandal, nor addicted to gaming, nor inclined to gallantry.—She could read, and write, and dance, and ſing, and play upon the harpſichord, and ſmatter French, and take a hand at whiſt and ombre; but even theſe accompliſhments ſhe poſſeſſed by halves.—She excelled in nothing. Her converſation was flat, her ſtile mean, and her expreſſion embarraſſed—In a word, her character was totally inſipid. Her perſon was not diſagreeable; but there was nothing graceful in her addreſs, nor engaging in her manners; and ſhe was ſo ill qualified to do the honours of the houſe, that, when ſhe ſat at the head of the table, one was always looking for the miſtreſs of the family in ſome other place.

BAYNARD had flattered himſelf that it would be no difficult matter to mould ſuch a ſubject after his own faſhion, and that ſhe would cheerfully enter into his views, which were wholly turned to domeſtic happineſs. He propoſed to reſide always in the country, of which he was fond to a degree of enthuſiaſm; to cultivate his eſtate, which was very improveable; to enjoy the ex-

erciſe of rural diverſions; to maintain an intimacy of correſpondence with ſome friends that were ſettled in his neighbourhood; to keep a comfortable houſe, without ſuffering his expences to exceed the limits of his income; and to find pleaſure and employment for his wife in the management and avocations of her own family.—This, however, was a viſionary ſcheme, which he never was able to realize.—His wife was as ignorant as a newborn babe of every thing that related to the conduct of a family; and ſhe had no idea of a country life—Her underſtanding did not reach ſo far as to comprehend the firſt principles of diſcretion; and indeed, if her capacity had been better than it was, her natural indolence would not have permitted her to abandon a certain routine to which ſhe had been habituated. She had not taſte enough to reliſh any rational enjoyment; but her ruling paſſion was vanity, not that ſpecies which ariſes from ſelf-conceit of ſuperior accompliſhments, but that which is of a baſtard and idiot nature, excited by ſhew and oſtentation, which implies not even the leaſt conſciouſneſs of any perſonal merit.

THE nuptial peal of noiſe and nonſenſe being rung out in all the uſual changes, Mr Baynard thought it high time to make her acquainted with the particulars of the plan which he had projected—He told her that his fortune, though ſufficient to afford all the comforts of life, was not ample enough to command all the ſuperfluities of pomp and pageantry, which, indeed, were equally abſurd and intolerable—He therefore hoped ſhe would have no objection to their leaving London in the ſpring, when he would take the opportunity to diſmiſs ſome unneceſſary domeſtics, whom he had hired for the occaſion of their marriage—She heard him in ſilence, and, after ſome pauſe, "So (ſaid ſhe), I am to be buried in the country!" He was ſo confounded at this reply, that he could not ſpeak for ſome minutes: At length he told her he was much mortified to find he had propoſed any thing that was diſagreeable to her ideas—"I am ſure (added he) I meant nothing more than to lay down a comfortable plan of living within the bounds of our fortune, which is but moderate." "Sir (added ſhe), you are the beſt judge of your own affairs

—My fortune, I know, does not exceed twenty thouſand pounds—Yet, even with that pittance, I might have had a huſband who would not have begrudged me a houſe in London—" " Good God! my dear (cried poor Baynard, in the utmoſt agitation), you don't think me ſo ſordid—I only hinted what I thought—But I don't pretend to impoſe—" " Yes, Sir (reſumed the lady), it is your prerogative to command, and my duty to obey—"

So ſaying, ſhe burſt into tears, and retired to her chamber, where ſhe was joined by her aunt—He endeavoured to recollect himſelf, and act with vigour of mind on this occaſion; but was betrayed by the tenderneſs of his nature, which was the greateſt defect of his conſtitution. He found the aunt in tears, and the niece in a fit, which held her the beſt part of eight hours, at the expiration of which, ſhe began to talk incoherently about *death* and her *dear huſband*, who had ſat by her all this time, and now preſſed her hand to his lips, in a tranſport of grief and penitence for the offence he had given—From thenceforward, he carefully avoided mentioning the country; and they continued to be ſucked deeper and deeper into the vortex of extravagance and diſſipation, leading what is called a faſhionable life in town—About the latter end of July, however, Mrs Baynard, in order to exhibit a proof of conjugal obedience, deſired, of her own accord, that they might pay a viſit to his country-houſe, as there was no company left in London. He would have excuſed himſelf from this excurſion, which was no part of the economical plan he had propoſed; but ſhe inſiſted upon making this ſacrifice to his taſte and prejudices, and away they went with ſuch an equipage as aſtoniſhed the whole country—All that remained of the ſeaſon was engroſſed by receiving and returning viſits in the neighbourhood; and, in this intercourſe, it was diſcovered that Sir John Chickwell had a houſe-ſteward and one footman in livery more than the complement of Mr Baynard's houſehold. —This remark was made by the aunt at table, and aſſented to by the huſband, who obſerved that Sir John Chickwell might very well afford to keep more ſervants than were found in the family of a man who had not

half his fortune. Mrs Baynard eat no ſupper that evening; but was ſeized with a violent fit, which completed her triumph over the ſpirit of her conſort. The two ſupernumerary ſervants were added—The family plate was ſold for old ſilver, and a new ſervice procured; faſhionable furniture was provided, and the whole houſe turned topſy turvy.

AT their return to London, in the beginning of winter, he, with a heavy heart, communicated theſe particulars to me in confidence. Before his marriage he had introduced me to the lady as his particular friend; and I now offered, in that character, to lay before her the neceſſity of reforming her economy, if ſhe had any regard to the intereſt of her own family, or complaiſance for the inclinations of her huſband.—But Baynard declined my offer, on the ſuppoſition that his wife's nerves were too delicate to bear expoſtulation; and that it would only ſerve to overwhelm her with ſuch diſtreſs as would make himſelf miſerable.

BAYNARD is a man of ſpirit, and had ſhe proved a termagant, he would have known how to deal with her; but, either by accident or inſtinct, ſhe faſtened upon the weak ſide of his ſoul, and held it ſo faſt, that he has been in ſubjection ever ſince.—I afterwards adviſed him to carry her abroad to France and Italy, where he might gratify her vanity for half the expence it coſt him in England; and this advice he followed accordingly.—She was agreeably flattered with the idea of ſeeing and knowing foreign parts and foreign faſhions, of being preſented to ſovereigns, and living familiarly with princes. She forthwith ſeized the hint, which I had thrown out on purpoſe, and even preſſed Mr Baynard to haſten his departure; ſo that, in a few weeks, they croſſed the ſea to France, with a moderate train, ſtill including the aunt, who was her boſom counſellor, and abetted her in all her oppoſition to her huſband's will.—Since that period I have had little or no opportunity to renew our former correſpondence.—All that I knew of his tranſactions amounted to no more than that, after an abſence of two years, they returned ſo little improved in economy, that they launched out into new oceans of extravagance, which, at length, obliged him to mortgage his

eſtate.—By this time ſhe had bore him three children, of which the laſt only ſurvives, a puny boy of twelve or thirteen, who will be ruined in his education by the indulgence of his mother.

As for Baynard, neither his own good ſenſe, nor the dread of indigence, nor the conſideration of his children, has been of force ſufficient to ſtimulate him into the reſolution of breaking at once the ſhameful ſpell by which he ſeems inchanted.—With a taſte capable of the moſt refined enjoyment, a heart glowing with all the warmth of friendſhip and humanity, and a diſpoſition ſtrongly turned to the more rational pleaſures of a retired and country life, he is hurried about in a perpetual tumult, amidſt a mob of beings pleaſed with rattles, baubles, and gewgaws, ſo void of ſenſe and diſtinction, that even the moſt acute philoſophy would find it a very hard taſk to diſcover for what wiſe purpoſes of providence they were created.—Friendſhip is not to be found, nor can the amuſements for which he ſighs be enjoyed, within the rotation of abſurdity to which he is doomed for life. He has long reſigned all views of improving his fortune by management and attention to the exerciſe of huſbandry, in which he delighted; and, as to domeſtic happineſs, not the leaſt glimpſe of hope remains to amuſe his imagination. Thus blaſted in all his proſpects, he could not fail to be overwhelmed with melancholy and chagrin, which have preyed upon his health and ſpirits in ſuch a manner, that he is now threatened with a conſumption.

I HAVE given you a ſketch of the man whom the other day I went to viſit.—At the gate we found a great number of powdered iacquies, but no civility.—After we had ſat a conſiderable time in the coach, we were told, that Mr Baynard had rode out, and that his lady was dreſſing; but we were introduced to a parlour, ſo very fine and delicate, that in all appearance it was deſigned to be ſeen only, not inhabited. The chairs and couches were carved, gilt, and covered with rich damask, ſo ſmooth and ſleek, that they looked as if they had never been ſat upon. There was no carpet on the floor; but the boards were rubbed and waxed in ſuch a manner, that we could not walk, but were obliged to

ſlide along them; and, as for the ſtove, it was too bright and poliſhed to be polluted with ſea-coal, or ſtained by the ſmoke of any groſs material fire.—When we had remained above half an hour, ſacrificing to the inhoſpitable powers in this *temple of cold reception*, my friend Baynard arrived, and, underſtanding we were in the houſe, made his appearance, ſo meagre, yellow, and dejected, that I really ſhould not have known him, had I met with him in any other place.—Running up to me, with great eagerneſs, he ſtrained me in his embrace, and his heart was ſo full, that for ſome minutes he could not ſpeak.—Having ſaluted us all round, he perceived our uncomfortable ſituation, and, conducting us into another apartment, which had fire in the chimney, called for chocolate; then withdrawing, he returned with a compliment from his wife, and, in the mean time, preſented his ſon Harry, a ſhambling blear-eyed boy, in the habit of a huſſar, very rude, forward, and impertinent—His father would have ſent him to a boarding-ſchool, but his mamma and aunt would not hear of his lying out of the houſe; ſo that there was a clergyman engaged as his tutor in the family.

As it was but juſt turned of twelve, and the whole houſe was in commotion to prepare a formal entertainment, I foreſaw it would be late before we dined, and propoſed a walk to Mr Baynard, that we might converſe together freely. In the courſe of this perambulation, when I expreſſed ſome ſurpriſe that he had returned ſo ſoon from Italy, he gave me to underſtand, that his going abroad had not at all anſwered the purpoſe for which he left England; that, although the expence of living was not ſo great in Italy as at home, reſpect being had to the ſame rank of life in both countries, it had been found neceſſary for him to lift himſelf above his uſual ſtile, that he might be on ſome footing with the counts, marquiſſes, and cavaliers with whom he kept company.—He was obliged to hire a great number of ſervants, to take off a great variety of rich cloaths, and to keep a ſumptuous table for the faſhionable ſorocconi of the country, who, without a conſideration of this kind, would not have paid any attention to an untitled foreigner, let his family or fortune be ever ſo reſpectable.—Be-

ſides, Mrs Baynard was continually ſurrounded by a train of expenſive loungers, under the denominations of language-maſters, muſicians, painters, and ciceroni; and had actually fallen into the diſeaſe of buying pictures and antiques upon her own judgment, which was far from being infallible.—At length ſhe met with an affront, which gave her a diſguſt to Italy, and drove her back to England with ſome precipitation.—By means of frequenting the Ducheſs of B——'s converſazione while her grace was at Rome, Mrs Baynard became acquainted with all the faſhionable people of that city, and was admitted to their aſſemblies without ſcruple. Thus favoured, ſhe conceived too great an idea of her own importance, and, when the ducheſs left Rome, reſolved to have a converſazione that ſhould leave the Romans no room to regret her grace's departure. She provided hands for a muſical entertainment, and ſent bighetti of invitation to every perſon of diſtinction; but not one Roman of the female ſex appeared at her aſſembly.—She was that night ſeized with a violent fit, and kept her bed three days, at the expiration of which ſhe declared that the air of Italy would be the ruin of her conſtitution. In order to prevent this cataſtrophe, ſhe was ſpeedily removed to Geneva, from whence they returned to England by the way of Lyons and Paris. By the time they arrived at Calais, ſhe had purchaſed ſuch a quantity of ſilks, ſtuffs, and laces, that it was neceſſary to hire a veſſel to ſmuggle them over, and this veſſel was taken by a cuſtomhouſe cutter; ſo that they loſt the whole cargo, which had coſt them above eight hundred pounds.

It now appeared, that her travels had produced no effect upon her, but that of making her more expenſive and fantaſtic than ever.—She affected to lead the faſhion, not only in point of female dreſs, but in every article of taſte and connoiſſeurſhip. She made a drawing of the new façade to the houſe in the country; ſhe pulled up the trees, and pulled down the walls of the garden, ſo as to let in the eaſterly wind, which Mr Baynard's anceſtors had been at great pains to exclude. To ſhew her taſte in laying out ground, ſhe ſeized into her own hand a farm of two hundred acres, about a mile from

the houſe, which ſhe parcelled out into walks and ſhrubberies, having a great baſon in the middle, into which ſhe poured a whole ſtream that turned two mills, and afforded the beſt trout in the country. The bottom of the baſon, however, was ſo ill ſecured, that it would not hold the water, which ſtrained through the earth, and made a bog of the whole plantation.—In a word, the ground which formerly paid him one hundred and fifty pounds a-year, now coſt him two hundred pounds a-year to keep it in tolerable order, over and above the firſt expence of trees, ſhrubs, flowers, turf, and gravel. There was not an inch of garden ground left about the houſe, nor a tree that produced fruit of any kind; nor did he raiſe a truſs of hay or a buſhel of oats for his horſes, nor had he a ſingle cow to afford milk for his tea, far leſs did he ever dream of feeding his own mutton, pigs, and poultry; every article of houſekeeping, even the moſt inconſiderable, was brought from the next market-town, at the diſtance of five miles, and thither they ſent a courier every morning to fetch hot rolls for breakfaſt.—In ſhort, Baynard fairly owned, that he ſpent double his income, and that in a few years he ſhould be obliged to ſell his eſtate for the payment of his creditors. He ſaid, his wife had ſuch delicate nerves, and ſuch imbecillity of ſpirit, that ſhe could neither bear remonſtrance, be it ever ſo gentle, nor practiſe any ſcheme of retrenchment, even if ſhe perceived the neceſſity of ſuch a meaſure.—He had, therefore, ceaſed ſtruggling againſt the ſtream, and endeavoured to reconcile himſelf to ruin, by reflecting, that his child, at leaſt, would inherit his mother's fortune, which was ſecured to him by the contract of marriage.

THE detail which he gave me of his affairs filled me at once with grief and indignation. I inveighed bitterly againſt the indiſcretion of his wife, and reproached him with his unmanly acquieſcence under the abſurd tyranny which ſhe exerted. I exhorted him to recollect his reſolution, and make one effectual effort to diſengage himſelf from a thraldom equally ſhameful and pernicious. I offered him all the aſſiſtance in my power. I undertook to regulate his affairs, and even to bring about a reformation in his family, if he would only authoriſe me

to execute the plan I ſhould form for his advantage. I was ſo affected by the ſubject, that I could not help mingling tears with my remonſtrances; and Baynard was ſo penetrated with theſe marks of my affection, that he loſt all power of utterance. He preſſed me to his breaſt with great emotion, and wept in ſilence. At length he exclaimed, "Friendſhip is undoubtedly the moſt precious balm of life! Your words, dear Bramble, have in a great meaſure recalled me from an abyſs of deſpondence, in which I have been long overwhelmed.—I will, upon honour, make you acquainted with a diſtinct ſtate of my affairs, and, as far as I am able to go, will follow the courſe you preſcribe. But there are certain lengths which my nature——The truth is, there are tender connections, of which a bachelor has no idea.—Shall I own my weakneſs?—I cannot bear the thoughts of making that woman uneaſy."—"And yet (cried I), ſhe has ſeen you unhappy for a ſeries of years—unhappy from her miſconduct, without ever ſhewing the leaſt inclination to alleviate your diſtreſs."——"Nevertheleſs (ſaid he), I am perſuaded ſhe loves me with the moſt warm affection; but theſe are incongruities in the compoſition of the human mind which I hold to be inexplicable."

I WAS ſhocked at his infatuation, and changed the ſubject, after we had agreed to maintain a cloſe correſpondence for the future.—He then gave me to underſtand, that he had two neighbours, who, like himſelf, were driven by their wives at full ſpeed in the high road to bankruptcy and ruin. All the three huſbands were of diſpoſitions very different from each other, and, according to this variation, their conſorts were admirably ſuited to the purpoſe of keeping them all three in ſubjection. The views of the ladies were exactly the ſame. They vied in grandeur, that is, in oſtentation, with the wife of Sir Charles Chickwell, who had four times their fortune; and ſhe again piqued herſelf upon making an equal figure with a neighbouring peereſs, whoſe revenue trebled her own. Here then was the fable of the frog and the ox realized in four different inſtances within the ſame county—one large fortune and three moderate eſtates in a fair way of being burſt by the inflation of

female vanity; and, in three of theſe inſtances, three different forms of female tyranny were exerciſed.—Mr Baynard was ſubjugated by practiſing upon the tenderneſs of his nature. Mr Milkſan, being of a timorous diſpoſition, truckled to the inſolence of a termagant. Mr Sowerby, who was of a temper neither to be moved by fits, nor driven by menaces, had the fortune to be fitted with a helpmate who aſſailed him with the weapons of irony and ſatire; ſometimes ſneering in the way of compliment; ſometimes throwing out ſarcaſtic compariſons, implying reproaches upon his want of taſte, ſpirit, and generoſity: By which means ſhe ſtimulated his paſſions from one act of extravagance to another, juſt as the circumſtances of her vanity required.

ALL theſe three ladies have at this time the ſame number of horſes, carriages, and ſervants in and out of livery; the ſame variety of dreſs; the ſame quantity of plate and china; the like ornaments in furniture; and in their entertainments they endeavour to exceed one another in the variety, delicacy, and expence of their diſhes. I believe it will be found upon enquiry, that nineteen out of twenty, who are ruined by extravagance, fall a ſacrifice to the ridiculous pride and vanity of ſilly women, whoſe parts are held in contempt by the very men whom they pillage and enſlave. Thank heaven, Dick, that among all the follies and weakneſſes of human nature, I have not yet fallen into that of matrimony.

AFTER Baynard and I had diſcuſſed all theſe matters at leiſure, we returned towards the houſe, and met Jery with our two women, who had come forth to take the air, as the lady of the manſion had not yet made her appearance. In ſhort, Mrs Baynard did not produce herſelf, till about a quarter of an hour before dinner was upon the table. Then her huſband brought her into the parlour, accompanied by her aunt and ſon, and ſhe received us with a coldneſs of reſerve ſufficient to freeze the very ſoul of hoſpitality. Though ſhe knew I had been the intimate friend of her huſband, and had often ſeen me with him in London, ſhe ſhewed no marks of recognition or regard, when I addreſſed myſelf to her in the moſt friendly terms of ſalutation.

She did not expreſs the common compliment of, *I am glad to ſee you;* or, *I hope you have enjoyed your health ſince we had the pleaſure of ſeeing you;* or ſome ſuch words of courſe: Nor did ſhe once open her mouth in the way of welcome to my ſiſter and my niece, but ſat in ſilence like a ſtatue, with an aſpect of inſenſibility. Her aunt, the model upon which ſhe had been formed, was indeed the very eſſence of inſipid formality: But the boy was very pert and impudent, and prated without ceaſing.

At dinner, the lady maintained the ſame ungracious indifference, never ſpeaking but in whiſpers to her aunt; and as to the repaſt, it was made up of a parcel of kickſhaws, contrived by a French cook, without one ſubſtantial article adapted to the ſatisfaction of an Engliſh appetite. The pottage was little better than bread ſoaked in diſh-waſhings, lukewarm. The ragouts looked as if they had been once eaten and half digeſted: The fricaſſees were involved in a naſty yellow poultice; and the rotis were ſcorched and ſtinking, for the honour of the fumet. The deſert conſiſted of faded fruit and iced froth, a good emblem of our landlady's character; the table-beer was ſour, the water foul, and the wine vapid; but there was a parade of plate and china, and a powdered lacquey ſtood behind every chair, except thoſe of the maſter and miſtreſs of the houſe, who were ſerved by two valets dreſſed like gentlemen. We dined in a large old gothic parlour, which was formerly the hall. It was now paved with marble; and, notwithſtanding the fire, which had been kindled about an hour, ſtruck me with ſuch a chill ſenſation, that, when I entered it, the teeth chattered in my jaws—In ſhort, every thing was cold, comfortleſs, and diſguſting, except the looks of my friend Baynard, which declared the warmth of his affection and humanity.

After dinner we withdrew into another apartment, where the boy began to be impertinently troubleſome to my niece Liddy. He wanted a playfellow, forſooth; and would have romped with her, had ſhe encouraged his advances—He was even ſo impudent as to ſnatch a kiſs, at which ſhe changed countenance, and

ſeemed uneaſy; and though his father checked him for the rudeneſs of his behaviour, he became ſo outrageous as to thruſt his hand in her boſom: An inſult to which ſhe did not tamely ſubmit, though one of the mildeſt creatures upon earth. Her eyes ſparkled with reſentment, ſhe ſtarted up, and lent him ſuch a box in the ear, as ſent him ſtaggering to the other ſide of the room.

"MISS MELFORD (cried his father), you have treated him with the utmoſt propriety.—I am only ſorry that the impertinence of any child of mine ſhould have occaſioned this exertion of your ſpirit, which I cannot but applaud and admire." His wife was ſo far from aſſenting to the candour of his apology, that ſhe roſe from table, and, taking her ſon by the hand, "Come, child (ſaid ſhe), your father cannot abide you." So ſaying, ſhe retired with this hopeful youth, and was followed by her governante: But neither the one nor the other deigned to take the leaſt notice of the company.

BAYNARD was exceedingly diſconcerted; but I perceived his uneaſineſs was tinctured with reſentment, and derived a good omen from this diſcovery. I ordered the horſes to be put to the carriage; and, though he made ſome efforts to detain us all night, I inſiſted upon leaving the houſe immediately; but, before I went away, I took an opportunity of ſpeaking to him again in private.—I ſaid every thing I could recollect, to animate his endeavours in ſhaking off thoſe ſhameful trammels. I made no ſcruple to declare, that his wife was unworthy of that tender complaiſance which he had ſhown for her foibles: That ſhe was dead to all the genuine ſentiments of conjugal affection; inſenſible of her own honour and intereſt, and ſeemingly deſtitute of common ſenſe and reflection. I conjured him to remember what he owed to his father's houſe, to his own reputation, and to his family, including even this unreaſonable woman herſelf, who was driving on blindly to her own deſtruction. I adviſed him to form a plan for retrenching ſuperfluous expence, and try to convince the aunt of the neceſſity for ſuch a reformation, that ſhe might gradually prepare her niece for its exe-

cution; and I exhorted him to turn that diſagreeable piece of formality out of the houſe, if he ſhould find her averſe to his propoſal.

HERE he interrupted me with a ſigh, obſerving, that ſuch a ſtep would undoubtedly be fatal to Mrs Baynard—"I ſhall loſe all patience (cried I), to hear you talk ſo weakly—Mrs Baynard's fits will never hurt her conſtitution. I believe in my conſcience they are all affected: I am ſure ſhe has no feeling for your diſtreſſes; and, when you are ruined, ſhe will appear to have no feeling for her own." Finally, I took his word and honour, that he would make an effort, ſuch as I had adviſed; that he would form a plan of economy, and, if he found it impracticable without my aſſiſtance, he would come to Bath in the winter, where I promiſed to give him the meeting, and contribute all in my power to the retrieval of his affairs—With this mutual engagement we parted; and I ſhall think myſelf ſupremely happy, if, by my means, a worthy man, whom I love and eſteem, can be ſaved from miſery, diſgrace, and deſpair.

I HAVE only one friend more to viſit in this part of the country, but he is of a complexion very different from that of Baynard. You have heard me mention Sir Thomas Bulford, whom I knew in Italy. He is now become a country gentleman; but, being diſabled by the gout from enjoying any amuſement abroad, he entertains himſelf within doors, by keeping open houſe for all comers, and playing upon the oddities and humours of his company: But he himſelf is generally the greateſt original at his table. He is very good-humoured, talks much, and laughs without ceaſing. I am told, that all the uſe he makes of his underſtanding at preſent is, to excite mirth, by exhibiting his gueſts in ludicrous attitudes. I know not how far we may furniſh him with entertainment of this kind; but I am reſolved to beat up his quarters, partly with a view to laugh with the knight himſelf, and partly to pay my reſpects to his lady, a good-natured ſenſible woman, with whom he lives upon very eaſy terms, although ſhe has not had the good fortune to bring him an heir to his eſtate.

AND now, dear Dick, I muſt tell you for your comfort, that you are the only man upon earth to whom I would preſume to ſend ſuch a long-winded epiſtle, which I could not find in my heart to curtail, becauſe the ſubject intereſted the warmeſt paſſions of my heart; neither will I make any other apology to a correſpondent who has been ſo long accuſtomed to the impertinence of

Sept. 30. MATT. BRAMBLE.

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To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. at Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,

I BELIEVE, there is ſomething miſchievous in my diſpoſition, for nothing diverts me ſo much as to ſee certain characters tormented with falſe terrors—We laſt night lodged at the houſe of Sir Thomas Bulford, an old friend of my uncle, a jolly fellow, of moderate intellects, who, in ſpite of the gout, which hath lamed him, is reſolved to be merry to the laſt; and mirth he has a particular knack in extracting from his gueſts, let their humour be never ſo cauſtic or refractory—Beſides our company, there was in the houſe a fat-headed juſtice of the peace, called Frogmore, and a country practitioner in ſurgery, who ſeemed to be our landlord's chief companion and confident. We found the knight ſitting on a couch, with his crutches by his ſide, and his feet ſupported on cuſhions; but he received us with a hearty welcome, and ſeemed greatly rejoiced at our arrival. After tea, we were entertained with a ſonata on the harpſichord by Lady Bulford, who ſung and played to admiration; but Sir Thomas ſeemed to be a little aſinine in the article of ears, though he affected to be in raptures; and begged his wife to favour us with an *arietta* of her own compoſing. This *arietta*, however, ſhe no ſooner began to perform, than he and the juſtice fell aſleep; but the moment ſhe ceaſed playing, the knight waked ſnorting, and exclaimed, "*O cara!* what d'ye think, gentlemen? Will you talk any

more of your Pargoleſi and your Corelli?"—At the ſame time, he thruſt his tongue in one cheek, and leered with one eye at the doctor and me, who ſat on his left hand—He concluded the patomime with a loud laugh, which he could command at all times extempore—Notwithſtanding his diſorder, he did not do penance at ſupper, nor did he ever refuſe his glaſs when the toaſt went round, but rather encouraged a quick circulation both by precept and example.

I SOON perceived the doctor had made himſelf very neceſſary to the baronet.—He was the whetſtone of his wit, the butt of his ſatire, and his operator in certain experiments of humour, which were occaſionally tried upon ſtrangers. Juſtice Frogmore was an excellent ſubject for this ſpecies of philoſophy: Sleek and corpulent, ſolemn and ſhallow, he had ſtudied Burn with uncommon application; but he ſtudied nothing ſo much as the art of living (that is, eating) well. This fat buck had often afforded good ſport to our landlord; and he was frequently ſtarted with tolerable ſucceſs, in the courſe of this evening; but the baronet's appetite for ridicule ſeemed to be chiefly excited by the appearance, addreſs, and converſation of Liſmahago, whom he attempted in all the different modes of expoſition; but he put me in mind of a conteſt that I once ſaw betwixt a young hound and an old hedge-hog—The dog turned him over and over, and bounced, and barked, and mumbled; but as often as he attempted to bite, he felt a prickle in his jaws, and recoiled in manifeſt confuſion.—The captain, when left to himſelf, will not fail to turn his ludicrous ſide to the company; but if any man attempts to force him into that attitude, he becomes ſtubborn as a mule, and unmanageable as an elephant unbroke.

DIVERS tolerable jokes were cracked upon the juſtice, who eat a moſt unconſcionable ſupper, and among other things, a large plate of broiled muſhrooms, which he had no ſooner ſwallowed than the doctor obſerved, with great gravity, that they were of the kind called *champignons*, which, in ſome conſtitutions, had a poiſonous effect—Mr Frogmore, ſtartled at this remark, aſked, in ſome confuſion, why he had not been ſo kind

as to give him that notice ſooner. He anſwered, that he took it for granted, by his eating them ſo heartily, that he was uſed to the diſh; but as he ſeemed to be under ſome apprehenſion, he preſcribed a bumper of plague-water, which the juſtice drank off immediately, and retired to reſt, not without marks of terror and diſquiet.

At midnight we were ſhewn to our different chambers, and in half an hour I was faſt aſleep in bed; but about three o'clock in the morning I was waked with a diſmal cry of *Fire!* and ſtarting up, ran to the window in my ſhirt—The night was dark and ſtormy; and a number of people half-dreſſed, ran backwards and forwards through the court-yard, with links and lanterns, ſeemingly in the utmoſt hurry and trepidation—Slipping on my cloaths in a twinkling, I ran down ſtairs, and, upon enquiry, found the fire was confined to a back-ſtair, which led to a detached apartment where Liſmahago lay.—By this time, the lieutenant was alarmed by a bawling at his window, which was in the ſecond ſtory, but he could not find his cloaths in the dark, and his room-door was locked on the outſide—The ſervants called to him, that the houſe had been robbed; that, without all doubt, the villains had taken away his cloaths, faſtened the door, and ſet the houſe on fire, for the ſtair-caſe was in flames. In this dilemma, the poor lieutenant ran about the room naked, like a ſquirrel in a cage, popping out his head at the window between whiles, and imploring aſſiſtance—At length, the knight in perſon was brought out in his chair, attended by my uncle and all the family, including our aunt Tabitha, who ſcreamed, and cried, and tore her hair, as if ſhe had been diſtracted—Sir Thomas had already ordered his people to bring a long ladder, which was applied to the captain's window, and now he exhorted him earneſtly to deſcend—There was no need of much rhetoric to perſuade Liſmahago, who forthwith made his exit by the window, roaring all the time to the people below to hold faſt the ladder.

Notwithstanding the gravity of the occaſion, it was impoſſible to behold this ſcene without being ſeized with an inclination to laugh—The rueful aſpect of the

lieutenant in his ſhirt, with a quilted night-cap faſtened under his chin, and his long lank limbs and poſteriors expoſed to the wind, made a very pictureſque appearance, when illuminated by the links and torches which the ſervants held up to light him in his deſcent—All the company ſtood round the ladder, except the knight, who ſat in his chair, exclaiming, from time to time, "Lord have mercy upon us!—ſave the gentleman's life!—mind your footing, dear Captain!—ſoftly!—ſtand faſt!—claſp the ladder with both hands!—there!—well done, my dear boy!—O bravo!—an old ſoldier for ever!—bring a blanket—bring a warm blanket to comfort his poor carcaſe—warm the bed in the green room—give me your hand, dear Captain—I'm rejoiced to ſee thee ſafe and ſound with all my heart." Liſmahago was received at the foot of the ladder by his inamorato, who ſnatching a blanket from one of the maids, wrapped it about his body; two men-ſervants took him under the arms, and a female conducted him to the green room, ſtill accompanied by Mrs Tabitha, who ſaw him fairly put to bed.—During this whole tranſaction, he ſpoke not a ſyllable, but looked exceeding grim, ſometimes at one, ſometimes at another of the ſpectators, who now adjourned in a body to the parlour where we had ſupped, every one ſurveying another with marks of aſtoniſhment and curioſity.

THE knight being ſeated in an eaſy chair, ſeized my uncle by the hand, and, burſting into a long and loud laugh, "Matt (cried he), crown me with oak, or ivy, or laurel, or parſley, or what you will, and acknowledge this to be a *coup de maitre* in the way of waggery—ha, ha, ha!—Such a *camiſicata*, *ſcagliata*, *beffata!*—*O che roba!*—O, what a ſubject!—O, what *caricatura!*—O, for a Roſa, a Rembrandt, a Schalken!—Zooks, I'll give a hundred guineas to have it painted—what a fine deſcent from the croſs, or aſcent to the gallows!—what lights and ſhadows!—what a groupe below!—what expreſſion above!—what an aſpect!—did you mind the aſpect?—ha, ha, ha!—and the limbs, and the muſcles—every toe denoted terror!—ha, ha, ha!—then the blanket!—O, what *coſtume!* St Andrew! St Lazarus! St Barrabas!—ha, ha, ha!" "After all then (cried Mr

Bramble very gravely), this was no more than a falſe alarm—We have been frightened out of our beds, and almoſt out of our ſenſes, for the joke's ſake." "Ay, and ſuch a joke! (cried our landlord), ſuch a farce! ſuch a *denouement!* ſuch a *cataſtrophe!*"

"Have a little patience (replied our ſquire), we are not yet come to the *cataſtrophe;* and pray God it may not turn out a tragedy inſtead of a farce—The captain is one of thoſe ſaturnine ſubjects, who have no idea of humour—He never laughs in his own perſon; nor can he bear that other people ſhould laugh at his expence. Beſides, if the ſubject had been properly choſen, the joke was too ſevere in all conſcience." "'Sdeath! (cried the knight), I could not have bated him an ace, had he been my own father; and as for the ſubject, ſuch another does not preſent itſelf once in half a century." Here Mrs Tabitha interpoſing, and bridling up, declared, ſhe did not ſee that Mr Liſmahago was a fitter ſubject for ridicule than the knight himſelf; and that ſhe was very much afraid, he would very ſoon find he had miſtaken his man.—The baronet was a good deal diſconcerted by this intimation, ſaying, that he muſt be a Goth and a Barbarian, if he did not enter into the ſpirit of ſuch a happy and humorous contrivance. He begged, however, that Mr Bramble and his ſiſter would bring him to reaſon; and this requeſt was reinforced by Lady Bulford, who did not fail to read the baronet a lecture upon his indiſcretion, which lecture he received with ſubmiſſion on one ſide of the face, and a leer upon the other.

We now went to bed for the ſecond time; and before I got up, my uncle had viſited Liſmahago in the green room, and uſed ſuch arguments with him, that, when we met in the parlour, he ſeemed to be quite appeaſed.—He received the knight's apology with a good grace, and even profeſſed himſelf pleaſed at finding he had contributed to the diverſion of the company—Sir Thomas ſhook him by the hand, laughing heartily; and then deſired a pinch of ſnuff, in token of perfect reconciliation.—The lieutenant, putting his hand in his waiſtcoat pocket, pulled out, inſtead of his own Scotch mull, a very fine gold ſnuff-box, which he no

ſooner perceived than he ſaid, "Here is a ſmall miſtake." "No miſtake at all (cried the baronet); a fair exchange is no robbery.—Oblige me ſo far, Captain, as to let me keep your mull as a memorial." "Sir (ſaid the lieutenant), the mull is much at your ſervice; but this machine I can by no means retain.—It looks like compounding a ſort of felony in the code of honour.—Beſides, I don't know but there may be another joke in this conveyance; and I don't find myſelf diſpoſed to be brought upon the ſtage again—I won't preſume to make free with your pockets, but I beg you will put it up again with your own hand."—So ſaying, with a certain auſterity of aſpect, he preſented the ſnuff-box to the knight, who received it in ſome confuſion, and reſtored the mull, which he would by no means keep, except on the terms of exchange.

This tranſaction was like to give a grave caſt to the converſation, when my uncle took notice that Mr Juſtice Frogmore had not made his appearance either at the night alarm, or now at the general rendezvous. The baronet hearing Frogmore mentioned, "Odſo! (cried he), I had forgot the juſtice.—Pr'ythee, doctor, go and bring him out of his kennel."—Then laughing till his ſides were well ſhaken, he ſaid he would ſhew the captain, that he was not the only perſon of the drama exhibited for the entertainment of the company. As to the night ſcene, it could not affect the juſtice, who had been purpoſely lodged in the farther end of the houſe, remote from the noiſe, and lulled with a doſe of opium into the bargain. In a few minutes, Mr Juſtice was led into the parlour in his night-cap and looſe morning-gown, rolling his head from ſide to ſide, and groaning piteouſly all the way.—"Jeſu! neighbour Frogmore (exclaimed the baronet), what is the matter?—you look as if you was not a man for this world—Set him down ſoftly on the couch—poor gentleman!—Lord have mercy upon us!—What makes him ſo pale, and yellow, and bloated?" "Oh, Sir Thomas! (cried the juſtice), I doubt it is all over with me—Thoſe muſhrooms I eat at your table have done my buſineſs—ah! oh! hey!" "Now the Lord forbid! (ſaid the other)—what! man,

have a good heart.—How does thy ſtomach feel?—hah."

To this interrogation he made no reply, but throwing aſide his night-gown, diſcovered that his waiſtcoat would not meet upon his belly by five good inches at leaſt. "Heaven protect us all (cried Sir Thomas)—what a melancholy ſpectacle!—never did I ſee a man ſo ſuddenly ſwelled, but when he was either juſt dead, or juſt dying—Doctor, canſt thou do nothing for this poor object?" "I don't think the caſe is quite deſperate (ſaid the ſurgeon), but I would adviſe Mr Frogmore to ſettle his affairs with all expedition; the parſon may come and pray by him, while I prepare a clyſter and an emetic draught." The juſtice rolling his languid eyes, ejaculated with great fervency, "Lord have mercy upon us! Chriſt have mercy upon us!"—Then he begged the ſurgeon, in the name of God, to diſpatch—"As for my worldly affairs (ſaid he), they are all ſettled but one mortgage, which muſt be left to my heirs—but my poor ſoul! my poor ſoul! what will become of my poor ſoul?—miſerable ſinner that I am!" Nay, pr'ythee, my dear boy, compoſe thyſelf (reſumed the knight); conſider the mercy of Heaven is infinite; thou canſt not have any ſins of a very deep dye on thy conſcience, or the devil's in't." "Name not the devil (exclaimed the terrified Frogmore), I have more ſins to anſwer for than the world dreams of—Ah! friend, I have been ſly—ſly—damn'd ſly!—Send for the parſon without loſs of time, and put me to bed, for I am poſting to eternity." He was accordingly raiſed from the couch, and ſupported by two ſervants, who led him back to his room; but before he quitted the parlour, he entreated the good company to aſſiſt him with their prayers. He added, "Take warning by me, who am ſuddenly cut off in my prime, like a flower of the field; and God forgive you, Sir Thomas, for ſuffering ſuch poiſonous traſh to be eaten at your table."

He was no ſooner removed out of hearing than the baronet abandoned himſelf to a violent fit of laughing, in which he was joined by the greateſt part of the company; but we could hardly prevent the good lady from going to undeceive the patient, by diſcovering, that,

while he ſlept, his waiſtcoat had been ſtraitened by the contrivance of the ſurgeon; and that the diſorder in his ſtomach and bowels was occaſioned by ſome antimonial wine, which he had taken over night, under the denomination of plague water. She ſeemed to think that his apprehenſion might put an end to his life: The knight ſwore he was no ſuch chicken, but a tough old rogue, that would live long enough to plague all his neighbours. Upon enquiry, we found his character did not entitle him to much compaſſion or reſpect, and therefore we let our landlord's humour take its courſe. A clyſter was actually adminiſtered by an old woman of the family, who had been Sir Thomas's nurſe, and the patient took a draught made with oxymel of ſquills to forward the operation of the antimonial wine, which had been retarded by the opiate of the preceding night. He was viſited by the vicar, who read prayers, and began to take an account of the ſtate of his ſoul, when thoſe medicines produced their effect; ſo that the parſon was obliged to hold his noſe while he poured forth ſpiritual conſolation from his mouth. The ſame expedient was uſed by the knight and me, who, with the doctor, entered the chamber at this juncture, and found Frogmore enthroned on an eaſing chair, under the preſſure of a double evacuation. The ſhort intervals betwixt every heave he employed in crying for mercy, confeſſing his ſins, or aſking the vicar's opinion of his caſe; and the vicar anſwered, in a ſolemn ſnuffling tone, that heightened the ridicule of the ſcene. The emetic having done its office, the doctor interfered, and ordered the patient to be put in bed again. When he examined the *egeſta*, and felt his pulſe, he declared that much of the *virus* was diſcharged, and, giving him a compoſing draught, aſſured him he had good hopes of his recovery. This welcome hint he received with the tears of joy in his eyes, proteſting, that, if he ſhould recover, he would always think himſelf indebted for his life to the great ſkill and tenderneſs of his doctor, whoſe hands he ſqueezed with great fervour; and thus he was left to his repoſe.

We were preſſed to ſtay dinner, that we might be witneſſes of his reſuſcitation; but my uncle inſiſted up-

on our departing before noon, that we might reach this town before it ſhould be dark. In the mean time, Lady Bulford conducted us into the garden to ſee a fiſh pond juſt finiſhed, which Mr Bramble cenſured as being too near the parlour, where the knight now ſat by himſelf, dozing in an elbow chair after the fatigues of his morning achievement—In this ſituation he reclined, with his feet wrapped in flannel, and ſupported in a line with his body, when the door flying open with a violent ſhock, Lieutenant Liſmahago ruſhed into the room, with horror in his looks, exclaiming, "A mad dog! a mad dog!" and throwing up the window ſaſh, leaped into the garden. Sir Thomas, waked by this tremendous exclamation, ſtarted up, and, forgetting his gout, followed the lieutenant's example by a kind of inſtinctive impulſe. He not only bolted through the window like an arrow from a bow, but ran up to his middle in the pond before he gave the leaſt ſign of recollection. Then the captain began to bawl, "Lord have mercy upon us! pray take care of the gentleman!—for God's ſake mind your footing, my dear boy!—get warm blankets—comfort his poor carcaſe—warm the bed in the green room."

LADY BULFORD was thunderſtruck at this phenomenon, and the reſt of the company gazed in ſilent aſtoniſhment, while the ſervants haſtened to aſſiſt their maſter, who ſuffered himſelf to be carried back into the parlour without ſpeaking a word. Being inſtantly accommodated with dry cloaths and flannels, comforted with a cordial, and replaced *in ſtatu quo*, one of the maids was ordered to chafe his lower extremities, an operation in conſequence of which his ſenſes ſeemed to return, and his good humour to revive—As we had followed him into the room, he looked at every individual in his turn, with a certain ludicrous expreſſion in his countenance, but fixed his eye in particular upon Liſmahago, who preſented him with a pinch of ſnuff; and when he took it in ſilence, "Sir Thomas Bulford (ſaid he), I am much obliged to you for all your favours, and ſome of them I have endeavoured to repay in your own coin." "Give me thy hand (cried the baronet); thou haſt indeed paid me *ſcot and lot*; and even left a balance

in my hands, for which, in preſence of this company, I promiſe to be accountable." So ſaying, he laughed very heartily, and even ſeemed to enjoy the retaliation which had been exacted at his own expence; but Lady Bulford looked very grave; and, in all probability, thought the lieutenant had carried his reſentment too far, conſidering that her huſband was valetudinary—but, according to the proverb, *he that will play at bowls muſt expect to meet with rubbers.*

I HAVE ſeen a tame bear, very diverting when properly managed, become a very dangerous wild beaſt when teazed for the entertainment of the ſpectators—As for Liſmahago, he ſeemed to think the fright and the cold bath would have a good effect upon his patient's conſtitution; but the doctor hinted ſome apprehenſion that the gouty matter might, by ſuch a ſudden ſhock, be repelled from the extremities, and thrown upon ſome of the more vital parts of the machine. I ſhould be very ſorry to ſee this prognoſtic verified upon our facetious landlord, who told Mrs Tabitha at parting, that he hoped ſhe would remember him in the diſtribution of the bride's favours, as he had taken ſo much pains to put the captain's parts and mettle to the proof. After all, I am afraid our ſquire will appear to be the greateſt ſufferer by the baronet's wit; for his conſtitution is by no means calculated for night alarms—He has yawned and ſhivered all day, and gone to bed without ſupper; ſo that, as we have got into good quarters, I imagine we ſhall make a halt to-morrow; in which caſe, you will have at leaſt one day's reſpite from the perſecution of

Oct. 3. J. MELFORD.

To Mrs MARY JONES, *at Brambletonhall.*

DEAR MARY,

MISS LIDDY is ſo good as to uncloſe me in a kiver as fur as Gloſter, and the carrier will bring it to nand—God ſend us all ſafe to Monmouthſhire, for I'm quite jaded with rambling—'Tis a true ſaying, *live and learn*—O woman, what chuckling and changing have I ſeen!—Well, there's nothing ſartin in this world—Who would have thought that miſtriſs, after all the pains taken for the good of her pruſias ſole, would go for to throw away her poor body? that ſhe would caſt the heys of infection upon ſuch a carrying crow as Laſhmyhago! as old as Matthewſullin, as dry as a red herring, and as pore as a ſtarved veezel—O, Molly! hadſt thou ſeen him come down the ladder, in a ſhurt ſo ſcanty, that it could not kiver his nakedneſs! The young ſquire called him Dunquickſet; but he looked for all the world like Cradoc ap-Morgan, the ould tinker that ſuffered at Abergany for ſtealing of kettle. Then he's a profane ſcuffle, and, as Mr Clinker ſays, no better than an impfiddle, continually playing upon the pyebill and the new burth. I doubt he has as little manners as money; for he can't ſay a civil word, much more make me a preſent of a pair of gloves for good will; but he looks as if he wanted to be very forewood and familiar. O! that ever a gentlewoman of years and diſcretion ſhould tare her air, and cry and diſporridge herſelf for ſuch a nub-jack! as the ſong goes—

" *I vow ſhe wou'd fain have a burd*
" *That bids ſuch a price for an owl.*"

But, for ſartin, he muſt have dealt with ſome Scotch muſician to bring her to this paſs—As for me, I put my truſt in the Lord; and I have got a ſlice of witch-elm ſowed in the gathers of my under petticoat; and Mr Clinker aſſures me, that, by the new light of greaſe, I may defy the devil and all his works—But I noſe what I noſe—If miſtriſs ſhould take up with Laſhmyha-

go, this is no ſarvice for me. Thank God, there's not want of places; and if it wan't for one thing, I would —but, no matter. Madam Baynar's woman has twenty good pounds a-year and parquiſites; and dreſſes like a parſon of diſtinkſon. I dined with her and the valey de ſhambles, with bags and golden jackets; but there was nothing kimfittable to eat, being as how they live upon board; and having nothing but a piſs of could cuddling tart and ſome blamangey, I was tuck with the cullick, and a murcy it was that miſtriſs had her viol of aſſings in the cox.

BUT, as I was ſaying, I think for ſartin this match will go forewood; for things are come to a creeſus; and I have ſeen with my own heys, ſuch ſmuggling—But I ſcorn for to excloſe the ſecrets of the family; and if it wance comes to marrying, who noſe but the frolic may go round—I believes as how Miſs Liddy would have no reverſion if her ſwan would appear; and you would be ſurpriſed, Molly, to receive a bride's ſever from your humble ſarvant—but this is all ſuppoſitory, dear girl; and I have ſullenly promiſed to Mr Clinker, that neither man, woman, nor child, ſhall no that arrow ſaid a civil thing to me in the way of infection—I hopes to drink your health at Brambletonhall, in a horn of October, before the month be out. Pray let my bed be turned once a-day, and the windore opened, while the weather is dry; and burn a few billets with ſome bruſh in the footman's garret, and ſee their mattraſh be dry as a bone; for both our gentlemen have got a ſad could by lying in damp ſhits at Sir Tummus Ballfart's.—No more, at preſent, but my ſarvice to Saul and the reſt of our fellow-ſarvants, being

Dear Mary Jones,

always yours,

Oct. 4. WIN. JENKINS.

To Miſs LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Glouceſter.*

MY DEAR LETTY,

THIS method of writing to you from time to time, without any hopes of an anſwer, affords me, I own, ſome eaſe and ſatisfaction in the midſt of my diſquiet, as it in ſome degree lightens the burden of affliction; but it is at beſt a very imperfect enjoyment of friendſhip, becauſe it admits of no return of confidence and good counſel—I would give the whole world to have your company for a ſingle day. I am heartily tired of this itinerant way of life. I am quite dizzy with a perpetual ſucceſſion of objects. Beſides, it is impoſſible to travel ſuch a length of way, without being expoſed to inconveniencies, dangers, and diſagreeable accidents, which prove very grievous to a poor creature of weak nerves like me, and make me pay very dear for the gratification of my curioſity.

NATURE never intended me for the buſy world—I long for repoſe and ſolitude, where I can enjoy that diſintereſted friendſhip which is not to be found among crowds, and indulge thoſe pleaſing reveries that ſhun the hurry and tumult of faſhionable ſociety. Unexperienced as I am in the commerce of life, I have ſeen enough to give me a diſguſt to the generality of thoſe who carry it on—There is ſuch malice, treachery, and diſſimulation, even among profeſſed friends and intimate companions, as cannot fail to ſtrike a virtuous mind with horror; and when vice quits the ſtage for a moment, her place is immediately occupied by folly, which is often too ſerious to excite any thing but compaſſion. Perhaps I ought to be ſilent on the foibles of my poor aunt; but with you, my dear Willis, I have no ſecrets; and truly, her weakneſſes are ſuch as cannot be concealed. Since the firſt moment we arrived at Bath, ſhe has been employed conſtantly in ſpreading nets for the other ſex; and, at length, ſhe has caught a ſuperannuated lieutenant, who is in a fair way to make

her change her name. My uncle and my brother ſeem to have no objection to this extraordinary match, which, I make no doubt, will afford abundance of matter of converſation and mirth; for my part, I am too ſenſible of my own weakneſſes, to be diverted with thoſe of other people. At preſent, I have ſomething at heart that employs my whole attention, and keeps my mind in the utmoſt terror and ſuſpence.

YESTERDAY, in the forenoon, as I ſtood with my brother at the parlour window of an inn, where we had lodged, a perſon paſſed a-horſeback, whom (gracious Heaven!) I inſtantly diſcovered to be Wilſon! He wore a white riding coat, with the cap buttoned up to his chin; looked remarkably pale, and paſſed at a round trot, without ſeeming to obſerve us—Indeed, he could not ſee us; for there was a blind that concealed us from the view. You may gueſs how I was affected at this apparition—The light forſook my eyes; and I was ſeized with ſuch a palpitation and trembling, that I could not ſtand. I ſat down upon a couch, and ſtrove to compoſe myſelf, that my brother might not perceive my agitation; but it was impoſſible to eſcape his prying eyes—He had obſerved the object that alarmed me; and, doubtleſs, knew him at the firſt glance—He now looked at me with a ſtern countenance; then he ran out into the ſtreet, to ſee what road the unfortunate horſeman had taken—He afterwards diſpatched his man for farther intelligence, and ſeemed to meditate ſome violent deſign. My uncle being out of order, we remained another night at the inn; and all day long Jery acted the part of an indefatigable ſpy upon my conduct—He watched my very looks with ſuch eagerneſs of attention, as if he would have penetrated into the inmoſt receſſes of my heart—This may be owing to his regard for my honour, if it is not the effect of his own pride; but he is ſo hot, and violent, and unrelenting, that the ſight of him alone throws me into a flutter; and really it will not be in my power to afford him any ſhare of my affection, if he perſiſts in perſecuting me at this rate. I am afraid he has formed ſome ſcheme of vengeance, which will make me completely wretched! I am afraid he ſuſpects ſome colluſion from this appear-

ance of Wilſon. Good God! did he really appear? or was it only a phantom, a pale ſpectre to appriſe me of his death?

O LETTY, what ſhall I do?—where ſhall I turn for advice and conſolation?—ſhall I implore the protection of my uncle, who has been always kind and compaſſionate?—This muſt be my laſt reſource. I dread the thoughts of making him uneaſy; and would rather ſuffer a thouſand deaths than live the cauſe of diſſenſion in the family. I cannot perceive the meaning of Wilſon's coming hither: Perhaps he was in queſt of us, in order to diſcloſe his real name and ſituation—But wherefore paſs without ſtaying to make the leaſt enquiry?—My dear Willis, I am loſt in conjecture—I have not cloſed an eye ſince I ſaw him. All night long have I been toſſed about from one imagination to another.—The reflection finds no reſting place. I have prayed, and ſighed, and wept plentifully. If this terrible ſuſpence continues much longer, I ſhall have another fit of illneſs, and then the whole family will be in confuſion. If it was conſiſtent with the wiſe purpoſes of Providence, would I were in my grave. But it is my duty to be reſigned. My deareſt Letty, excuſe my weakneſs—excuſe theſe blots—my tears fall ſo faſt that I cannot keep the paper dry—yet I ought to conſider that I have as yet no cauſe to deſpair—but I am ſuch a faint-hearted timorous creature!

THANK God, my uncle is much better than he was yeſterday—He is reſolved to purſue our journey ſtraight to Wales. I hope we ſhall take Glouceſter in our way—that hope cheers my poor heart—I ſhall once more embrace my beſt beloved Willis, and pour all my griefs into her friendly boſom. O Heaven! is it poſſible that ſuch happineſs is reſerved for

The dejected and forlorn.

Oct. 4. LYDIA MELFORD.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR WATKIN,

I YESTERDAY met with an incident which I believe you will own to be very ſurpriſing. As I ſtood with Liddy at the window of the inn where we had lodged, who ſhould paſs by but Wilſon a-horſeback?—I could not be miſtaken in the perſon, for I had a full view of him as he advanced; I plainly perceived by my ſiſter's confuſion that ſhe recognized him at the ſame time. I was equally aſtoniſhed and incenſed at his appearance, which I could not but interpret into an inſult, or ſomething worſe. I ran out at the gate, and, ſeeing him turn the corner of the ſtreet, I diſpatched my ſervant to obſerve his motions, but the fellow was too late to bring me that ſatisfaction. He told me, however, that there was an inn, called the Red Lion, at that end of the town, where he ſuppoſed the horſeman had alighted, but that he would not enquire without farther orders. I ſent him back immediately to know what ſtrangers were in the houſe, and he returned with a report, that there was one Mr Wilſon lately arrived. In conſequence of this information, I charged him with a note directed to that gentleman, deſiring him to meet me, in half an hour, in a certain field at the town's end, with a caſe of piſtols, in order to decide the difference which could not be determined at our laſt rencounter: But I did not think proper to ſubſcribe the billet. My man aſſured me he had delivered it into his own hand; and that, having read it, he declared he would wait upon the gentleman at the place and time appointed.

M'ALPINE being an old ſoldier, and luckily ſober at the time, I entruſted him with my ſecret. I ordered him to be within call; and, having given him a letter to be delivered to my uncle in caſe of accident, I repaired to the rendezvous, which was an incloſed field at a little diſtance from the highway. I found my antagoniſt had already taken his ground, wrapped in a dark horſeman's coat, with a laced hat flapped over his

eyes: But what was my aſtoniſhment, when, throwing off this wrapper, he appeared to be a perſon whom I had never ſeen before! He had one piſtol ſtuck in a leather belt, and another in his hand ready for action, and, advancing a few ſteps, called to know if I was ready—I anſwered, "No," and deſired a parley; upon which he turned the muzzle of his piece towards the earth, then replaced it in his belt, and met me half way—When I aſſured him he was not the man I expected to meet, he ſaid, *it might be ſo:* That he had received a ſlip of paper directed to Mr Wilſon, requeſting him to come hither; and that, as there was no other in the place of that name, he naturally concluded the note was intended for him, and him only—I then gave him to underſtand, that I had been injured by a perſon who aſſumed that name, which perſon I had actually ſeen within the hour, paſſing through the ſtreet on horſeback; that hearing there was a Mr Wilſon at the Red Lion, I took it for granted he was the man, and in that belief had writ the billet; and I expreſſed my ſurpriſe, that he, who was a ſtranger to me and my concerns, ſhould give me ſuch a rendezvous, without taking the trouble to demand a previous explanation—He replied, that there was no other of his name in the whole county; that no ſuch horſeman had alighted at the Red Lion ſince nine o'clock, when he arrived; that having had the honour to ſerve his Majeſty, he thought he could not decently decline any invitation of this kind, from what quarter ſoever it might come; and that, if any explanation was neceſſary, it did not belong to him to demand it, but to the gentleman who ſummoned him into the field—Vexed as I was at this adventure, I could not help admiring the coolneſs of this officer, whoſe open countenance prepoſſeſſed me in his favour. —He ſeemed to be turned of forty; wore his own ſhort black hair, which curled naturally about his ears, and was very plain in his apparel—When I begged pardon for the trouble I had given him, he received my apology with great good humour.—He told me that he lived about ten miles off, at a ſmall farm-houſe, which would afford me tolerable lodging, if I would come and take the diverſion of hunting with him for a few weeks; in

which caſe, we might perhaps find out the man who had given me offence—I thanked him very ſincerely for his courteous offer, which, I told him, I was not at liberty to accept at preſent, on account of my being engaged in a family party; and ſo we parted, with mutual profeſſions of good will and eſteem.

Now tell me, dear knight, what I am to make of this ſingular adventure?—Am I to ſuppoſe that the horſeman I ſaw was really a thing of fleſh and blood, or a bubble that vaniſhed into air?—or muſt I imagine Liddy knows more of the matter than ſhe chuſes to diſcloſe?—If I thought her capable of carrying on any clandeſtine correſpondence with ſuch a fellow, I ſhould at once diſcard all tenderneſs, and forget that ſhe was connected with me by the ties of blood—But how is it poſſible that a girl of her ſimplicity and inexperience ſhould maintain ſuch an intercourſe, ſurrounded, as ſhe is, with ſo many eyes, deſtitute of all opportunity, and ſhifting quarters every day of her life?—Beſides, ſhe has ſolemnly promiſed—No—I can't think the girl ſo baſe—ſo inſenſible to the honour of her family.—What diſturbs me chiefly is the impreſſion which theſe occurrences ſeem to make upon her ſpirits—Theſe are the ſymptoms from which I conclude that the raſcal has ſtill a hold on her affection—ſurely I have a right to call him a raſcal, and to conclude that his deſigns are infamous—But it ſhall be my fault if he does not one day repent his preſumption—I confeſs I cannot think, much leſs write on this ſubject, with any degree of temper or patience: I ſhall therefore conclude with telling you, that we hope to be in Wales by the latter end of the month; but before that period you will probably hear again from

Your affectionate

October 4. J. MELFORD.

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To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. at Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

WHEN I wrote you by laſt poſt, I did not imagine I ſhould be tempted to trouble you again ſo ſoon: But I now ſit down with a heart ſo full, that it cannot contain itſelf; though I am under ſuch agitation of ſpirits, that you are to expect neither method nor connection in this addreſs.—We have been this day within a hair's breadth of loſing honeſt Matthew Bramble, in conſequence of a curſed accident, which I will endeavour to explain.—In croſſing the country to get into the poſt-road, it was neceſſary to ford a river, and we that were a-horſeback paſſed without any danger or difficulty; but a great quantity of rain having fallen laſt night and this morning, there was ſuch an accumulation of water, that a mill-head gave way, juſt as the coach was paſſing under it, and the flood ruſhed down with ſuch impetuoſity, as firſt floated, and then fairly overturned the carriage in the middle of the ſtream.—Liſmahago and I, and the two ſervants, alighting inſtantaneouſly, ran into the river to give all the aſſiſtance in our power.—Our aunt, Mrs Tabitha, who had the good fortune to be uppermoſt, was already half way out of the coach window, when her lover approaching, diſengaged her entirely; but, whether his foot ſlipt, or the burden was too great, they fell over head and ears in each other's arms. He endeavoured more than once to get up, and even to diſentangle himſelf from her embrace, but ſhe hung about his neck like a mill-ſtone (no bad emblem of matrimony); and if my man had not proved a ſtanch auxiliary, thoſe two lovers would in all probability have gone hand in hand to the ſhades below. For my part, I was too much engaged to take any cognizance of their diſtreſs—I ſnatched out my ſiſter by the hair of the head, and, dragging her to the bank, recollected that my uncle had not yet appeared—Ruſhing again into the ſtream, I met Clinker haling

aſhore Mrs Jenkins, who looked like a mermaid with her hair diſhevelled about her ears; but, when I aſked if his maſter was ſafe, he forthwith ſhook her from him, and ſhe muſt have gone to pot, if a miller had not ſeaſonably come to her relief.—As for Humphry, he flew like lightning to the coach, that was by this time filled with water, and, diving into it, brought up the poor ſquire, to all appearance deprived of life—It is not in my power to deſcribe what I felt at this melancholy ſpectacle. It was ſuch an agony as baffles all deſcription! The faithful Clinker, taking him up in his arms, as if he had been an infant of ſix months, carried him aſhore, howling moſt piteouſly all the way, and I followed him, in a tranſport of grief and conſternation. When he was laid upon the graſs, and turned from ſide to ſide, a great quantity of water ran out at his mouth, then he opened his eyes, and fetched a deep ſigh. Clinker, perceiving theſe ſigns of life, immediately tied up his arm with a garter, and, pulling out a horſe-fleam, let him blood in the farrier ſtyle.—At firſt a few drops only iſſued from the orifice; but the arm being chafed, in a little time the blood began to flow in a continued ſtream; and he uttered ſome incoherent words, which were the moſt welcome ſounds that ever ſaluted my ear. There was a country inn hard by, the landlord of which had by this time come with his people to give their aſſiſtance. Thither my uncle being carried, was undreſſed and put to bed, wrapped in warm blankets; but having been moved too ſoon, he fainted away, and once more lay without ſenſe or motion, notwithſtanding all the efforts of Clinker and the landlord, who bathed his temples with Hungary-water, and held a ſmelling-bottle to his noſe. As I had heard of the efficacy of ſalt in ſuch caſes, I ordered all that was in the houſe to be laid under his head and body; and whether this application had the deſired effect, or Nature of herſelf prevailed, he, in leſs than a quarter of an hour, began to breathe regularly, and ſoon retrieved his recollection, to the unſpeakable joy of all the by-ſtanders. As for Clinker, his brain ſeemed to be affected—He laughed, and wept, and danced about in ſuch a diſtracted manner, that the landlord very judiciouſly conveyed him out of

the room. My uncle, ſeeing me dropping wet, comprehended the whole of what had happened, and aſked if all the company was ſafe?—Being anſwered in the affirmative, he inſiſted upon my putting on dry cloaths; and, having ſwallowed a little warm wine, deſired he might be left to his repoſe. Before I went to ſhift myſelf, I enquired about the reſt of the family—I found Mrs Tabitha ſtill delirious from her fright, diſcharging very copiouſly the water ſhe had ſwallowed. She was ſupported by the captain, diſtilling drops from his uncurled periwig, ſo lank and ſo dank, that he looked like father Thame without his ſedges, embracing Iſis, while ſhe caſcaded in his urn. Mrs Jenkins was preſent alſo, in a looſe bed-gown, without either cap or handkerchief; but ſhe ſeemed to be as little *compos mentis* as her miſtreſs, and acted ſo many croſs purpoſes in the courſe of her attendance, that, between the two, Liſmahago had occaſion for all his philoſophy. As for Liddy, I thought the poor girl would have actually loſt her ſenſes. The good woman of the houſe had ſhifted her linen, and put her into bed; but ſhe was ſeized with the idea that her uncle had periſhed, and, in this perſuaſion, made a diſmal outcry; nor did ſhe pay the leaſt regard to what I ſaid, when I ſolemnly aſſured her he was ſafe. Mr Bramble hearing the noiſe, and being informed of her apprehenſion, deſired ſhe might be brought into his chamber; and ſhe no ſooner received this intimation, than ſhe ran thither half naked, with the wildeſt expreſſion of eagerneſs in her countenance.—Seeing the ſquire ſitting up in the bed, ſhe ſprung forwards, and, throwing her arms about his neck, exclaimed in a moſt pathetic tone, "Are you—Are you indeed my uncle—My dear uncle!—My beſt friend! My father!—Are you really living? or is it an illuſion of my poor brain?" Honeſt Matthew was ſo much affected, that he could not help ſhedding tears, while he kiſſed her forehead, ſaying, "My dear Liddy, I hope I ſhall live long enough to ſhew how ſenſible I am of your affection—But your ſpirits are fluttered, child—You want reſt—Go to bed and compoſe yourſelf—" "Well, I will (ſhe replied)—but ſtill methinks this cannot be real—The coach was full of water—My uncle was un-

der us all—Gracious God!—You was under water—How did you get out?—Tell me that; or I ſhall think this is all a deception." "In what manner I was brought out, I know as little as you do, my dear (ſaid the ſquire): And truly that is a circumſtance of which I want to be informed." I would have given him a detail of the whole adventure, but he would not hear me until I ſhould change my cloaths; ſo that I had only time to tell him, that he owed his life to the courage and fidelity of Clinker; and having given him this hint, I conducted my ſiſter to her own chamber.

THIS accident happened about three o'clock in the afternoon, and in little more than half an hour the hurricane was all over; but as the carriage was found to be ſo much damaged, that it could not proceed without conſiderable repairs, a blackſmith and wheelwright were immediately ſent for to the next market-town, and we congratulated ourſelves upon being houſed at an inn, which, though remote from the poſt-road, afforded exceeding good lodging. The women being pretty well compoſed, and the men all afoot, my uncle ſent for his ſervant, and, in the preſence of Liſmahago and me, accoſted him in theſe words—"So, Clinker, I find you are reſolved I ſhan't die by water—As you have fiſhed me up from the bottom at your own riſk, you are at leaſt entitled to all the money that was in my pocket, and there it is." So ſaying, he preſented him with a purſe containing thirty guineas, and a ring nearly of the ſame value.—"God forbid! (cried Clinker), your Honour ſhall excuſe me—I am a poor fellow; but I have a heart—O! if your Honour did but know how I rejoiced to ſee—Bleſſed be his holy name, that made me the humble inſtrument—But as for the lucre of gain, I renounce it—I have done no more than my duty—No more than I would have done for the moſt worthleſs of my fellow-creatures—No more than I would have done for Captain Liſmahago, or Archy Macalpine, or any ſinner upon earth—But for your Worſhip, I would go through fire as well as water." "I do believe it, Humphry (ſaid the ſquire); but as you think it was your duty to ſave my life at the hazard of your own, I think it is mine to expreſs the ſenſe I have of your extraordi-

nary fidelity and attachment—I inſiſt upon your receiving this ſmall token of my gratitude; but don't imagine that I look upon this as an adequate recompence for the ſervice you have done me—I have determined to ſettle thirty pounds a year upon you for life; and I deſire theſe gentlemen will bear witneſs to this my intention, of which I have a memorandum in my pocket-book." "Lord make me thankful for all theſe mercies! (cried Clinker, ſobbing); I have been a poor bankrupt from the beginning—your Honour's goodneſs found me, when I was—naked—when I was—ſick and forlorn—I underſtand your Honour's looks—I would not give offence—but my heart is very full—and if your Worſhip won't give me leave to ſpeak—I muſt vent it in prayers to Heaven for my benefactor." When he quitted the room, Liſmahago ſaid, he ſhould have a much better opinion of his honeſty, if he did not whine and cant ſo abominably; but that he had always obſerved thoſe weeping and praying fellows were hypocrites at bottom. Mr Bramble made no reply to this ſarcaſtic remark, proceeding from the lieutenant's reſentment of Clinker's having, in pure ſimplicity of heart, ranked him with M'Alpine and the ſinners of the earth.—The landlord being called to receive ſome orders about the beds, told the ſquire, that his houſe was very much at his ſervice, but he was ſure he ſhould not have the honour to lodge him and his company. He gave us to underſtand, that his maſter, who lived hard by, would not ſuffer us to be at a public houſe, when there was accommodation for us at his own; and that, if he had not dined abroad in the neighbourhood, he would have undoubtedly come to offer his ſervices at our firſt arrival. He then launched out in praiſe of that gentleman, whom he had ſerved as butler, repreſenting him as a perfect miracle of goodneſs and generoſity. He ſaid he was a perſon of great learning, and allowed to be the beſt farmer in the country—that he had a lady who was as much beloved as himſelf, and an only ſon, a very hopeful young gentleman, juſt recovered from a dangerous fever, which had like to have proved fatal to the whole family; for, if the ſon had died, he was ſure the parents would not have ſurvived their loſs.—He had not yet finiſhed the enco-

mium of Mr Denniſon, when this gentleman arrived in a poſt-chaiſe, and his appearance ſeemed to juſtify all that had been ſaid in his favour. He is pretty well advanced in years, but hale, robuſt, and florid, with an ingenuous countenance, expreſſive of good ſenſe and humanity. Having condoled with us on the accident which had happened, he ſaid he was come to conduct us to his habitation, where we ſhould be leſs incommoded than at ſuch a paltry inn, and expreſſed his hope that the ladies would not be the worſe for going thither in his carriage, as the diſtance was not above a quarter of a mile. My uncle having made a proper return to this courteous exhibition, eyed him attentively, and then aſked if he had not been at Oxford, a commoner of Queen's college? When Mr Denniſon anſwered, "Yes," with ſome marks of ſurpriſe—"Look at me then (ſaid our ſquire), and let us ſee if you can recollect the features of an old friend, whom you have not ſeen theſe forty years." The gentleman, taking him by the hand, and gazing at him earneſtly,—"I proteſt (cried he), I do think I recal the idea of Matthew Lloyd of Glamorganſhire, who was ſtudent of Jeſus." "Well remembered, my dear friend Charles Denniſon (exclaimed my uncle, preſſing him to his breaſt), I am that very identical Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan." Clinker, who had juſt entered the room with ſome coals for the fire, no ſooner heard theſe words, than, throwing down the ſcuttle on the toes of Liſmahago, he began to caper as if he was mad, crying, "Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan!—O Providence!—Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan!" Then, claſping my uncle's knees, he went on in this manner—"Your Worſhip muſt forgive me—Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan!—O Lord, Sir!—I can't contain myſelf!—I ſhall loſe my ſenſes—" "Nay, thou haſt loſt them already, I believe (ſaid the ſquire, peeviſhly), pr'ythee, Clinker, be quiet—What is the matter?"—Humphry, fumbling in his boſom, pulled out an old wooden ſnuff-box, which he preſented in great trepidation to his maſter, who, opening it immediately, perceived a ſmall cornelian ſeal, and two ſcraps of paper—At ſight of theſe articles he ſtarted, and changed colour, and caſting his eye upon the inſcriptions—"Ha!

—how!—what!—where (cried he) is the perſon here named!"—Clinker, knocking his own breaſt, could hardly pronounce theſe words—"Here—here—here is Matthew Lloyd, as the certificate ſheweth—Humphry Clinker was the name of the farrier that took me 'prentice."—"And who gave you theſe tokens?" ſaid my uncle, haſtily—"My poor mother on her death-bed," replied the other.—"And who was your mother?"—"Dorothy Twyford, an 'pleaſe your Honour, heretofore bar-keeper at the Angel at Chippenham."—"And why were not theſe tokens produced before?"—"My mother told me ſhe had wrote to Glamorganſhire, at the time of my birth, but had no anſwer; and that afterwards, when ſhe made enquiry, there was no ſuch perſon in that county."—"And ſo, in conſequence of my changing my name, and going abroad at that very time, thy poor mother and thou have been left to want and miſery—I am really ſhocked at the conſequence of my own folly."—Then, laying his hand on Clinker's head, he added, "Stand forth, Matthew Lloyd—You ſee, gentlemen, how the ſins of my youth riſe up in judgment againſt me—Here is my direction written with my own hand, and a ſeal which I left at the woman's requeſt; and this is a certificate of the child's baptiſm, ſigned by the curate of the pariſh."—The company were not a little ſurpriſed at this diſcovery, upon which Mr Denniſon facetiouſly congratulated both the father and the ſon: For my part, I ſhook my new-found couſin heartily by the hand; and Liſmahago complimented him with the tears in his eyes, for he had been hopping about the room, ſwearing in broad Scotch, and bellowing with the pain occaſioned by the fall of the coal-ſcuttle upon his foot. He had even vowed to drive the *ſaul* out of the body of that mad raſcal; but, perceiving the unexpected turn which things had taken, he wiſhed him joy of his good fortune, obſerving that it went very near his heart, as he was like to be a great-toe out of pocket by the diſcovery.—Mr Denniſon now deſired to know for what reaſon my uncle had changed the name by which he knew him at Oxford; and our ſquire ſatisfied him, by anſwering to this effect—"I took my mother's name, which was Lloyd, as heir to her lands in Glamorgan-

ſhire; but, when I came of age, I ſold that property, in order to clear my paternal eſtate, and reſumed my real name; ſo that I am now Matthew Bramble of Brambletonhall, in Monmouthſhire, at your ſervice; and this is my nephew, Jeremy Melford of Belfield, in the county of Glamorgan."—At that inſtant the ladies entering the room, he preſented Mrs Tabitha as his ſiſter, and Liddy as his neice. The old gentleman ſaluted them very cordially, and ſeemed ſtruck with the appearance of my ſiſter, whom he could not help ſurveying with a mixture of complacency and ſurprize.—"Siſter (ſaid my uncle), there is a poor relation that recommends himſelf to your good graces—The quondam Humphry Clinker is metamorphoſed into Matthew Lloyd, and claims the honour of being your carnal kinſman—In ſhort, the rogue proves to be a crab of my own planting, in the days of hot blood and unreſtrained libertiniſm."—Clinker had by this time dropped upon one knee, by the ſide of Mrs Tabitha, who, eying him aſkance, and flirting her fan with marks of agitation, thought proper, after ſome conflict, to hold out her hand for him to kiſs, ſaying, with a demure aſpect, "Brother, you have been very wicked; but I hope you'll live to ſee the folly of your ways—I am very ſorry to ſay, the young man, whom you have this day acknowledged, has more grace and religion, by the gift of God, than you with all your profane learning, and repeated opportunity—I do think he has got the trick of the eye, and the tip of the noſe of my uncle Lloyd of Flluydwellin; and, as for the long chin, it is the very moral of the governor's.—Brother, as you have changed his name, pray change his dreſs alſo; that livery doth not become any perſon that hath got our blood in his veins."—Liddy ſeemed much pleaſed with this acquiſition to the family—She took him by the hand, declaring ſhe ſhould always be proud to own her connection with a virtuous young man, who had given ſo many proofs of his gratitude and affection to her uncle.—Mrs Winifred Jenkins, extremely fluttered between her ſurprize at this diſcovery, and the apprehenſion of loſing her ſweetheart, exclaimed in a giggling tone,—"I wiſh you joy, Mr Clinker—Floyd, I would ſay—

hi, hi, hi!—you'll be ſo proud, you won't look at your poor fellow-ſervants, oh, oh, oh!"—Honeſt Clinker owned he was overjoyed at his good fortune, which was greater than he deſerved—"But wherefore ſhould I be proud (ſaid he); a poor object, conceived in ſin, and brought forth in iniquity, nurſed in a pariſh workhouſe, and bred in a ſmithy—Whenever I ſeem proud, Mrs Jenkins, I beg of you to put me in mind of the condition I was in when I firſt ſaw you between Chippenham and Marlborough."

When this momentous affair was diſcuſſed to the ſatisfaction of all parties concerned, the weather being dry, the ladies delined the carriage; ſo that we walked altogether to Mr Denniſon's houſe, where we found the tea ready prepared by his lady, an amiable matron, who received us with all the benevolence of hoſpitality.—The houſe is old faſhioned and irregular, but lodgeable and commodious. To the ſouth it has the river in front, at the diſtance of a hundred paces; and on the north there is a riſing ground, covered with an agreeable plantation; the greens and walks are kept in the niceſt order, and all is rural and romantic. I have not yet ſeen the young gentleman, who is on a viſit to a friend in the neighbourhood, from whoſe houſe he is not expected till to-morrow.

In the mean time, as there is a man going to the next market-town with letters for the poſt, I take this opportunity to ſend you the hiſtory of this day, which has been remarkably full of adventures; and you will own I give you them like a beef-ſteak at Dolly's, *hot and hot*, without ceremony and parade, juſt as they come from the recollection of

Yours,

J. Melford.

To Dr LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,

SINCE the laſt trouble I gave you, I have met with a variety of incidents, ſome of them of a ſingular nature, which I reſerve as a fund for converſation; but there are others ſo intereſting, that they will not keep *in petto* till meeting.

KNOW then, it was a thouſand pounds to a ſixpence, that you ſhould now be executing my will, inſtead of peruſing my letter!—Two days ago, our coach was overturned in the midſt of a rapid river, where my life was ſaved with the utmoſt difficulty, by the courage, activity, and preſence of mind of my ſervant Humphry Clinker.—But this is not the moſt ſurpriſing circumſtance of the adventure—The ſaid Humphry Clinker proves to be Matthew Lloyd, natural ſon of one Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan, if you know any ſuch perſon.—You ſee, doctor, that, notwithſtanding all your philoſophy, it is not without ſome reaſon that we Welchmen aſcribe ſuch energy to the force of blood—But we ſhall diſcuſs this point on ſome future occaſion.

THIS is not the only diſcovery which I made in conſequence of our diſtaſter.—We happened to be wrecked upon a friendly ſhore—The lord of the manor is no other than Charles Denniſon, our fellow-rake at Oxford—We are now happily houſed with that gentleman, who has really attained to that pitch of rural felicity at which I have been aſpiring theſe twenty years in vain. He is bleſſed with a conſort, whoſe diſpoſition is ſuited to his own in all reſpects; tender, generous, and benevolent—She, moreover, poſſeſſes an uncommon ſhare of underſtanding, fortitude, and diſcretion, and is admirably qualified to be his companion, confidant; counſellor, and coadjutrix. Theſe excellent perſons have an only ſon, about nineteen years of age, juſt ſuch a youth as they could have wiſhed that Heaven would beſtow, to fill up the meaſure of their enjoyment.—In a word, they know no other allay to their happineſs, but their appre-

henſion and anxiety about the life and concerns of this beloved object.

Our old friend, who had the misfortune to be a ſecond brother, was bred to the law, and even called to the bar; but he did not find himſelf qualified to ſhine in that province, and had very little inclination for his profeſſion. He diſobliged his father, by marrying for love, without any conſideration of fortune; ſo that he had little or nothing to depend upon for ſome years but his practice, which afforded him a bare ſubſiſtence; and the proſpect of an increaſing family began to give him diſturbance and diſquiet. In the mean time, his father dying, was ſucceeded by his elder brother, a foxhunter and a ſot, who neglected his affairs, inſulted and oppreſſed his ſervants, and in a few years had well nigh ruined the eſtate, when he was happily carried off by a fever, the immediate conſequence of a debauch. Charles, with the approbation of his wife, immediately determined to quit buſineſs, and retire into the country, although this reſolution was ſtrenuouſly and zealouſly oppoſed by every individual whom he conſulted on the ſubject. Thoſe who had tried the experiment aſſured him, that he could not pretend to breathe in the country for leſs than the double of what his eſtate produced; that, in order to be upon the footing of a gentleman, he would be obliged to keep horſes, hounds, carriages, with a ſuitable number of ſervants, and maintain an elegant table for the entertainment of his neighbours; that farming was a myſtery known only to thoſe who had been bred up to it from the cradle, the ſucceſs of it depending not only upon ſkill and induſtry, but alſo upon ſuch attention and economy as no gentleman could be ſuppoſed to give or practiſe; accordingly, every attempt made by gentlemen miſcarried, and not a few had been ruined by their proſecution of agriculture—Nay, they affirmed, that he would find it cheaper to buy hay and oats for his cattle, and to go to market for poultry, eggs, kitchen herbs, and roots, and every the moſt inconſiderable article of houſekeeping, than to have thoſe articles produced on his own ground.

These objections did not deter Mr Denniſon, becauſe they were chiefly founded upon the ſuppoſition,

that he would be obliged to lead a life of extravagance and diſſipation, which he and his conſort equally deteſted, deſpiſed, and determined to avoid.—The objects he had in view were, health of body, peace of mind, and the private ſatisfaction of domeſtic quiet, unallayed by actual want, and uninterrupted by the fears of indigence.—He was very moderate in his eſtimate of the neceſſaries, and even of the comforts of life—He required nothing but wholeſome air, pure water, agreeable exerciſe, plain diet, convenient lodging, and decent apparel. He reflected, that, if a peaſant, without education, or any great ſhare of natural ſagacity, could maintain a large family, and even become opulent, upon a farm for which he paid an annualrent of two or three hundred pounds to the landlord, ſurely he himſelf might hope for ſome ſucceſs from his induſtry, having no rent to pay, but, on the contrary, three or four hundred pounds a-year to receive.—He conſidered that the earth was an indulgent mother, that yielded her fruits to all her children without diſtinction. He had ſtudied the theory of agriculture with a degree of eagerneſs and delight; and he could not conceive there was any myſtery in the practice but what he ſhould be able to diſcloſe by dint of care and application. With reſpect to houſehold expence, he entered into a minute detail and inveſtigation, by which he perceived the aſſertions of his friends were altogether erroneous.—He found he ſhould ſave ſixty pounds a-year in the ſingle article of houſe-rent, and as much more in pocket-money and contingencies; that even butcher's meat was twenty per cent. cheaper in the country than in London; but that poultry, and almoſt every other circumſtance of houſekeeping, might be had for leſs than one half of what they coſt in town; beſides a conſiderable ſaving on the ſide of dreſs, in being delivered from the oppreſſive impoſition of ridiculous modes, invented by ignorance, and adopted by folly.

As to the danger of vying with the rich in pomp and equipage, it never gave him the leaſt diſturbance. He was now turned of forty, and having lived half that time in the buſy ſcenes of life, was well ſkilled in the ſcience of mankind. There cannot be in nature a more

contemptible figure than that of a man who, with five hundred a-year, preſumes to rival in expence a neighbour who poſſeſſes five times that income. His oſtentation, far from concealing, ſerves only to diſcover his indigence, and render his vanity the more ſhocking; for it attracts the eyes of cenſure, and excites the ſpirit of enquiry. There is not a family in the county, nor a ſervant in his own houſe, nor a farmer in the pariſh, but what knows the utmoſt farthing that his lands produce; and all theſe behold him with ſcorn or compaſſion. I am ſurpriſed that theſe reflections do not occur to perſons in this unhappy dilemma, and produce a ſalutary effect—But the truth is, of all the paſſions incident to human nature, vanity is that which moſt effectually perverts the faculties of the underſtanding; nay, it ſometimes becomes ſo incredibly depraved, as to aſpire at infamy, and find pleaſure in bearing the ſtigmas of reproach.

I HAVE now given you a ſketch of the character and ſituation of Mr Denniſon, when he came down to take poſſeſſion of this eſtate; but as the meſſenger, who carries the letters to the next town, is juſt ſetting off, I ſhall reſerve what further I have to ſay on this ſubject till the next poſt, when you ſhall certainly hear from

Yours always,

Oct. 8. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Dr LEWIS.

ONCE more, dear Doctor, I reſume the pen for your amuſement.—It was on the morning after our arrival, that, walking out with my friend Mr Denniſon, I could not help breaking forth into the warmeſt expreſſions of applauſe at the beauty of the ſcene, which is really enchanting; and I ſignified, in particular, how much I was pleaſed with the diſpoſition of ſome detached groves, that afforded at once ſhelter and ornament to his habitation.

"When I took poſſeſſion of theſe lands, about two and twenty years ago (ſaid he), there was not a tree ſtanding within a mile of the houſe, except thoſe of an old neglected orchard, which produced nothing but leaves and moſs. It was in the gloomy month of November when I arrived, and found the houſe in ſuch a condition, that it might have been juſtly ſtiled *the tower of deſolation*.—The court-yard was covered with nettles and docks, and the garden exhibited ſuch a rank plantation of weeds as I had never ſeen before;—the window-ſhutters were falling in pieces;—the ſaſhes broken, and owls and jack-daws had taken poſſeſſion of the chimnies. The proſpect within was ſtill more dreary. All was dark, and damp, and dirty beyond deſcription;—the rain penetrated into ſeveral parts of the roof;—in ſome apartments the very floors had given way;—the hangings were parted from the walls, and ſhaking in mouldy remnants; the glaſſes were dropping out of their frames; the family pictures were covered with duſt; and all the chairs and tables worm-eaten and crazy.—There was not a bed in the houſe that could be uſed, except one old faſhioned machine with a high gilt teſter, and fringed curtains of yellow mohair, which had been, for aught I know, two centuries in the family.—In ſhort, there was no furniture but the utenſils of the kitchen; and the cellar afforded nothing but a few empty butts and barrels, that ſtunk ſo abominably, that I would not ſuffer any body to enter it, until I had flaſhed a conſiderable quantity of gunpowder to qualify the foul air within.

"An old cottager and his wife, who were hired to lie in the houſe, had left it with precipitation, alleging, among other cauſes of retreat, that they could not ſleep for frightful noiſes, and that my poor brother certainly walked after his death. In a word, the houſe appeared uninhabitable; the barn, ſtable, and out-houſes were in ruins, all the fences broken down, and the fields lying waſte.

"The farmer who kept the key, never dreamed I had any intention to live upon the ſpot. He rented a farm of ſixty pounds, and his leaſe was juſt expiring. He had formed a ſcheme of being appointed bailiff to the eſtate, and of converting the houſe and the adjacent

grounds to his own uſe. A hint of his intention I received from the curate at my firſt arrival; I therefore did not pay much regard to what he ſaid by way of diſcouraging me from coming to ſettle in the country; but I was a little ſtartled when he gave me warning, that he ſhould quit the farm at the expiration of his leaſe, unleſs I would abate conſiderably in the rent.

"At this period I accidentally became acquainted with a perſon, whoſe friendſhip laid the foundation of all my proſperity. In the next market town, I chanced to dine at an inn with a Mr Wilſon, who was lately come to ſettle in the neighbourhood. He had been lieutenant of a man of war; but quitted the ſea in ſome diſguſt, and married the only daughter of farmer Bland, who lives in this pariſh, and has acquired a good fortune in the way of huſbandry. Wilſon is one of the beſt-natured men I ever knew; brave, frank, obliging, and ingenuous. He liked my converſation; I was charmed with his liberal manner: An acquaintance immediately commenced, and this was ſoon improved into a friendſhip without reſerve—There are characters, which, like ſimilar particles of matter, ſtrongly attract each other—He forthwith introduced me to his father-in-law, farmer Bland, who was well acquainted with every acre of my eſtate, of conſequence well qualified to adviſe me on this occaſion—Finding I was inclined to embrace a country life, and even to amuſe myſelf with the occupations of farming, he approved of my deſign. He gave me to underſtand that all my farms were underlet; that the eſtate was capable of great improvement; that there was plenty of chalk in the neighbourhood; and that my own ground produced excellent marle for manure. With reſpect to the farm, which was like to fall into my hands, he ſaid he would willingly take it at the preſent rent; but, at the ſame time, owned, that if I would expend two hundred pounds in incloſures, it would be worth more than double the ſum.

"Thus encouraged, I began the execution of my ſcheme without farther delay, and plunged into a ſea of expence, though I had no fund in reſerve, and the whole produce of the eſtate did not exceed three hundred pounds a-year. In one week my houſe was made

weather tight, and thoroughly cleanſed from top to bottom; then it was well ventilated, by throwing all the doors and windows open, and making blazing fires of wood in every chimney from the kitchen to the garrets. The floors were repaired, the ſaſhes new glazed, and, out of the old furniture of the whole houſe, I made ſhift to fit up a parlour and three chambers, in a plain, yet decent manner. The court-yard was cleared of weeds and rubbiſh, and my friend Wilſon charged himſelf with the dreſſing of the garden: Bricklayers were ſet at work upon the barn and ſtable; and labourers engaged to reſtore the fences, and begin the work of hedging and ditching, under the direction of farmer Bland, at whoſe recommendation I hired a careful hind to lie in the houſe, and keep conſtant fires in the apartments.

"HAVING taken theſe meaſures, I returned to London, where I forthwith ſold off my houſehold furniture, and in three weeks from my firſt viſit, brought my wife hither to keep her Chriſtmas—Conſidering the gloomy ſeaſon of the year, the drearineſs of the place, and the decayed aſpect of our habitation, I was afraid that her reſolution would ſink under the ſudden tranſition from a town life to ſuch a melancholy ſtate of ruſtication; but I was agreeably diſappointed—She found the reality leſs uncomfortable than the picture I had drawn. By this time, indeed, things were mended in appearance. The out-houſes had riſen out of their ruins; the pigeon-houſe was rebuilt, and repleniſhed by Wilſon, who alſo put my garden in decent order, and provided a good ſtock of poultry, which made an agreeable figure in my yard; and the houſe, on the whole, looked like the habitation of human creatures—Farmer Bland ſpared me a milch-cow for my family, and an ordinary ſaddle-horſe for my ſervant to go to market at the next town—I hired a country lad for a footman; the hind's daughter was my houſe-maid, and my wife had brought a cook-maid from London.

"SUCH was my family when I began houſe-keeping in this place, with three hundred pounds in my pocket, raiſed from the ſale of my ſuperfluous furniture—I knew we ſhould find occupation enough through

the day to employ our time; but I dreaded the long winter evenings; yet for theſe too we found a remedy. The curate, who was a ſingle man, ſoon became ſo naturalized to the family, that he generally lay in the houſe, and his company was equally agreeable and uſeful. He was a modeſt man, a good ſcholar, and perfectly well qualified to inſtruct me in ſuch country matters as I wanted to know. Mr Wilſon brought his wife to ſee us, and ſhe became ſo fond of Mrs Denniſon, that ſhe ſaid ſhe was never ſo happy as when ſhe enjoyed the benefit of her converſation. She was then a fine buxom country laſs, exceedingly docile, and as good-natured as her huſband Jack Wilſon; ſo that a friendſhip enſued among the women, which hath continued to this day.

"As for Jack, he hath been my conſtant companion, counſellor, and commiſſary—I would not for a hundred pounds you ſhould leave my houſe without ſeeing him—Jack is an univerſal genius—his talents are really aſtoniſhing—He is an excellent carpenter, joiner, and turner, and a cunning artiſt in iron and braſs—He not only ſuperintended my economy, but alſo preſided over my paſtimes—He taught me to brew beer, to make cyder, perry, mead, uſquebaugh, and plague-water; to cook ſeveral outlandiſh delicacies, ſuch as *ollas*, *pepper-pots*, *pillaws*, *corys*, *chabobs*, and *ſtuffatas*—He underſtands all manner of games, from cheſs down to chuck-farthing, ſings a good ſong, plays upon the violin, and dances a hornpipe with ſurpriſing agility—He and I walked, and rode, and hunted, and fiſhed together, without minding the viciſſitudes of the weather; and I am perſuaded, that in a raw, moiſt climate, like this of England, continual exerciſe is as neceſſary as food to the preſervation of the individual. In the courſe of two and twenty years, there has not been one hour's interruption or abatement in the friendſhip ſubſiſting between Wilſon's family and mine; and, what is a rare inſtance of good fortune, that friendſhip is continued to our children. His ſon and mine are nearly of the ſame age and the ſame diſpoſition; they have been bred up together at the ſame ſchool and

college, and love each other with the warmeſt affection.

"By Wilſon's means, I likewiſe formed an acquaintance with a ſenſible phyſician, who lives in the next market town; and his ſiſter, an agreeable old maiden, paſſed the Chriſtmas holidays at our houſe.—Meanwhile I began my farming with great eagerneſs, and that very winter planted theſe groves that pleaſe you ſo much. As for the neighbouring gentry, I had no trouble from that quarter during my firſt campaign; they were all gone to town before I had ſettled in the country; and by the ſummer, I had taken meaſures to defend myſelf from their attacks. When a gay equipage came to my gates, I was never at home; thoſe who viſited me in a modeſt way, I received; and according to the remarks I made on their characters and converſation, either rejected their advances, or returned their civility—I was in general deſpiſed among the faſhionable company, as a low fellow, both in breeding and circumſtances; nevertheleſs, I found a few individuals of moderate fortune, who gladly adopted my ſtile of living; and many others would have acceded to our ſociety, had they not been prevented by the pride, envy, and ambition of their wives and daughters—Thoſe, in times of luxury and diſſipation, are the rocks upon which all the ſmall eſtates in the country are wrecked.

"I RESERVED in my own hands ſome acres of ground adjacent to the houſe, for making experiments in agriculture, according to the directions of Lyle, Tull, Hart, Duhamel, and others, who have written on this ſubject; and qualified their theory with the practical obſervations of farmer Bland, who was my great maſter in the art of huſbandry. In ſhort, I became enamoured of a country life; and my ſucceſs greatly exceeded my expectation. I drained bogs, burned heath, grubbed up furze and fern; I planted copſe and willows where nothing elſe would grow; I gradually incloſed all my farms, and made ſuch improvements, that my eſtate now yields me clear twelve hundred pounds a-year. All this time my wife and I have enjoyed uninterrupted health, and a regular flow of ſpirits, except on a very few occaſions, when our

cheerfulneſs was invaded by ſuch accidents as are inſeparable from the condition of life—I loſt two children in their infancy, by the ſmall-pox, ſo that I have one ſon only, in whom all our hopes are centered. He went yeſterday to viſit a friend, with whom he has ſtaid all night, but he will be here to dinner. I ſhall this day have the pleaſure of preſenting him to you and your family; and I flatter myſelf you will find him not altogether unworthy of your affection.

"THE truth is, either I am blinded by the partiality of a parent, or he is a boy of a very amiable character; and yet his conduct has given us unſpeakable diſquiet. You muſt know, we had projected a match between him and a gentleman's daughter in the next county, who will in all probability be heireſs of a conſiderable fortune; but, it ſeems, he had a perſonal diſguſt to the alliance.—He was then at Cambridge, and tried to gain time on various pretences; but being preſſed in letters by his mother and me to give a definitive anſwer, he fairly gave his tutor the ſlip, and diſappeared about eight months ago.—Before he took this raſh ſtep, he wrote me a letter, explaining his objections to the match, and declaring, that he would keep himſelf concealed until he ſhould underſtand that his parents would diſpenſe with his contracting an engagement that muſt make him miſerable for life; and he preſcribed the form of advertiſing in a certain news-paper, by which he might be appriſed of our ſentiments on this ſubject.

"YOU may eaſily conceive how much we were alarmed and afflicted by this elopement, which he had made without dropping the leaſt hint to his companion Charles Wilſon, who belonged to the ſame college.—We reſolved to puniſh him with the appearance of neglect, in hopes that he would return of his own accord; but he maintained his purpoſe till the young lady choſe a partner for herſelf; then he produced himſelf, and made his peace by the mediation of Wilſon.—Suppoſe we ſhould unite our families by joining him with your niece, who is one of the moſt lovely creatures I ever beheld. My wife is already as fond of her as if ſhe were her own child, and I have a preſentiment that my ſon will be

captivated by her at firſt ſight." "Nothing could be more agreeable to all our family (ſaid I), than ſuch an alliance; but, my dear friend, candour obliges me to tell you, that I am afraid Liddy's heart is not wholly diſengaged—there is a curſed obſtacle—" "You mean the young ſtroller at Glouceſter (ſaid he).—You are ſurpriſed that I ſhould know this circumſtance; but you will be more ſurpriſed when I tell you that ſtroller is no other than my ſon George Denniſon—That was the character he aſſumed in his eclipſe." "I am, indeed, aſtoniſhed and overjoyed (cried I), and ſhall be happy beyond expreſſion to ſee your propoſal take effect."

He then gave me to underſtand, that the young gentleman, at his emerging from concealment, had diſcloſed his paſſion for Miſs Melford, the niece of Mr Bramble of Monmouthſhire. Though Mr Denniſon little dreamed that this was his old friend Matthew Lloyd, he nevertheleſs furniſhed his ſon with proper credentials; and he had been at Bath, London, and many other places in queſt of us, to make himſelf and his pretenſions known—The bad ſucceſs of his enquiry had ſuch an effect upon his ſpirits, that, immediately at his return, he was ſeized with a dangerous fever, which overwhelmed his parents with terror and affliction; but he is now happily recovered, though ſtill weak and diſconſolate. My nephew joining us in our walk, I informed him of theſe circumſtances, with which he was wonderfully pleaſed. He declared he would promote the match to the utmoſt of his power, and that he longed to embrace young Mr Denniſon as his friend and brother.—Meanwhile, the father went to deſire his wife to communicate this diſcovery gradually to Liddy, that her delicate nerves might not ſuffer too ſudden a ſhock; and I imparted the particulars to my ſiſter Tabby, who expreſſed ſome ſurpriſe, not altogether unmixed, I believe, with an emotion of envy; for, though ſhe could have no objection to an alliance at once ſo honourable and advantageous, ſhe heſitated in giving her conſent, on pretence of the youth and inexperience of the parties: At length, however, ſhe acquieſced, in conſequence of having conſulted with Captain Liſmahago.

Mr Dennison took care to be in the way when his ſon arrived at the gate, and, without giving him time or opportunity to make any enquiry about the ſtrangers, brought him up ſtairs to be preſented to Mr Lloyd and his family.—The firſt perſon he ſaw, when he entered the room, was Liddy, who, notwithſtanding all her preparation, ſtood trembling in the utmoſt confuſion—At ſight of this object, he was fixed motionleſs to the floor, and, gazing at her with the utmoſt eagerneſs of aſtoniſhment, exclaimed, "Sacred heaven! what is this!—ha! wherefore—" Here his ſpeech failing, he ſtood ſtraining his eyes, in the moſt emphatic ſilence—"George (ſaid his father), this is my friend Mr Lloyd." Rouſed at this intimation, he turned and received my ſalute, when I ſaid, "Young gentleman, if you had truſted me with your ſecret at our laſt meeting, we ſhould have parted upon better terms." Before he could make any anſwer, Jery came round and ſtood before him with open arms.—At firſt, he ſtarted and changed colour; but, after a ſhort pauſe, he ruſhed into his embrace, and they hugged one another as if they had been intimate friends from their infancy: Then he paid his reſpects to Mrs Tabitha, and advancing to Liddy, "Is it poſſible (cried he) that my ſenſes do not play me falſe!—That I ſee Miſs Melford under my father's roof—that I am permitted to ſpeak to her without giving offence—and that her relations have honoured me with their countenance and protection." Liddy bluſhed, and trembled, and faltered—"To be ſure, Sir (ſaid ſhe), it is a very ſurpriſing circumſtance—a great—a providential—I really know not what I ſay—but I beg you will think I have ſaid what's agreeable."

Mrs Dennison interpoſing, ſaid, "Compoſe yourſelves, my dear children—Your mutual happineſs ſhall be our peculiar care." The ſon going up to his mother, kiſſed one hand; my niece bathed the other with her tears; and the good old lady preſſed them both in their turns to her breaſt—The lovers were too much affected, to get rid of their embarraſſment for one day; but the ſcene was much enlivened by the arrival of Jack Wilſon, who brought, as uſual, ſome game of his own killing—His honeſt countenance was a good

letter of recommendation.—I received him like a dear friend after a long ſeparation; and I could not help wondering to ſee him ſhake Jery by the hand as an old acquaintance. They had, indeed, been acquainted ſome days, in conſequence of a diverting incident, which I ſhall explain at meeting.—That ſame night a conſultation was held upon the concerns of the lovers, when the match was formally agreed to, and all the marriage articles were ſettled without the leaſt diſpute—My nephew and I promiſed to make Liddy's fortune five thouſand pounds. Mr Denniſon declared, he would make over one half of his eſtate immediately to his ſon, and that his daughter-in-law ſhould be ſecured in a jointure of four hundred.—Tabby propoſed, that, conſidering their youth, they ſhould undergo one year at leaſt of probation, before the indiſſoluble knot ſhould be tied; but the young gentleman being very impatient and importunate, and the ſcheme implying that the young couple ſhould live in the houſe under the wings of his parents, we reſolved to make them happy without farther delay.

As the law requires that the parties ſhould be ſome weeks reſident in the pariſh, we ſhall ſtay here till the ceremony is performed.—Mr Liſmahago requeſts that he may take the benefit of the ſame occaſion; ſo that next Sunday the banns will be publiſhed for all four together. I doubt I ſhall not be able to paſs my Chriſtmas with you at Brambletonhall. Indeed, I am ſo agreeably ſituated in this place, that I have no deſire to ſhift my quarters; and I foreſee, that, when the day of ſeparation comes, there will be abundance of ſorrow on all ſides—In the mean time, we muſt make the moſt of thoſe bleſſings which Heaven beſtows.—Conſidering how you are tethered by your profeſſion, I cannot hope to ſee you ſo far from home; yet the diſtance does not exceed a ſummer day's journey, and Charles Denniſon, who deſires to be remembered to you, would be rejoiced to ſee his old compotator; but as I am now ſtationary, I expect regular anſwers to the epiſtles of,

Yours invariably,

October 11. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. at Oxon.*

DEAR WAT,

EVERY day is now big with incident and diſcovery—Young Mr Denniſon proves to be no other than that identical perſon whom I have execrated ſo long under the name of Wilſon—He had eloped from college at Cambridge, to avoid a match that he deteſted, and acted in different parts of the country as a ſtroller, until the lady in queſtion made choice of a huſband for herſelf; then he returned to his father, and diſcloſed his paſſion for Liddy, which met with the approbation of his parents, though the father little imagined that Mr Bramble was his old companion Matthew Lloyd. The young gentleman being empowered to make honourable propoſals to my uncle and me, had been in ſearch of us all over England without effect; and he it was whom I had ſeen paſs on horſeback by the window of the inn, where I ſtood with my ſiſter, but he little dreamed that we were in the houſe. As for the real Mr Wilſon, whom I called forth to combat, by miſtake, he is the neighbour and intimate friend of old Mr Denniſon, and this connection had ſuggeſted to the ſon the idea of taking that name while he remained in obſcurity.

YOU may eaſily conceive what pleaſure I muſt have felt on diſcovering that the honour of our family was in no danger from the conduct of a ſiſter whom I love with uncommon affection; that, inſtead of debaſing her ſentiments and views to a wretched ſtroller, ſhe had really captivated the heart of a gentleman, her equal in rank, and ſuperior in fortune; and that, as his parents approved of his attachment, I was on the eve of acquiring a brother-in-law ſo worthy of my friendſhip and eſteem. George Denniſon is, without all queſtion, one of the moſt accompliſhed young fellows in England.—His perſon is at once elegant and manly, and his underſtanding highly cultivated. Though his ſpirit is lofty, his heart is kind; and his manner ſo engaging, as to

command veneration and love, even from malice and indifference. When I weigh my own character with his, I am aſhamed to find myſelf ſo light in the balance; but the compariſon excites no envy—I propoſe him as a model for imitation—I have endeavoured to recommend myſelf to his friendſhip, and hope I have already found a place in his affection. I am, however, mortified to reflect what flagrant injuſtice we every day commit, and what abſurd judgment we form, in viewing objects through the falſifying medium of prejudice and paſſion. Had you aſked me a few days ago the picture of Wilſon the player, I ſhould have drawn a portrait very unlike the real perſon and character of George Denniſon—Without all doubt, the greateſt advantage acquired in travelling and peruſing mankind in the original, is that of diſpelling thoſe ſhameful clouds that darken the faculties of the mind, preventing it from judging with candour and preciſion.

THE real Wilſon is a great original, and the beſt tempered companionable man I ever knew—I queſtion if ever he was angry or low ſpirited in his life. He makes no pretenſions to letters; but he is an adept in every thing elſe that can be either uſeful or entertaining. Among other qualifications, he is a complete ſportſman, and counted the beſt ſhot in the county. He and Denniſon, and Liſmahago and I, attended by Clinker, went a ſhooting yeſterday, and made great havock among the partridges—To-morrow we ſhall take the field againſt the woodcocks and ſnipes. In the evening we dance and ſing, or play at commerce, loo, and quadrille.

MR DENNISON is an elegant poet, and has written ſome detached pieces on the ſubject of his paſſion for Liddy, which muſt be very flattering to the vanity of a young woman—Perhaps he is one of the greateſt theatrical geniuſes that ever appeared. He ſometimes entertains us with reciting favourite ſpeeches from our beſt plays. We are reſolved to convert the great hall into a theatre, and get up the *Beaux Stratagem* without delay—I think I ſhall make no contemptible figure in the character of *Scrub*; and Liſmahago will be very great in *Captain Gibbet*—Wilſon undertakes to entertain the

country people with *Harlequin Skeleton*, for which he has got a jacket ready painted with his own hand.

Our ſociety is really enchanting. Even the ſeverity of Liſmahago relaxes, and the vinegar of Mrs Tabby is remarkably dulcified ever ſince it was agreed that ſhe ſhould take the precedency of her niece in being firſt nooſed: For, you muſt know, the day is fixed for Liddy's marriage; and the banns for both couples have been already once publiſhed in the pariſh church. The captain earneſtly begged that one trouble might ſerve for all, and Tabitha aſſented with a vile affectation of reluctance. Her inamorato, who came hither very ſlenderly equipt, has ſent for his baggage to London, which, in all probability, will not arrive in time for the wedding; but it is of no great conſequence, as every thing is to be tranſacted with the utmoſt privacy. Meanwhile directions are given for making out the contracts of marriage, which are very favourable for both females. Liddy will be ſecured in a good jointure; and her aunt will remain miſtreſs of her own fortune, except one half of the intereſt which her huſband ſhall have a right to enjoy for his natural life: I think this is as little in conſcience as can be done for a man who yokes with ſuch a partner for life.

These expectants ſeem to be ſo happy, that if Mr Denniſon had an agreeable daughter, I believe, I ſhould be for making the third couple in this country dance. The humour ſeems to be infectious; for Clinker, alias Lloyd, has a month's mind to play the fool in the ſame faſhion with Mrs Winifred Jenkins. He has even ſounded me on the ſubject; but I have given him no encouragement to proſecute this ſcheme—I told him I thought he might do better, as there was no engagement nor promiſe ſubſiſting; that I did not know what deſigns my uncle might have formed for his advantage; but I was of opinion, that he ſhould not at preſent run the riſk of diſobliging him by any premature application of this nature—Honeſt Humphry proteſted, he would ſuffer death ſooner than ſay or do any thing that ſhould give offence to the ſquire; but he owned he had a kindneſs for the young woman, and had reaſon to think ſhe looked upon him with a favourable eye; that he conſi-

dered this mutual manifeſtation of good will as an engagement underſtood, which ought to be binding to the conſcience of an honeſt man; and he hoped the ſquire and I would be of the ſame opinion, when we ſhould be at leiſure to beſtow any thought about the matter. I believe he is in the right; and we ſhall find time to take his caſe into conſideration. You ſee we are fixed for ſome weeks at leaſt; and as you have had a long reſpite, I hope you will begin immediately to diſcharge the arrears due to

Your affectionate

Oct. 14. J. MELFORD.

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To Miſs LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Glouceſter.*

MY DEAR DEAR LETTY,

NEVER did I ſit down to write in ſuch agitation as I now feel—In the courſe of a few days, we have met with a number of incidents ſo wonderful and intereſting, that all my ideas are thrown into confuſion and perplexity—You muſt not expect either method or coherence in what I am going to relate—my deareſt Willis. Since my laſt, the aſpect of affairs is totally changed!—and ſo changed! but I would fain give you a regular detail. In paſſing a river, about eight days ago, our coach was overturned, and ſome of us narrowly eſcaped with life—My uncle had well nigh periſhed. O Heaven, I cannot reflect upon that circumſtance without horror. I ſhould have loſt my beſt friend, my father and protector, but for the reſolution and activity of his ſervant Humphry Clinker, whom Providence really ſeems to have placed near him for the neceſſity of this occaſion. I would not be thought ſuperſtitious; but ſurely he acted from a ſtronger impulſe than common fidelity. Was it not the voice of nature that loudly called upon him to ſave the life of his own father?—for, O Letty, it was diſcovered that Humphry Clinker was my uncle's natural ſon.

ALMOST at the ſame inſtant, a gentleman, who came to offer us his aſſiſtance, and invite us to his houſe, turned out to be a very old friend of Mr Bramble. His name is Mr Denniſon, one of the worthieſt men living; and his lady is a perfect ſaint upon earth. They have an only ſon—Who do you think is this only ſon?—O Letty!—O gracious Heaven! how my heart palpitates, when I tell you, that this only ſon of Mr Denniſon, is that very identical youth, who, under the name of Wilſon, has made ſuch ravage in my heart!—Yes, my dear friend! Wilſon and I are now lodged in the ſame houſe, and converſe together freely. His father approves of his ſentiments in my favour; his mother loves me with all the tenderneſs of a parent; my uncle, my aunt, and my brother, no longer oppoſe my inclinations—On the contrary, they have agreed to make us happy without delay; and, in three weeks or a month, if no unforeſeen accident intervenes, your friend, Lydia Melford, will have changed her name and condition. I ſay, if *no accident intervenes*, becauſe ſuch a torrent of ſucceſs makes me tremble!—I wiſh there may not be ſomething treacherous in this ſudden reconciliation of fortune—I have no merit—I have no title to ſuch felicity! Far from enjoying the proſpect that lies before me, my mind is haraſſed with a continued tumult, made up of hopes and wiſhes, doubts and apprehenſions. I can neither eat nor ſleep, and my ſpirits are in perpetual flutter. I more than ever feel that vacancy in my heart, which your preſence alone can fill. The mind, in every diſquiet, ſeeks to repoſe itſelf on the boſom of a friend; and this is ſuch a trial as I really know not how to ſupport without your company and counſel—I muſt therefore, dear Letty, put your friendſhip to the teſt. I muſt beg you will come and do the laſt offices of maidenhood to your companion Lydia Melford.

THIS letter goes incloſed in one to our worthy governeſs, from Mrs Denniſon, entreating her to interpoſe with your mamma, that you may be allowed to favour us with your company on this occaſion; and I flatter myſelf that no material objection can be made to our requeſt. The diſtance from hence to Glouceſter does not exceed one hundred miles, and the roads are good.

Mr Clinker, alias Lloyd, ſhall be ſent over to attend your motions—If you ſtep into the poſt-chaiſe, with your maid Betty Barker, at ſeven in the morning, you will arrive by four in the afternoon at the half-way houſe, where there is good accommodation. There you ſhall be met by my brother and myſelf, who will next day conduct you to this place, where, I am ſure, you will find yourſelf perfectly at your eaſe in the midſt of an agreeable ſociety. Dear Letty, I will take no refuſal—if you have any friendſhip—any humanity—you will come. I deſire that immediate application may be made to your mamma; and that the moment her permiſſion is obtained, you will appriſe

Your ever faithful

Oct. 14. LYDIA MELFORD.

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To Mrs JERMYN, *at her houſe in Glouceſter.*

DEAR MADAM,

THOUGH I was not ſo fortunate as to be favoured with an anſwer to the letter with which I troubled you in the ſpring, I ſtill flatter myſelf that you retain ſome regard for me and my concerns. I am ſure the care and tenderneſs with which I was treated, under your roof and tuition, demand the warmeſt returns of gratitude and affection on my part; and theſe ſentiments, I hope, I ſhall cheriſh to my dying day. At preſent I think it my duty to make you acquainted with the happy iſſue of that indiſcretion by which I incurred your diſpleaſure!—Ah! Madam, the ſlighted Wilſon is metamorphoſed into George Denniſon, only ſon and heir of a gentleman, whoſe character is ſecond to none in England, as you may underſtand upon enquiry. My guardians, my brother, and I, are now in his houſe; and an immediate union of the two families is to take place in the perſons of the young gentleman and your poor Lydia Melford. You will eaſily conceive how embarraſſing this ſituation muſt be to a young unexperienced creature like me, of weak nerves and ſtrong ap-

prehenſions; and how much the preſence of a friend and confidant would encourage and ſupport me on this occaſion. You know that, of all the young ladies, Miſs Willis was ſhe that poſſeſſed the greateſt ſhare of my confidence and affection; and, therefore, I fervently wiſh to have the happineſs of her company at this intereſting criſis.

Mrs Dennison, who is the object of univerſal love and eſteem, has, at my requeſt, written to you on this ſubject, and I now beg leave to reinforce her ſolicitation. My dear Mrs Jermyn! my ever honoured governeſs! let me conjure you by that fondneſs which once diſtinguiſhed your favourite Liddy! by that benevolence of heart, which diſpoſes you to promote the happineſs of your fellow creatures in general! lend a favourable ear to my petition, and uſe your influence with Letty's mamma, that my moſt earneſt deſire may be gratified. Should I be indulged in this particular, I will engage to return her ſafe, and even to accompany her to Glouceſter, where, if you will give me leave, I will preſent to you, under another name,

Dear Madam,
Your moſt affectionate
humble ſervant,
and penitent,

Oct. 14. Lydia Melford.

To Mrs Mary Jones, *at Brambletonhall.*

O MARY JONES! MARY JONES!

I HAVE met with ſo many axidents, ſupriſals, and terrifications, that I am in a perfect fantigo, and believe I ſhall never be my own ſelf again. Laſt week I was dragged out of a river like a drowned rat, and loſt a bran-new night-cap with a ſulfur ſtay-hook, that coſt me a good half a crown, and an odd ſhoe of green gallow-monkey; beſides wetting my cloaths, and taring my ſmuck, and an ugly gaſh made in the back part of my thy, by the ſtump of a tree. To be ſure, Mr Clin-

ker tuck me out of the cox; but he left me on my back in the water, to go to the ſquire, and I mought have had a watry grave, if a millar had not brought me to the dry land. But O! what choppings and changes, girl. The player man that came after Miſs Liddy, and frightened me with a beard at Briſtol Well, is now matthewmurphy'd into a fine young gentleman, ſon and hare of ſquire Dolliſon. We are all together in the ſame houſe, and all parties have agreed to the match, and in a fortnite the ſurrymony will be performed.

But this is not the only wedding we are to have—Miſtriſs is reſolved to have the ſame frolick, in the naam of God! Laſt Sunday in the pariſh crutch, if my own ars may be truſted, the clerk called the banes of marridge betwixt Opaniah Laſhmeheygo and Tapitha Brample, ſpinſter; he mought as well have called her inkle-weaver, for ſhe never ſpun an hank of yarn in her life—Young Squire Dolliſon and Miſs Liddy make the ſecond kipple; and there might have been a turd, but times are changed with Mr Clinker—O, Molly! what do'ſt think? Mr Clinker is found to be a pye-blow of our own ſquire, and his right naam is Mr Mattew Loyd (thof God he noſe how that can be); and he is now out of livery, and wares ruffles—but I new him when he was out at elbows, and had not a rag to kiver his piſtereroes; ſo he need not hold his head ſo high.—He is for ſartain very umble and compleaſant, and purteſts as how he has the ſame regard as before; but that he is no longer his own maſter, and cannot portend to marry without the ſquire's conſent—He ſays we muſt wait with patience, and truſt to Providence, and ſuch nonſenſe. But if ſo be as how his regard be the ſame, why ſtand ſhilly ſhally? Why not ſtrike while the iron is hot, and ſpeak to the ſquire without loſs of time?—What ſubjection can the ſquire make to our coming together?—Thof my father wan't a gentleman, my mother was an honeſt woman. I didn't come on the wrong ſide of the blanket, girl. My parents were married according to the rights of holy mother crutch, in the face of men and angels—Mark that, Mary Jones.

Mr Clinker (Loyd I would ſay) had beſt look to his tackle. There be other chaps in the market, as the ſaying is. What would he ſay if I ſhould except the ſoot and ſarvice of the young ſquire's valley? Mr Machappy is a gentleman born, and has been abroad in the wars. He has a world of buck larning, and ſpeaks French, and Ditch, and Scotch, and all manner of outlandiſh lingos; to be ſure he's a little the worſe for the ware, and is much given to drink; but then he's good-tempered in his liquor, and a prudent woman mought wind him about her finger. But I have no thoughts of him, I'll aſſure you—I ſcorn for to do, or to ſay, or to think any thing that mought give umbreech to Mr Loyd, without furder occaſion. But then I have ſuch vapours, Molly—I ſit and cry by myſelf, and take aſs of etida, and ſmill to burnt fathers, and kindal-ſnuffs; and I pray conſtantly for greaſe, that I may have a glimpſe of the new light, to ſhew me the way through this wretched veil of tares. And yet, I want for nothing in this family of love, where every ſole is ſo kind and ſo courteous, that wan would think they are ſo many ſaints in haven. Dear Molly, I recommend myſelf to your prayers, being, with my ſarvice to Saul,

Your ever loving,
and diſcounſelled friend,

Oct. 14. Win. Jenkins.

To Dr Lewis.

DEAR DICK,

YOU cannot imagine what pleaſure I have in ſeeing your hand-writing, after ſuch a long ceſſation on your ſide of our correſpondence—Yet, heaven knows, I have often ſeen your hand-writing with diſguſt—I mean when it appeared in abbreviations of apothecary's Latin. I like your hint of making intereſt for the reverſion of the collector's place for Liſmahago, who is much pleaſed with the ſcheme, and preſents you with his compliments and beſt thanks for thinking ſo kindly

of his concerns—The man ſeems to mend, upon further acquaintance. That harſh reſerve, which formed a diſagreeable huſk about his character, begins to peel off in the courſe of our communication—I have great hopes that he and Tabby will be as happily paired as any two draught animals in the kingdom; and I make no doubt, but that he will prove a valuable acquiſition to our little ſociety, in the article of converſation by the fire-ſide in winter.

YOUR objection to my paſſing this ſeaſon of the year at ſuch a diſtance from home, would have more weight if I did not find myſelf perfectly at my eaſe where I am; and my health ſo much improved, that I am diſpoſed to bid defiance to gout and rheumatiſm.—I begin to think I have put myſelf on the ſuperannuated liſt too ſoon, and abſurdly ſought for health in the retreats of lazineſs—I am perſuaded, that all valetudinarians are too ſedentary, too regular, and too cautious. We ſhould ſometimes increaſe the motion of the machine, to *unclog the wheels of life*; and now and then take a plunge amidſt the waves of exceſs, in order to caſe-harden the conſtitution. I have even found a change of company as neceſſary as a change of air, to promote a vigorous circulation of the ſpirits, which is the very eſſence and criterion of good health.

SINCE my laſt, I have been performing the duties of friendſhip, that required a great deal of exercife, from which I hope to derive ſome benefit. Underſtanding, by the greateſt accident in the world, that Mr Baynard's wife was dangerouſly ill of a pleuretic fever, I borrowed Denniſon's poſt-chaiſe, and went acroſs the country to his habitation, attended only by Lloyd (quondam Clinker) on horſeback. As the diſtance is not above thirty miles, I arrived about four in the afternoon, and meeting the phyſician at the door, was informed that his patient had juſt expired. I was inſtantly ſeized with a violent emotion; but it was not grief.—The family being in confuſion, I ran up ſtairs into the chamber, where, indeed, they were all aſſembled.—The aunt ſtood wringing her hands in a ſtate of ſtupefaction of ſorrow, but my friend acted all the extravagancies of affliction. He held the body in his arms,

and poured forth ſuch a lamentation, that one would have thought he had loſt the moſt amiable conſort and valuable companion upon earth.

AFFECTION may certainly exiſt, independent of eſteem; nay, the ſame object may be lovely in one reſpect, and deteſtable in another. The mind has a ſurprizing faculty of accommodating, and even attaching itſelf, in ſuch a manner, by dint of uſe, to things that are in their own nature diſagreeable, and even pernicious, that it cannot bear to be delivered from them without reluctance and regret. Baynard was ſo abſorbed in his delirium, that he did not perceive me when I entered, and deſired one of the women to conduct the aunt into her own chamber. At the ſame time, I begged the tutor to withdraw the boy, who ſtood gaping in a corner, very little affected with the diſtreſs of the ſcene. Theſe ſteps being taken, I waited till the firſt violence of my friend's tranſport was abated, then diſengaged him gently from the melancholy object, and led him by the hand into another apartment; though he ſtruggled ſo hard, that I was obliged to have recourſe to the aſſiſtance of his valet de chambre. In a few minutes, however, he recollected himſelf, and folding me in his arms, "This (cried he) is a friendly office, indeed!—I know not how you came hither, but, I think, heaven ſent you to prevent my going diſtracted. O Matthew! I have loſt my dear Harriet!—my poor, gentle, tender creature, that loved me with ſuch warmth and purity of affection—my conſtant companion of twenty years!—She's gone—ſhe's gone for ever! Heaven and earth, where is ſhe?—Death ſhall not part us!"

So ſaying, he ſtarted up, and could hardly be withheld from returning to the ſcene we had quitted—You will perceive it would have been very abſurd for me to argue with a man that talked ſo madly. On all ſuch occaſions, the firſt torrent of paſſion muſt be allowed to ſubſide gradually. I endeavoured to beguile his attention by ſtarting little hints, and inſinuating other objects of diſcourſe imperceptibly; and being exceedingly pleaſed in my own mind at this event, I exerted myſelf with ſuch an extraordinary flow of ſpirits as was attended with ſucceſs. In a few hours, he was calm

enough to hear reaſon, and even to own that heaven could not have interpoſed more effectually to reſcue him from diſgrace and ruin. That he might not, however, relapſe into weakneſſes for want of company, I paſſed the night in his chamber, in a little tent-bed brought thither on purpoſe; and well it was that I took this precaution, for he ſtarted up in bed ſeveral times, and would have played the fool, if I had not been preſent.

NEXT day he was in a condition to talk of buſineſs, and veſted me with full authority over his houſehold, which I began to exerciſe without loſs of time, tho' not before he knew and approved of the ſcheme I had projected for his advantage. He would have quitted the houſe immediately; but this retreat I oppoſed.—Far from encouraging a temporary diſguſt, which might degenerate into an habitual averſion, I reſolved, if poſſible, to attach him more than ever to his houſehold gods. I gave directions for the funeral to be as private as was conſiſtent with decency; I wrote to London, that an inventory and eſtimate might be made of the furniture and effects in his town-houſe, and gave notice to the landlord, that Mr Baynard ſhould quit the premiſes at Lady-day; I ſet a perſon at work to take an account of every thing in the country-houſe, including horſes, carriages, and harneſs; I ſettled the young gentleman at a boarding ſchool, kept by a clergyman in the neighbourhood, and thither he went without reluctance, as ſoon as he knew that he was to be troubled no more with his tutor, whom we diſmiſſed. The aunt continued very ſullen, and never appeared at table, though Mr Baynard paid his reſpects to her every day in her own chamber; there alſo ſhe held conferences with the waiting women and other ſervants of the family: But, the moment her niece was interred, ſhe went away in a poſt-chaiſe prepared for that purpoſe: She did not leave the houſe, however, without giving Mr Baynard to underſtand, that the wardrobe of her niece was the perquiſite of her woman; accordingly that worthleſs drab received all the cloaths, laces, and linen of her deceaſed miſtreſs, to the value of five hundred pounds, at a moderate computation.

THE next ſtep I took was to diſband that legion of ſupernumerary domeſtics, who had preyed ſo long upon the vitals of my friend; a parcel of idle drones, ſo intolerably inſolent, that they even treated their own maſter with the moſt contemptuous neglect. They had been generally hired by his wife, according to the recommendation of her woman, and theſe were the only patrons to whom they paid the leaſt deference. I had therefore uncommon ſatisfaction in clearing the houſe of thoſe vermin. The woman of the deceaſed, and a chambermaid, a valet de chambre, a butler, a French cook, a maſter gardener, two footmen, and a coachman, I paid off, and turned out of the houſe immediately, paying to each a month's wages in lieu of warning. Thoſe whom I retained conſiſted of a female cook, who had been aſſiſtant to the Frenchman, a houſe-maid, an old lacquey, a poſtillion, and under-gardener. Thus I removed at once a huge mountain of expence and care from the ſhoulders of my friend, who could hardly believe the evidence of his own ſenſes, when he found himſelf ſo ſuddenly and ſo effectually relieved. His heart, however, was ſtill ſubject to vibrations of tenderneſs, which returned at certain intervals, extorting ſighs and tears, and exclamations of grief and impatience; but theſe fits grew every day leſs violent and leſs frequent, till at length his reaſon obtained a complete victory over the infirmities of his nature.

UPON an accurate enquiry into the ſtate of his affairs, I find his debts amount to twenty thouſand pounds, for eighteen thouſand pounds of which ſum his eſtate is mortgaged; and as he pays five per cent. intereſt, and ſome of his farms are unoccupied, he does not receive above two hundred pounds a-year clear from his lands, over and above the intereſt of his wife's fortune, which produced eight hundred pounds annually. For lightening this heavy burden, I deviſed the following expedient —His wife's jewels, together with his ſuperfluous plate and furniture in both houſes, his horſes and carriages, which are already advertiſed to be ſold by auction, will, according to the eſtimate, produce two thouſand five hundred pounds in ready money, with which the debt will be immediately reduced to eighteen thouſand pounds.

I have undertaken to find him ten thouſand pounds at four per cent. by which means he will ſave one hundred a-year in the article of intereſt, and perhaps we ſhall be able to borrow the other eight thouſand on the ſame terms. According to his own ſcheme of a country life, he ſays he can live comfortably for three hundred pounds a-year; but, as he has a ſon to educate, we will allow him five hundred; then there will be an accumulating fund of ſeven hundred a-year, principal and intereſt, to pay off the incumbrance; and, I think, we may modeſtly add three hundred on the preſumption of new-leaſing and improving the vacant farms; ſo that, in a couple of years, I ſuppoſe, there will be above a thouſand a-year appropriated to liquidate a debt of ſixteen thouſand.

We forthwith began to claſs and ſet apart the articles deſigned for ſale, under the direction of an upholder from London; and, that no body in the houſe might be idle, commenced our reformation without doors, as well as within. With Baynard's good leave, I ordered the gardener to turn the rivulet into its own channel, to refreſh the fainting Naiads, who had ſo long languiſhed among mouldering roots, withered leaves, and dry pebbles. The ſhrubbery is condemned to extirpation; and the pleaſure-ground will be reſtored to its original uſe of corn-field and paſture. Orders are given for rebuilding the walls of the garden at the back of the houſe, and for planting clumps of firs, intermingled with beech and cheſnut, at the eaſt end, which is now quite expoſed to the ſurly blaſts that come from that quarter. All theſe works being actually begun, and the houſe and auction left to the care and management of a reputable attorney, I brought Baynard along with me in the chaiſe, and made him acquainted with Denniſon, whoſe goodneſs of heart would not fail to engage his eſteem and affection. He is indeed charmed with our ſociety in general, and declares that he never ſaw the theory of true pleaſure reduced to practice before.—I really believe it would not be an eaſy taſk to find ſuch a number of individuals aſſembled under one roof more happy than we are at preſent.

I MUST tell you, however, in confidence, I ſuſpect Tabby of tergiverſation.—I have been ſo long accuſtomed to that original, that I know all the caprices of her heart, and can often perceive her deſigns while they are yet in embryo.—She attached herſelf to Liſmahago for no other reaſon but that ſhe deſpaired of making a more agreeable conqueſt—At preſent, if I am not much miſtaken in my obſervation, ſhe would gladly convert the widowhood of Baynard to her own advantage—Since he arrived, ſhe has behaved very coldly to the captain, and ſtrove to faſten on the other's heart with the hooks of overſtrained civility. Theſe muſt be the inſtinctive efforts of her conſtitution, rather than the effects of any deliberate deſign; for matters are carried to ſuch a length with the lieutenant, that ſhe could not retract with any regard to conſcience or reputation. Beſides, ſhe will meet with nothing but indifference or averſion on the ſide of Baynard, who has too much ſenſe to think of ſuch a partner at any time, and too much delicacy to admit a thought of any ſuch connection at the preſent juncture. Meanwhile I have prevailed upon her to let him have four thouſand pounds at four per cent. towards paying off his mortgage—Young Denniſon has agreed that Liddy's fortune ſhall be appropriated to the ſame purpoſe, on the ſame terms—His father will ſell out three thouſand pounds ſtock for his accommodation—Farmer Bland has, at the deſire of Wilſon, undertaken for two thouſand; and I muſt make an effort to advance what farther will be required to take my friend out of the hands of the Philiſtines. He is ſo pleaſed with the improvements made on this eſtate, which is all cultivated like a garden, that he has entered himſelf as a pupil in farming to Mr Denniſon, and reſolved to attach himſelf wholly to the practice of huſbandry.

EVERY thing is now prepared for our double wedding. The marriage articles for both couples are drawn and executed; and the ceremony only waits until the parties ſhall have been reſident in the pariſh the term preſcribed by law. Young Denniſon betrays ſome ſymptoms of impatience; but Liſmahago bears this neceſſary delay with the temper of a philoſopher.—You muſt

know, the captain does not ſtand altogether on the foundation of perſonal merit. Beſides his half-pay, amounting to two and forty pounds a-year, this indefatigable economiſt has amaſſed eight hundred pounds, which he has ſecured in the funds. This ſum ariſes partly from his pay's running up while he remained among the Indians; partly from what he received as a conſideration for the difference between his full appointment and the half pay, to which he is now reſtricted; and partly from the profits of a little traffic he drove in peltry, during his ſachemſhip among the Miamis.

LIDDY's fears and perplexities have been much aſſuaged by the company of one Miſs Willis, who had been her intimate companion at the boarding-ſchool. Her parents had been earneſtly ſolicited to allow her making this friendly viſit on ſuch an extraordinary occaſion; and two days ago ſhe arrived with her mother, who did not chuſe that ſhe ſhould come without a proper governante. The young lady is very handſome, ſprightly, and agreeable, and the mother a mighty good ſort of a woman; ſo that their coming adds conſiderably to our enjoyment. But we ſhall have a third couple yoked in the matrimonial chain. Mr Clinker Lloyd has made humble remonſtrance, through the channel of my nephew, ſetting forth the ſincere love and affection mutually ſubſiſting between him and Mrs Winifred Jenkins, and praying my conſent to their coming together for life. I would have wiſhed that Mr Clinker had kept out of this ſcrape; but as the nymph's happineſs is at ſtake, and ſhe has had already ſome fits in the way of deſpondence, I, in order to prevent any tragical cataſtrophe, have given him leave to play the fool, in imitation of his betters; and I ſuppoſe we ſhall in time have a whole litter of his progeny at Brambletonhall. The fellow is ſtout and luſty, very ſober and conſcientious; and the wench ſeems to be as great an enthuſiaſt in love as in religion.

I WISH you would think of employing him ſome other way, that the pariſh may not be overſtocked.—You know he has been bred a farrier, conſequently belongs to the faculty; and, as he is very docile, I make no doubt, but, with your good inſtruction, he may be, in

a little time, qualified to act as a Welch apothecary.—Tabby, who never did a favour with a good grace, has conſented, with great reluctance to this match. Perhaps it hurts her pride, as ſhe now conſiders Clinker in the light of a relation; but I believe her objections are of a more ſelfiſh nature. She declares ſhe cannot think of retaining the wife of Matthew Lloyd in the character of a ſervant; and ſhe foreſees, that, on ſuch an occaſion, the woman will expect ſome gratification for her paſt ſervices. As for Clinker, excluſive of other conſiderations, he is ſo truſty, brave, affectionate, and alert, and I owe him ſuch perſonal obligations, that he merits more than all the indulgence that can poſſibly be ſhewn him by

Yours,

Oct. 26. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. at Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,

THE fatal knots are now tied. The comedy is near a cloſe, and the curtain is ready to drop; but the latter ſcenes of this act I ſhall recapitulate in order.—About a fortnight ago, my uncle made an excurſion acroſs the country, and brought hither a particular friend, one Mr Baynard, who has juſt loſt his wife, and was for ſome time diſconſolate, though, by all accounts, he had much more cauſe for joy than for ſorrow at this event. His countenance, however, clears up apace; and he appears to be a perſon of rare accompliſhments.—But we have received another ſtill more agreeable reinforcement to our company, by the arrival of Miſs Willis from Glouceſter. She was Liddy's boſom-friend at boarding-ſchool, and being earneſtly ſolicited to aſſiſt at the nuptials, her mother was ſo obliging as to grant my ſiſter's requeſt, and even to come with her in perſon. Liddy, accompanied by George Denniſon and me, gave them the meeting half way, and next day conducted them hither in ſafety. Miſs Willis is a charm-

ing girl, and, in point of diſpoſition, an agreeable contraſt to my ſiſter, who is rather too grave and ſentimental for my turn of mind—The other is gay, frank, a little giddy, and always good humoured. She has, moreover, a genteel fortune, is well born, and remarkably handſome.—Ah Phillips! if theſe qualities were permanent—if her humour would never change, nor her beauties decay, what efforts would I not make—But theſe are idle reflections—my deſtiny muſt one day be fulfilled.

AT preſent we paſs the time as agreeably as we can—We have got up ſeveral farces, which afforded unſpeakable entertainment, by the effects they produced among the country people, who are admitted to all our exhibitions.—Two nights ago, Jack Wilſon acquired great applauſe in Harlequin Skeleton, and Liſmahago ſurpriſed us all in the character of Pierot.—His long lank ſides, and ſtrong marked features, were all peculiarly adapted to his part.—He appeared with a ludicrous ſtare, from which he had diſcharged all meaning: He adopted the impreſſions of fear and amazement ſo naturally, that many of the audience were infected by his looks; but when the ſkeleton held him in chace, his horror became moſt divertingly pictureſque, and ſeemed to endow him with ſuch preternatural agility as confounded all the ſpectators. It was a lively repreſentation of Death in purſuit of Conſumption; and had ſuch an effect upon the commonalty, that ſome of them ſhrieked aloud, and others ran out of the hall in the utmoſt conſternation.

THIS is not the only inſtance in which the lieutenant had lately excited our wonder. His temper, which had been ſoured and ſhrivelled by diſappointment and chagrin, is now ſwelled out and ſmoothed like a raiſin in plum-porridge. From being reſerved and punctilious, he is become eaſy and obliging. He cracks jokes, laughs, and banters, with the moſt facetious familiarity; and, in a word, enters into all our ſchemes of merriment and paſtime.—The other day his baggage arrived in the waggon from London, contained in two large trunks, and a long deal box, not unlike a coffin. The trunks were filled with his wardrobe, which he diſplayed for the entertainment of the company; and he freely

owned, that it conſiſted chiefly of the *opima ſpolia* taken in battle.—What he ſelected for his wedding ſuit, was a tarniſhed white cloth, faced with blue velvet, embroidered with ſilver; but he valued himſelf moſt upon a tye-periwig, in which he had made his firſt appearance as a lawyer about thirty years ago. This machine had been in buckle ever ſince, and now all the ſervants in the family were employed to frizz it out for the ceremony, which was yeſterday celebrated at the pariſh church. George Denniſon and his bride were diſtinguiſhed by nothing extraordinary in their apparel. His eyes lightned with eagerneſs and joy, and ſhe trembled with coyneſs and confuſion. My uncle gave her away, and her friend Willis ſupported her during the ceremony.

BUT my aunt and her paramour took the pas, and formed indeed ſuch a pair of originals, as, I believe, all England could not parallel. She was dreſſed in the ſtyle of 1739; and, the day being cold, put on a mantle of green velvet laced with gold: But this was taken off by the bridegroom, who threw over her ſhoulders a fur cloak of American ſables, valued at fourſcore guineas, a preſent equally agreeable and unexpected. Thus accoutred, ſhe was led up to the altar by Mr Denniſon, who did the office of her father. Liſmahago advanced in the military ſtep, with his French coat reaching no farther than the middle of his thigh, his campaign wig that ſurpaſſes all deſcription, and a languiſhing leer upon his countenance, in which there ſeemed to be ſomething arch and ironical. The ring which he put upon her finger, he had concealed till the moment it was uſed. He now produced it with an air of ſelf-complacency. It was a curious antique, ſet with roſe diamonds: He told us afterwards it had been in his family two hundred years, and was a preſent from his grandmother. Theſe circumſtances agreeably flattered the pride of our aunt Tabitha, which had already found uncommon gratification in the captain's generoſity; for he had, in the morning, preſented my uncle with a fine bear's ſkin, and a Spaniſh fowling-piece, and me with a caſe of piſtols curiouſly mounted with ſilver. At the ſame time, he gave Mrs Jenkins an Indian purſe, made of ſilk

graſs, containing twenty crown pieces. You muſt know, this young lady, with the aſſiſtance of Mr Lloyd, formed the third couple who yeſterday ſacrificed to Hymen. I wrote you in my laſt, that he had recourſe to my mediation, which I employed ſucceſsfully with my uncle; but Mrs Tabitha held out till the love-ſick Jenkins had two fits of the mother; then ſhe relented, and thoſe two cooing turtles were caged for life—Our aunt made an effort of generoſity in furniſhing the bride with her ſuperfluities of cloaths and linen, and her example was followed by my ſiſter; Nor did Mr Bramble and I neglect her on this occaſion. It was indeed a day of peace-offering—Mr Denniſon inſiſted upon Liddy's accepting two bank-notes of one hundred pounds each, as pocket-money; and his lady gave her a diamond necklace of double that value. There was, beſides, a mutual exchange of tokens among the individuals of the two families thus happily united.

As George Denniſon and his partner were judged improper objects of mirth, Jack Wilſon had reſolved to execute ſome jokes on Liſmahago, and, after ſupper, began to ply him with bumpers, when the ladies had retired; but the captain perceiving his drift, begged for quarter, alleging that the adventure in which he had engaged was a very ſerious matter; and that it would be more the part of a good Chriſtian to pray that he might be ſtrengthened, than to impede his endeavours to finiſh the adventure. He was ſpared accordingly, and permitted to aſcend the nuptial couch with all his ſenſes about him. There he and his conſort ſat in ſtate, like Saturn and Cybele, while the benediction poſſet was drank; and a cake being broken over the head of Mrs Tabitha Liſmahago, the fragments were diſtributed among the by-ſtanders, according to the cuſtom of the ancient Britons, on the ſuppoſition that every perſon who ate of this hallowed cake ſhould that night have a viſion of the man or woman whom Heaven deſigned ſhould be his or her wedded mate.

THE weight of Wilſon's waggery fell upon honeſt Humphry and his ſpouſe, who were bedded in an upper room, with the uſual ceremony of throwing the ſtocking —This being performed, and the company withdrawn,

a ſort of catterwauling enſued, when Jack found means to introduce a real cat ſhod with walnut-ſhells, which galloping along the boards, made ſuch a dreadful noiſe as effectually diſcompoſed our lovers—Winifred ſcreamed aloud, and ſhrunk under the bed-cloaths—Mr Lloyd, believing that Satan was come to buffet him *in propria perſona*, laid aſide all carnal thoughts, and began to pray aloud with great fervency.—At length, the poor animal being more afraid than either, leaped into the bed, and meauled with the moſt piteous exclamation. Lloyd, thus informed of the nature of the annoyance, roſe and ſet the door wide open, ſo that this troubleſome viſitant retreated with great expedition; then ſecuring himſelf, by means of a double bolt, from a ſecond intruſion, he was left to enjoy his good fortune without diſturbance.

If one may judge from the looks of the parties, they are all very well ſatisfied with what has paſſed.—George Denniſon and his wife are too delicate to exhibit any ſtrong marked ſigns of their mutual ſatisfaction, but their eyes are ſufficiently expreſſive.—Mrs Tabitha Liſmahago is rather fulſome in ſignifying her approbation of the captain's love; while his deportment is the very pink of gallantry.—He ſighs, and ogles, and languiſhes at this amiable object; he kiſſes her hand, mutters ejaculations of rapture, and ſings tender airs; and, no doubt, laughs internally at her folly in believing him ſincere.—In order to ſhew how little his vigour was impaired by the fatigues of the preceding day, he this morning danced a Highland ſaraband over a naked back-ſword, and leaped ſo high, that I believe he would make no contemptible figure as a vaulter at Sadler's Wells—Mr Matthew Lloyd, when aſked how he reliſhes his bargain, throws up his eyes, crying, "For what we have received, Lord make us thankful: Amen."—His help-mate giggles, and holds her hand before her eyes, affecting to be aſhamed of having been in bed with a man.—Thus all theſe widgeons enjoy the novelty of their ſituation; but perhaps their note will be changed, when they are better acquainted with the nature of the decoy.

As Mrs Willis cannot be perſuaded to ſtay, and Liddy is engaged by promiſe to accompany her daughter back to Glouceſter, I fancy there will be a general migration

from hence, and that moſt of us will ſpend the Chriſtmas holidays at Bath; in which caſe, I ſhall certainly find an opportunity to beat up your quarters.—By this time, I ſuppoſe, you are ſick of *alma mater*, and even ready to execute that ſcheme of peregrination which was laſt year concerted between you and

Your affectionate

Nov. 8. J. MELFORD.

To Dr LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

MY niece Liddy is now happily ſettled for life; and Captain Liſmahago has taken Tabby off my hands; ſo that I have nothing farther to do, but to comfort my friend Baynard, and provide for my ſon Lloyd, who is alſo fairly joined to Mrs Winifred Jenkins. You are an excellent genius at hints. Dr Arbuthnot was but a type of Dr Lewis in that reſpect—What you obſerve of the veſtry-clerk deſerves conſideration—I make no doubt but Matthew Lloyd is well enough qualified for the office; but, at preſent, you muſt find room for him in the houſe. His incorruptible honeſty and indefatigable care will be ſerviceable in ſuperintending the economy of my farm, though I don't mean that he ſhall interfere with Barnes, of whom I have no cauſe to complain—I am juſt returned with Baynard from a ſecond trip to his houſe, where every thing is regulated to his ſatisfaction. He could not, however, review the apartments without tears and lamentation, ſo that he is not yet in a condition to be left alone; therefore, I will not part with him till the ſpring, when he intends to plunge into the avocations of huſbandry, which will at once employ and amuſe his attention.—Charles Denniſon has promiſed to ſtay with him a fortnight, to ſet him fairly afloat in his improvements; and Jack Wilſon will ſee him from time to time; beſides, he has a few friends in the country, whom his new plan of life will not exclude from his ſociety. In leſs than a

year, I make no doubt but he will find himſelf perfectly at eaſe, both in his mind and body, for the one had dangerouſly affected the other; and I ſhall enjoy the exquiſite pleaſure of ſeeing my friend reſcued from miſery and contempt.

Mrs Willis being determined to return with her daughter, in a few days, to Glouceſter, our plan has undergone ſome alteration. Jery has perſuaded his brother-in-law to carry his wife to Bath; and I believe his parents will accompany him thither.—For my part, I have no intention to take that route.—It muſt be ſomething very extraordinary that will induce me either to reviſit Bath or London. My ſiſter and her huſband, Baynard and I, will take leave of them at Glouceſter, and make the beſt of our way to Brambletonhall, where I deſire you will prepare a good chine and turkey for our Chriſtmas dinner.—You muſt alſo employ your medical ſkill in defending me from the attacks of the gout, that I may be in good caſe to receive the reſt of our company, who promiſe to viſit us in their return from the Bath. As I have laid in a conſiderable ſtock of health, it is to be hoped you will not have much trouble with me in the way of phyſic, but I intend to work you on the ſide of exerciſe.—I have got an excellent fowling-piece from Mr Liſmahago, who is a keen ſportſman, and we ſhall take the heath in all weathers.—That this ſcheme of life may be proſecuted the more effectually, I intend to renounce all ſedentary amuſements, particularly that of writing long letters; a reſolution, which, had I taken it ſooner, might have ſaved you the trouble which you have lately taken in reading the tedious epiſtles of

November 14. Matt. Bramble.

To Mrs GWYLLIM, *at Brambletonhall.*

GOOD MRS GWYLLIM,

HEAVEN, for wiſe purpoſes, hath ordained that I ſhould change my name and citation in life, ſo that I am not to be conſidered any more as manger of my brother's family: But as I cannot ſurrender up my ſtewardſhip till I have ſettled with you and Williams, I deſire you will get your accunts ready for inſpection, as we are coming home without further delay. My ſpouſe, the captain, being ſubject to rummaticks, I beg you will take great care to have the bloo chamber, up two pair of ſtairs, well warmed for his reception. Let the ſaſhes be ſecured, the crevices ſtopt, the carpets laid, and the beds well touſled. Mrs Loyd, late Jenkins, being married to a relation of the family, cannot remain in the capacity of a ſarvant; therefore, I wiſh you would caſt about for ſome creditable body to be with me in her room. If ſhe can ſpin, and is miſtreſs of plain work, ſo much the better—but ſhe muſt not expect extravagant wages—having a family of my own, I muſt be more occumenical than ever. No more at preſent, but reſts

Your loving friend,

November 20. TAB. LISMAHAGO.

To Mrs MARY JONES, *at Brambletonhall.*

MRS JONES,

PROVIDINCH hath bin pleaſed to make great halteration in the paſture of our affairs. We were yeſterday three kiple chined, by the greaſe of God, in the holy bands of mattermoney; and I now ſubſcrive myſelf Loyd at your ſarvice.—All the pariſh allowed that young Squire Dalliſon and his bride was a comely pear for to ſee.—As for Madam Laſhmiheygo, you noſe

her picklearities—her head, to be ſure, was fintaſtical; and her ſpouſe had rapt her with a long marokin furze clock from the land of the ſelvedges, thof they ſay it is of immenſe bally.—The captain himſelf had a hudge haſſock of air, with three tails, and a tumtawdry coat, boddered with ſulfur.—Wan ſaid he was a monkey-bank; and the ould botler ſwore he was the born imich of Titidall.—For my part, I ſays nothing, being as how the captain has done the handſome thing by me.—Mr Loyd was dreſſed in a little frog and checket with gould binding; and thof he don't enter in capariſon with great folks of quality, yet he has got as good blood in his veins as arrow private ſquire in the county; and then his purſing is far from contentible.—Your humble ſarvant had on a plain pea green tabby ſack, with my Runnela cap, ruff toupee, and ſide curls.—They ſaid, I was the very moral of Lady Rickmanſtone, but not ſo pale—that may well be, for her ladyſhip is my elder by ſeven good years and more.—Now, Mrs Mary, our ſatiety is to ſuppurate.—Mr Millfart goes to Bath along with the Dalliſons, and the reſt of us puſh home to Wales, to paſs our Chriſtmarſh at Brampletonhall.—As our appartments is to be the yallow pepper, in the thurd ſtory, pray carry my things thither.—Preſent my compliments to Mrs Gwillim, and I hope ſhe and I will live upon diſſent terms of civility.—Being, by God's bleſſing, removed to a higher ſpear, you'll excuſe my being familiar with the lower ſarvants of the family; but, as I truſt you'll behave reſpectful, and keep a proper diſtance, you may always depend upon the good-will and purtection of

Yours,

November 20. W. Loyd.

THE END.